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TWO ON A TOWER.

XXXIII.

NEXT morning, Viviette received a visit from Mr. Cecil himself. He informed her that the box spoken of by the servant had arrived quite unexpectedly, just after the departure of his clerk on the previous evening. There had not been sufficient time for him thoroughly to examine it as yet, but he had seen enough to enable him to state that it contained letters, dated memoranda in Sir Blount's handwriting, notes referring to events which had happened later than his supposed death, and other irrefragable proofs that the account in the newspapers was correct as to the main fact,—the comparatively recent date of Sir Blount's decease.

She looked up, and spoke with the irresponsible helplessness of a child. "On reviewing the circumstances, I cannot think how I could have allowed myself to believe the first tidings!" she said.

"Everybody else believed them, and why should not you have done so?" said the lawyer.

"How came the will to be permitted to be proved, as there could, after all, have been no complete evidence?" she asked. "If I had been the executrix, I would not have attempted it. As I was not, I know very little about how the

business was pushed through. In a very unseemly way, I think."

"Well, no," said Mr. Cecil, feeling himself called upon to defend law practice from such imputations, whatever might be its defects in the present instance. "It was done in the way customary in all cases where the proof of death is only presumptive. The evidence, such as it was, was laid before the court by the applicants, your husband's cousins, and the servants who had been with him deposed to his death with a particularity that was deemed sufficient. Their error was, not that somebody died,—for somebody did die at the time affirmed,—but that they mistook one person for another; the person who died not being Sir Blount Constantine. The court was of opinion that the evidence led up to a reasonable inference that the deceased was actually Sir Blount, and probate was granted on the strength of it. As there was a doubt about the exact day of the month, the applicants were allowed to swear that he died on or after the date last given of his existence,—which, in spite of their error then, has really come true now, of course."

"They little think what they have done to me by being so ready to swear!" she murmured.

Mr. Cecil, supposing her to allude only to the pecuniary straits in which

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she had been prematurely placed by the will taking effect a year before its due time, said, "True. It has been to your ladyship's loss, and to their gain. But they will make ample restitution, no doubt; and all will be wound up satisfactorily."

Lady Constantine was far from explaining that this was not her meaning, and after some further consultation of a purely technical nature Mr. Cecil left her presence.

When she was again unencumbered with the necessity of exhibiting a proper bearing, the sense that she had greatly suffered in pocket by the undue haste of the executors weighed upon her mind with a pressure quite inappreciable beside the greater gravity of her personal position. What was her situation as a legatee to her situation as a woman! Her face crimsoned with a flush which she was almost ashamed to show to the daylight, as she hastily penned the following note to Swithin at Greenwich, — certainly one of the most informal documents she had ever written: —

WELLAND, Thursday.

O Swithin, my dear Swithin, what I have to tell you is so sad and so humiliating that I can hardly write it, and yet I must! Though we are dearer to each other than all the world besides, and as firmly united as if we were one, I am not legally your wife. Sir Blount did not die till some time after we in England supposed. The service must be repeated instantly. I have not been able to sleep all night. I feel so wrong and unseemly that I can scarcely collect my thoughts. The newspaper sent with this will explain, if you have not seen particulars. Do come to me as soon as you can, that we may consult on what to do. Burn this at once. Your
 VIVIETTE.

When the note had been dispatched, she remembered that there was another

hardly less important question to be answered,—the proposal of the Bishop for her hand. His communication had sunk into nothingness beside the momentous news that had so greatly distressed her. The two replies lay before her: the one she had first written, simply declining to become Dr. Helmsdale's wife, with out giving reasons; the second, which she had elaborated with so much care on the previous day, relating in confidential detail the history of her love for Swithin, their secret marriage, and their hopes for the future, — asking his advice on what their procedure should be to escape the strictures of a censorious world. It was the letter she had barely finished writing when Mr. Cecil's clerk announced news tantamount to a declaration that she was no wife at all. This epistle she now destroyed, and with the less reluctance in knowing that Swithin had been somewhat averse to the confession as soon as he found that Bishop Helmsdale was also a victim to tender sentiment concerning her. The first, which she had been unable honestly to sign "Viviette Constantine," and could not openly sign "Viviette St. Cleeve," she sadly filled in with the former surname, and sent the missive on its way. Strange it was to her, and yet in keeping with the tenor of human affairs, that the difficulty of signing that letter should have resolved itself by the only means which at the time of writing she would have deemed non-existent. There had been a thousand reasons why she should sign "Viviette Constantine," even when believing herself no longer owner of that name; that she should ultimately sign it because it had never ceased to be hers was a result that distanced all conjecture.

The sense of her undefinable position kept her without much repose on the second night also; but the following morning brought an unexpected letter from Swithin, written about the same hour as hers to him, and it comforted her

much. He had seen the account in the papers almost as soon as it had come to her knowledge, and now sent this line to reassure her, in the perturbation she must naturally feel. She was not to be alarmed at all. They two were husband and wife in moral intent and antecedent belief, and the legal flaw which accident had so curiously uncovered could be mended in half an hour. He would return on Saturday night at the latest; but as the hour would be far advanced, he would ask her to meet him by slipping out of the house to the tower any time during service on Sunday morning, when there would be few persons about likely to observe them. Meanwhile, he might provisionally state that their best course in the emergency would be, instead of confessing to anybody that there had already been a solemnization of marriage between them, to arrange their remarriage in as open a manner as possible, as if it were the just-reached climax of a sudden affection; prefacing it by a public announcement in the usual way.

This plan of approaching their second union with all the show and circumstance of a new thing recommended itself to her strongly, but for one objection,—that by such a course the wedding could not, without appearing like an act of unseemly haste, take place so quickly as she desired for her own peace of mind. It might occur somewhat early, say in the course of a month or two, without bringing down upon her the charge of levity; for Sir Blount, a notoriously unkind husband to her, had been out of her sight four or five years, and in his grave nearly one. But what she naturally desired was that there should be no more delay than was positively necessary for obtaining a new license,—two or three days at longest: and in view of this celerity it was next to impossible to make due preparation for a wedding of ordinary publicity, performed in her own church, from her

own house, with a feast and amusements for the villagers, a tea for the schoolchildren, a bonfire, and other of those proclamatory accessories which, by meeting wonder half-way, deprives it of much of its intensity. It must be admitted, too, that she even now shrank from the shock of surprise that would inevitably be caused by her openly taking for her husband such a mere youth as Swithin still appeared, notwithstanding that in years he was by this time within a trifle of one and twenty.

The straightforward course had, nevertheless, so much to recommend it, and so well avoided the disadvantage of future revelation which a private repetition of the ceremony would entail, that, assuming she could depend upon Swithin, as she knew she could do, good sense counseled its serious consideration. She became more composed at her queer situation: hour after hour passed, and the first spasmodic impulse of womanly decorum not to let the sun go down upon her present state was quite controllable. She could regard the strange contingency that had arisen with something like philosophy. The day slipped by: she thought of the awkwardness of the accident rather than of its humiliation; and, loving Swithin now in a far calmer spirit than at that past date, when they had for the first time rushed into each other's arms and vowed to be one, she ever and anon caught herself reflecting, "Were it not that, for my honor's sake, I must remarry him, I should perhaps be a nobler woman in not allowing him to hamper his bright future by a union with me at all."

This thought, at first artificially entertained as little more than a mental exercise, became by stages a genuine conviction; and while her heart enforced, her reason regretted, the necessity of abstaining from self sacrifice,—the being obliged, despite his curious escape from the first attempt, to lime Swithin's young wings again, solely for her credit's sake

However, the deed had to be done : Swithin was to be made legally hers. Selfishness in a conjecture of this sort was excusable, and even obligatory. Taking brighter views, she allowed herself to hope that upon the whole this yoking of the young fellow with her, a portionless woman and his senior, would not greatly endanger his career. In such a mood night overtook her, and she went to bed reflecting that Swithin had by this time arrived in the parish,—was perhaps even at that moment passing homeward beneath her walls,—and that in less than twelve hours she would have met him, have ventilated the secret which oppressed her, and have satisfactorily arranged with him the details of their reunion.

XXXIV.

Sunday morning came, and complicated her previous emotions by bringing with it a new and unexpected shock to mingle with them. The postman had delivered, among other things, an illustrated newspaper, sent by a hand which she did not recognize ; and on opening the cover the sheet that met her eyes filled her with a horror which she could not express. The print was one which drew largely on its imagination for its engravings, and it already contained an illustration of the death of Sir Blount Constantine. In this work of art he was represented as standing with his pistol to his mouth, his brains being in the act of flying up to the roof of his chamber, and his native princess rushing terror-stricken away to a remote position in the thicket of palms which neighbored the dwelling.

The crude realism of the picture, possibly harmless enough in its effect upon others, naturally overpowered and sickened her. By a curious fascination she would look at it again and again, till every line of the engraver's performance

seemed really a transcript from what had happened. For the first time, on these grounds, she felt it to be a trying position that, with such details so fresh in her thoughts, she was obliged to go out and make arrangements for confirming, by repetition, her marriage with another. No interval was available for serious reflection, or for allowing the softening effects of time to operate in her mind. It was as though her first husband had died that moment, and she were keeping an appointment with another in the presence of his corpse.

So revived was the actuality of Sir Blount's recent life and death by this incident, that the distress of her personal relations with Swithin was the single force in the world which could have coerced her into abandoning to him the interval she would have first set apart for getting over these new and painful impressions of her former husband. Self-pity for ill-usage afforded her good reasons for ceasing to love him, but he was yet too closely intertwined with her past life to be destructible on the instant as a memory.

But there was no choice of occasions for her now, and she listlessly waited for the church bells to cease chiming. When all was still, and the surrounding cottagers had gathered themselves within the walls of the adjacent building, and Tabitha Lark's first voluntary had pealed from the tower window, Lady Constantine left the garden in which she had been loitering, and went towards Rings-Hill Speer.

The sense of her situation obscured the morning prospect. The country was unusually silent under the intensifying sun, the songless season of birds having arrived. Choosing her path amid the efts that were basking upon the outer slopes of the plantation, she wound her way up the tree-shrouded camp to the wooden cabin in the centre. The door was ajar, but on entering she found the place empty. The tower door was also

partly open, and, listening at the foot of the stairs, she heard Swithin above, shifting the telescope and wheeling round the rumbling dome, apparently in preparation for the next nocturnal reconnoitre. There was no doubt that he would descend in a minute or two to look for her, and, not wishing to interrupt him till he was ready, she reentered the cabin, and patiently seated herself among the books and papers that lay scattered about.

She did as she had often done before when waiting there for him; that is, she occupied herself in turning over the papers, and examining the progress of his labors. The notes were mostly astronomical, of course, and she had managed to keep sufficiently abreast of him to catch the meaning of a good many of these. The litter on the table, however, was somewhat more profuse and miscellaneous in character this morning, as if the paper had been hurriedly overhauled. Among the rest of the sheets lay an open note, which, in the entire confidence that existed between them, she glanced over and read as a matter of course.

It was a most business-like communication, and beyond the address and date contained only the following words:—

DEAR SIR,—We beg leave to draw your attention to a letter we addressed to you on the 26th ult., to which we have not yet been favored with a reply. As the time for the payment of the first moiety of the four hundred pounds per annum, settled on you by your late uncle, is now at hand, we should be obliged by your giving directions as to where and in what manner the money is to be handed over to you, and shall also be glad to receive any other definite instructions from you with regard to the future.

We are, dear sir, yours faithfully,
HANNER & RAWLES.

SWITHIN ST. CLEEVE, Esq.

An income of four hundred a year for Swithin, whom she had hitherto understood to be possessed of an annuity of eighty pounds at the outside, with no prospect of increasing the sum but by hard work! What could this communication mean? He, whose custom and delight it was to tell her all his heart, had not breathed a syllable of this matter to her, though it met the very difficulty towards which their discussions invariably tended,—how to secure for him a competency which should enable him to establish his pursuits on a wider basis, and throw himself into more direct communion with the scientific world. Quite bewildered by the lack of any explanation, she rose from her seat, and, with the note in her hand, ascended the winding tower steps.

Reaching the upper aperture, she perceived him under the dome, moving musingly about, as if he had never been absent an hour, his light hair frilling out from under the edge of his velvet skull-cap as it had always been wont to do. No question either of marriage or not marriage seemed to be disturbing the mind of this juvenile husband of hers. The be-all and end-all of his existence was apparently before him, namely, the equatorial telescope, which he was carefully adjusting by means of screws and clamps, till, hearing her movements, he turned his head.

"Oh, here you are, my dear Viviette! I was just beginning to expect you!" he exclaimed, coming forward. "I ought to have been looking out for you; but I have found a little defect here in the instrument, and I wanted to set it right before evening came on. It is not a good thing to tinker your glasses, but I have found that the diffraction rings are not perfect circles. I have learnt at Greenwich how to correct them,—so kind they have been to me there!—and so I have been loosening the screws of the cell, and gently shifting the glass, till I think that I have at last made the

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illumination equal all round. I have so much to tell you about my visit. One thing is that the astronomical world is getting quite excited about the coming transit of Venus. There is to be a regular expedition fitted out. How I should like to join it!"

He spoke enthusiastically, and his eyes sparkled at the mental image of the said expedition. As it was rather dark in the dome, he rolled it round on its axis till the shuttered slit for the telescope directly faced the morning sun, which thereupon flooded the concave, touching the bright metal work of the equatorial, and lighting up Lady Constantine's pale, troubled face.

"But Swithin," she faltered, "my letter to you — our marriage!"

"Oh yes, — this marriage question," he hastily added. "I had not forgotten it, or at least only for a few minutes."

"Can you forget it, Swithin, for a moment? Oh, how can you!" she said reproachfully. "It is such a distressing thing. It drives away all my rest."

"Forgotten is not the word I should have used," he apologized. "Temporarily dismissed it from my mind is all I meant. The simple fact is that the vastness of the field of astronomy reduces every terrestrial thing to atomic dimensions. Do not trouble, dearest. The remedy is quite easy, as I stated in my letter. We can now be married in a prosy, public way. Yes, early or late, next week, next month, six months hence, just as you choose. Say the word when, and I will obey." His face, with its absence of all anxiety or consternation, contrasted strangely with hers, which at last he saw, and, looking at the writing she held, inquired, "But what paper have you in your hand?"

"A letter which to me is actually inexplicable," said she, her curiosity returning to the letter, and overriding for the instant her immediate concern. "What does this income of four hundred a year mean? Why have you

never told me about it, dear Swithin? Or does it not refer to you?"

He looked at the note, flushed slightly, and was absolutely unable to begin his reply at once. "I did not mean you to see that, Viviette," he murmured.

"Why not?"

"I thought you had better not, as it does not concern me further, now. The solicitors are laboring under a mistake in supposing that it does. I have to write at once and inform them that the annuity is not mine to receive."

"What a strange mystery in your life!" she said, forcing a perplexed smile. "Something to balance the tragedy in mine. I am absolutely in the dark as to your past history, it seems. And yet I had thought you told me everything."

"I could not tell you that, Viviette, because it would have endangered our relations, — though not in the way you may suppose. You would have reproved me, — you, who are so generous and noble, would have forbidden me to do what I did; and I was determined not to be forbidden."

"To do what?"

"To marry you."

"Why should I have forbidden?"

"Must I tell — what I would not?" he said, placing his hands upon her shoulders, and looking somewhat sadly at her. "Well, perhaps, since it has come to this, you ought to know all, since it can make no possible difference to my intentions now. We are one forever, legal blunders notwithstanding, — for happily they are quickly reparable; — and this question of a devise from my uncle Jocelyn concerned me only when I was a single man."

Thereupon, with obviously no consideration of the possibilities that were reopened by the nullity of their marriage contract, he related in detail, and not without misgiving for having concealed them so long, the events that had occurred on the morning of their wedding.

day ; how he had met the postman on his way to Warborne, after dressing in the cabin, and how he had received from him the letter from his dead uncle through his family lawyers, informing him of the bequest and of the important condition attached, — that he should remain unmarried until his five-and-twentieth year ; how, in comparison with the possession of her dear self, he had reckoned the income as nought, abandoned all idea of it there and then, and had come on to the wedding as if nothing had happened to interrupt for a moment the working out of their plan ; how he had scarcely thought with any closeness of the circumstances of the case since, until reminded of them by this note she had seen, and a previous one of the sort, received from the same solicitors.

"Oh, Swithin, Swithin !" she cried, bursting into tears as she realized it all, and sinking on the observing-chair. "I have ruined you, — yes, I have ruined you ! "

The young man was dismayed by her unexpected grief, and endeavored to soothe her ; but she seemed shaken by a poignant remorse, which would not be comforted.

"And now," she continued, as soon as she could speak, "when you are once more free, and in a position — actually in a position to claim the annuity that would be the making of you, I am compelled to come to you, and beseech you to undo yourself again, merely to save me ! "

"Not to save you, Viviette, but to bless me. You do not ask me to remarry ; it is not a question of alternatives at all, — it is my straight course. I do not dream of doing otherwise. I should be wretched if you thought for one moment I could entertain the idea of doing otherwise."

But the more he said, the worse he made the matter. It was a state of affairs that would not bear discussion at all, and the unsophisticated view he

took of his course seemed to increase her responsibility.

"Why did your uncle attach such a cruel condition to his bounty !" she cried bitterly. "Oh, he little thinks how hard he hits me from the grave, — me, who have never done him wrong ; and you too. Swithin, are you sure that he makes that condition indispensable ? Perhaps he meant that you should not marry beneath you ; perhaps he did not mean in such a case as your marrying (forgive me for saying it) a little above you."

"There is no doubt that he did not contemplate a case which has led to such happiness as this has done," the youth murmured with hesitation ; for though he scarcely remembered a word of his uncle's letter of advice, he had a dim apprehension that it was couched in terms alluding specifically to Lady Constantine.

"Are you sure that you cannot retain the money, and be my lawful husband too ?" she asked piteously. "Oh, what a wrong I am doing you ! I did not dream that it could be as bad as this. I knew I was wasting your time by letting you love me, and hampering your projects ; but I thought there were compensating advantages. This wreck of your future by me I did not contemplate. You are sure there is no escape ? Have you his letter with the conditions, or the will ? Let me see the letter in which he expresses his wishes."

"I assure you it is all as I say," he pensively returned.

"But how does he put it ? How does he justify himself in making such a harsh restriction ? Do let me see the letter, Swithin. I shall think it a want of confidence if you do not. I may discover some way out of the difficulty, if you let me look at the papers. Eccentric wills can be evaded in all sorts of ways."

Still he hesitated. "I would rather you did not see these papers," he said.

But she persisted, as only a fond woman can. Her knowledge that she, who as a woman many years his senior should have shown her love for him by guiding him straight into the paths he aimed at, had (though in some respects unwittingly) blocked his attempted career for her own happiness, made her more intent than ever to find out a device by which she might retain him, while he also retained the life-interest under his uncle's will. Her entreaties were at length too potent for his resistance; and, accompanying her downstairs to the cabin, he opened the desk from which the other papers had been taken, and, against his better judgment, handed her the ominous communication of Jocelyn St. Cleeve, which lay in the envelope just as it had been received, three quarters of a year earlier.

"Don't read it now," he said. "Don't spoil our meeting by entering into a subject which is virtually past and done with. Take it with you, and look it over at your leisure,—but merely as an old curiosity, remember, and not as a still possibly operative document. I have almost forgotten what the contents are, beyond the general advice and stipulation that I was to remain a bachelor."

"At any rate," she rejoined, "do not reply to the note I have seen from the solicitors till I have read this also."

He promised. "But now about our public wedding," he said. "Like certain royal personages, we have had the religious rite; and now comes the civil contract. Will you fix the day? When is it to be? And shall it take place at a registrar's office, since there is no necessity for having the sacred part over again?"

"I'll think," replied she. "I'll think it over."

"And let me know as soon as you can how you decide to proceed."

"I will write to-morrow, or come. I do not know what to say now. I cannot

forget how I am wronging you. This is almost more than I can bear."

To divert her mind he began talking about Greenwich Observatory, and the great instruments therein, and how he had been received by the astronomers, and the details of the expedition to observe the transit of Venus, together with many other subjects of the sort, to which she had not power to lend her attention.

"I must reach home before the people are out of church," she at length said wearily. "I wish nobody to know I have been out this morning." And forbidding Swithin to cross into the open in her company, she left him on the edge of the isolated plantation, which had latterly known her tread so well.

XXXV.

Lady Constantine crossed the field and the park beyond, and found on passing the church that the congregation was still within. There was no hurry for getting indoors, the open windows enabling her to hear that Mr. Torkingham had only just given out his text. So instead of entering the house, she went through the garden door to the old bowling-green, and sat down in the arbor that Louis had occupied when he overheard the interview between Swithin and the Bishop. Not until then did she find courage to draw out the letter and papers relating to the bequest, which Swithin in a critical moment had handed to her.

Had he been ever so little older he would not have placed that unconsidered confidence in her which had led him to give way to her curiosity. But the immense influence over him which seven or eight outnumbering years lent her was again increased by her wider experiences, and he had yielded the point, as he yielded all social points; while the same juniority freed him from much

consciousness that it was his duty to protect her even from herself.

The preamble of Dr. St. Cleeve's letter — in which he referred to his pleasure at hearing of the young man's promise as an astronomer — disturbed her not at all; indeed, somewhat possessed her in favor of the old gentleman who had written it. The first item of what he called "unfavorable news," namely, the allusion to the inadequacy of Swithin's income to the wants of a scientific man, whose lines of work were not calculated to produce pecuniary emoluments for many years, deepened the cast of her face to concern. She reached the second item of the so-called unfavorable news; and her face flushed as she read how the doctor had learnt "that there was something in your path worse than narrow means, and that that something was a woman."

"To save you, if possible, from ruin on these heads," she read on, "I take the preventive measures detailed below." And then followed the announcement of the four hundred a year settled on the youth for life, on the single condition that he remained unmarried till the age of twenty-five, just as Swithin had explained to her. She next learnt that the bequest was for a definite object: that he might have resources sufficient to enable him to travel in an inexpensive way, and begin a study of the Southern constellations, which, according to the shrewd old man's judgment, were a mine not so thoroughly worked as the Northern, and therefore to be recommended. This was followed by some sentences which hit her in the face like a switch: —

"The only other preventive step in my power is that of exhortation. . . . Swithin St. Cleeve, don't make a fool of yourself, as your father did. If your studies are to be worth anything, believe me, they must be carried on without the help of a woman. Avoid her, and every one of the sex, if you mean to achieve

any worthy thing. Eschew all of that sort for many a year yet. Moreover, I say, the lady of your acquaintance avoid in particular. . . . She has, in addition to her original disqualification as a companion for you (that is, that of sex), these two serious drawbacks: she is much older than yourself" —

Lady Constantine's indignant flush forsook her, and pale despair succeeded in its stead. Alas, it was true: handsome and in her prime she might be, but she was too old for Swithin!

" — and she is so impoverished. . . . Beyond this, frankly, I don't think well of her. I don't think well of any woman who dotes upon a man younger than herself. . . . To care to be the first fancy of a young fellow like you shows no great common sense in her. If she were worth her salt she would have too much pride to be intimate with a youth in your unassured position, to say no worse." (Viviette's face, by this time, tingled hot again.) "She is old enough to know that a *liaison* with her may, and almost certainly would, be your ruin; and, on the other hand, that a marriage would be preposterous, — unless she is a complete fool, and in that case there is even more reason for avoiding her than if she were in her few senses.

"A woman of honorable feeling, nephew, would be careful to do nothing to hinder you in your career, as this putting of herself in your way most certainly will. Yet I hear that she professes a great anxiety on this same future of yours as a physicist. The best way in which she can show the reality of her anxiety is by leaving you to yourself."

Leaving him to himself! She paled again, as if chilled by a conviction that in this the old man was right.

. . . "She'll blab your most secret plans and theories to every one of her acquaintance, and make them appear ridiculous by announcing them before they are matured. If you attempt to

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study with a woman, you 'll be ruled by her to entertain fancies instead of theories, air-castles instead of intentions, qualms instead of opinions, sickly possessions instead of reasoned conclusions. . . .

"A woman waking your passions just at a moment when you are endeavoring to shine intellectually is like stirring up the mud at the bottom of a clear brook. All your brightness and sparkle are taken away ; you become moping and thick-headed ; obstructions that before only brought out your brilliancies now disfigure your each dull attempt to surmount them."

Thus much the letter ; and it was enough for her, indeed. The flushes of indignation which had passed over her from time to time, as she gathered this man's opinion of herself, combined with flushes of grief and shame when she considered that Swithin, her dear Swithin, was perfectly acquainted with this cynical view of her nature ; that, reject it as he might, and as he unquestionably did, such thoughts of her had been implanted in him, and lay in him ; stifled as they were, they lay in him like seeds too deep for germination, which accident might some day bring near the surface and aerate into life. The humiliation of such a possibility was almost too much to endure ; the mortification — she had known nothing like it till now. But this was not all. Those tingling emotions were succeeded by feelings in comparison with which resentment and mortification were happy moods, — a miserable conviction that this old man, who spoke from the grave, was not altogether wrong in his speaking ; that he was only half wrong ; that he was, perhaps, virtually right. Only those persons whom nature has unhappily endowed with that appreciativeness of others' positions which empowers them to observe themselves from the outside can understand the smart of such convictions against self, — the wish for annihilation

that is engendered in the moment of despair at feeling that at length we, our own last firmest friend, cease to believe in our own cause.

Viviette could hear the people coming out of church on the other side of the garden wall ; their footsteps and their cheerful voices died away. The bell rang for lunch, and she went in. But her life during that morning and afternoon was wholly introspective. Knowing the whole circumstances of his situation as she knew them now, as she had never before known them, ought she to make herself the legal wife of Swithin St. Cleeve, and so secure her own honor, at any price to him ? Such was the formidable question which Lady Constantine propounded to her startled understanding. As a subjectively honest woman alone, beginning her charity at home, there was no doubt that she ought. Save thyself was sound Old Testament doctrine, and not altogether discountenanced in the New. But was there a line of conduct which transcended mere self-preservation, and would it not be an excellent thing to put it in practice now ?

That she had wronged St. Cleeve by marrying him, that she would wrong him infinitely more by completing the marriage, there was — in her opinion — no doubt. She in her experience had sought out him in his inexperience, and had led him like a child. She remembered, as if it had been her fault, though it was in fact only her misfortune, that she had been the one to go for the license, and take up residence in the parish in which they were wedded. He was now just one and twenty. Without her, he had all the world before him, four hundred a year, and leave to cut as straight a road to fame as he should choose. With her, this story was negatived. Beyond leading him to waste the active spring-time of his life in idle adoration of her as his sweetheart, and depriving him of his inestimable independency by

allowing him to make her his wife, she had indirectly been the means of ruining him in the good opinion of Bishop Helmsdale,—a man who was once his father's acquaintance, and who had been strongly disposed to become the younger man's friend. Encouragement and aid from the Bishop would have been of no mean value to a youth without backers of any kind.

On the other hand, what had he gained by his alliance with her? Well, an equatorial telescope,—that was about all: while to set against this there was the disinclination to adventure further which her constant presence had imparted; the yoke with a woman whose disparity of years, though immaterial just now, would operate in the future as a wet blanket upon his social ambitions; that content with life as it was which she had noticed more than once in him latterly, and which was imperiling his scientific spirit by abstracting his zest for progress.

It was impossible, in short, to blind herself to the inference that marriage with her had not benefited him, as a man who—in her fond belief—had a great work to do, to the extent they both had expected. Matters might improve in the future; but to take upon herself the whole liability of Swithin's life, as she would do by causing him to sacrifice the help his uncle had offered, was a fearful responsibility. How could she, an unendowed woman, replace such assistance? His recent visit to Greenwich, which had momentarily revived that zest for his pursuits that was now less constant than heretofore, should by rights be supplemented by other such expeditions. It would be true benevolence not to deprive him of means to continue them, and so to keep his ardor alive, regardless of the cost to herself.

It could be done. By the extraordinary favor of a unique accident, she had now an opportunity of redeeming Swithin's seriously compromised future, and

restoring him to a state no worse than his first. His annuity could be enjoyed by him, his travels undertaken, his studies pursued, his high vocation initiated, by one little sacrifice,—that of herself. She only had to refuse to legalize their marriage by repeating it, to part from him forever, and all would be well with him thenceforward. The pain to him would after all be but slight, whatever it might be to his wretched Viviette.

Such passion as he had shown for her, boyish and never, perhaps, very strong, had, in the inevitable course of marriage on such terms, been softened down to mild affection. She had seen only too clearly this morning that, owing to his Greenwich visit, she had again sunk to a second place in his heart, if she had ever occupied a higher; his darling science reasserting its right to the first. It was the ordinary fate of scientific men's wives; she should have thought of it before. Was there not, then, something reactionary and selfish in her persisting to clinch a union for the assurance of her individual composure, now that her conception of that course as an advantage to him had been proved wildly erroneous?

The horror of retaining him at her side lay not only in the fact itself of injury to him, but in the likelihood of his living to see it as such, and reproaching her for selfishness in not letting him go, in this unprecedented opportunity for correcting a move proved to be false. He wished to examine the Southern heavens,—perhaps his uncle's letter was the father of the wish,—and there was no telling what good might not result to mankind at large from his exploits there. Why should she, to save her narrow honor, waste the wide promise of his ability? True, an objector might have urged, on her side, that her dear Swithin's wondrous works among the children of men existed as yet only in her imagination, while the present quandary was an unquestionable fact.

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But Lady Constantine would have been the first to deprecate the ungenerousness of such a skeptical reasoner.

That in immolating herself by refusing him, and leaving him free to work wonders for the good of his fellow-creatures, she would in all probability add to the sum of human felicity consoled her by its breadth as an idea, even while it tortured her by making herself the scape-goat or single unit on which the evil would fall. Ought a possibly large number, Swithin included, to remain unbefited because the one individual to whom his release would be an injury chanced to be herself? Love between man and woman, which in Homer, Moses, and other early exhibitors of life is mere desire, had for centuries past so far broadened as to include sympathy and friendship; surely, it should, in this advanced stage of the world, include benevolence also. If so, it was her duty to set her young man free.

Thus she labored, with a generosity more worthy even than its object, to sink her love for her own decorum in devotion to the world in general and Swithin in particular. To counsel her activities by her understanding, rather than by her emotions, as usual, was hard work for a tender woman; but she strove hard, and made advance. The self-centred attitude natural to one in her situation was becoming displaced by the sympathetic attitude, which, though it had to be artificially fostered at first, gave her, by degrees, a certain sweet sense that she was rising above self-love. That maternal element which had from time to time evinced itself in her affection for the youth, and was imparted by her superior ripeness in experience and years, appeared now again as she drew nearer the resolve not to secure propriety in her own social condition at the expense of this youth's earthly utility.

Unexpectedly grand fruits are sometimes borne of mean roots. The illiberal letter of Swithin's uncle was sug-

gesting to Lady Constantine a more comprehensive morality than the highest efforts of direct instructors had ever been able to instill. To love him so far better than herself as this was to surpass the love of woman as conventionally understood, and as mostly existing.

Before, however, clinching her decision by any definite step, she worried her little brain by devising every kind of ingenious scheme, in the hope of lighting on one that might show her how that decision could be avoided, with the same good result. But to secure for him the advantages offered, and to retain him likewise,—reflection only showed it to be impossible! Yet to let him go forever was more than she could endure, and at length she jumped at an idea which promised some sort of improvement on that design. She would propose that reunion should not be entirely abandoned, but simply postponed,—namely, till after his twenty-fifth birthday, when he might be her husband without, at any rate, the loss to him of the income. By this time he would approximate to a man's full judgment, and that painful aspect of her as one who deluded his raw immaturity would have passed forever.

The plan somewhat appeased her disquieted honor. To let a marriage sink into abeyance for four or five years was not to nullify it; and though she would leave it to him to move its substantiation at the end of that time, without present stipulations, she had not much doubt upon the issue.

The clock struck five. This silent mental debate had occupied her whole afternoon. Perhaps it would not have ended now, but for an unexpected incident,—the entry of her brother Louis. He came into the room where she was sitting, or rather writhing; and after a few words to explain how he had got there, and about the mistake in the date of Sir Blount's death, he walked up close to her. His next remarks were

apologetic in form, but in essence they were bitterness itself.

"Viviette," he said, "I am sorry for my hasty words to you when I last left this house. I readily withdraw them. My suspicions took a wrong direction. I think now that I know the truth! You have been even madder than I supposed!"

"In what way?" she asked distantly.

"I had lately thought that unhappy young man was only your too-favored lover."

"You thought wrong: he is not."

"He is not,—I believe you,—for he is more. I now am persuaded that he is your lawful husband. Can you deny it?"

"I can."

"On your sacred word!"

"On my sacred word, he is not that, either."

"Thank Heaven for that assurance!" said Louis, exhaling a breath of relief. "I was not so positive as I pretended to be, but I wanted to know the truth of this mystery. Since you are not fettered to him in that way, I care nothing."

Louis turned away, and that afforded her an opportunity for leaving the room. Those few words were the last grains that had turned the balance, and settled her doom. She would let Swithin go. All the voices in her world had seemed to clamor for that consummation. The morning's mortification, the afternoon's benevolence, and the evening's instincts of evasion had combined to carry the point.

Accordingly, she sat down and wrote to Swithin a summary of the thoughts above detailed. "We shall separate," she concluded: "you to obey your uncle's orders and explore the Southern skies; I to wait as one who can implicitly trust you. Do not see me again till the years have expired. You will find me still the same. I am your wife through all time. The letter of the law

is not needed to reassert it at present; while the absence of the letter secures your fortune."

Nothing can express what it cost Lady Constantine to marshal her arguments; but she did it, and vanquished self-comfort by a sense of the general expediency. It may unhesitatingly be affirmed that the only ignoble reason which might have dictated such a step was non-existent; that is to say, a serious decline in her affection. Tenderly she had loved the youth at first, and tenderly she loved him now, as time and her conduct after proved.

Women the most delicate get used to strange moral situations. Eve probably regained her normal sweet composure about a week after the Fall. On first learning of her anomalous position Lady Constantine's cheek had blushed hot, and her instincts prompted her to legalize her marriage without a moment's delay. Heaven and earth were to be moved at once to effect it. Day after day had passed; her union had remained unsecured, and the idea of its nullity had gradually ceased to be strange to her, till it became of little account beside her generous resolve for the young man's sake.

XXXVI.

The immediate effect upon St. Cleeve of the receipt of her well-reasoned argument for retrocession was, naturally, a bitter attack upon himself for having been guilty of such cruel carelessness as to leave in her way the lawyer's letter that had first made her aware of his uncle's provision for him. Immature as he was, he could realize Viviette's position sufficiently well to perceive what the poor lady must suffer at having suddenly thrust upon her the responsibility of repairing her own situation as a wife by ruining his as a legatee. True, it was by the purest inadvertence that his pending sacrifice of means had been dis-

covered ; but he should have taken special pains to render such a *contretemps* impossible. If, on the first occasion when a revelation might have been made with impunity, he would not put it in the power of her good nature to relieve his position by refusing him, he should have shown double care not to do so now, when she could not exercise that benevolence without the loss of honor. With a young man's inattention to issues, he had not considered how sharp her feelings as a woman must be in this contingency. It had seemed the easiest thing in the world to remedy the defect in their marriage, and that therefore there was nothing to be anxious about. And in his innocence of any thought of securing the bequest, by taking advantage of the loop-hole in his matrimonial bond, he undervalued the importance of concealing the existence of that bequest.

The looming fear of unhappiness between them revived in Swithin the warmest emotions of their earlier acquaintance. Almost before the sun had set he hastened to Welland House in search of her. The air was disturbed by a stiff summer wind, productive of windfalls and premature descents of leafage. It was an hour when unripe apples shower down in orchards, and unbrownéd chestnuts descend in their husks upon the park glades. There was no help for it this afternoon but to call upon her in a direct manner, regardless of suspicions. He was thunderstruck when, while waiting in the full expectation of being admitted to her presence, the answer brought back to him was that she was engaged.

This had never happened before in the whole course of their acquaintance. But he knew what it meant, and turned away with a vague disquietude. He did not know that Lady Constantine was just above his head, listening to his movements with the liveliest emotions, and, while praying for him to go, longing for

him to insist on seeing her and spoil all. But the faintest symptom being always sufficient to convince him of having blundered, he unwittingly took her at her word, and went rapidly away.

However, he called again the next day ; and she, having gained strength by one victory over herself, was enabled to repeat her refusal with greater ease. Knowing this to be the only course by which her point could be maintained, she clung to it with strenuous and religious pertinacity.

Thus immured and self-controlling she passed a week. Her brother, though he did not live in the house (preferring the nearest watering-place at this time of the year), was continually coming there ; and one day he happened to be present when she refused Swithin for the third time. Louis, who did not observe the tears in her eyes, was astonished and delighted : she was coming to her senses at last. Believing now that there had been nothing more between them than a too plainly shown partiality on her part, he expressed his commendation of her conduct to her face. At this, instead of owing to its advantage also, her tears burst forth outright.

Not knowing what to make of this, Louis said, "Well, I am simply upholding you in your course."

"Yes — yes — I know it!" she cried. "And it is my deliberately chosen course. I wish he — Swithin St. Cleeve — would go on his travels — at once, and leave the place. Four hundred a year has been left him for travel and study of the Southern constellations ; and I wish he would use it. You might represent the advantage to him of the course, if you cared to."

Louis thought he could do no better than let Swithin know this as soon as possible. Accordingly, when St. Cleeve was writing in the hut, the next day, he heard the crackle of footsteps over the fir spikelets outside, and jumped up, supposing them to be hers ; but to his

disappointment it was her brother who appeared at the door.

"Excuse my invading the hermitage, St. Cleeve," he said in his careless way. "But I have heard from my sister of your good fortune."

"My good fortune?"

"Yes, in having an opportunity for roving : and with a traveler's conceit I could n't help coming to give you the benefit of my experience. When do you start?"

"I have not — formed any plan as yet. Indeed, I had not quite been thinking of going —"

Louis stared. "Not going? Then I may have been misinformed. What I have heard is that a good uncle has kindly bequeathed you a sufficient income to make a second Isaac Newton of you, if you only use it as he directs."

Swithin breathed quickly, but said nothing.

"If you have not decided so to make use of it, let me implore you, as your friend, and one nearly old enough to be your father, to decide at once. Such a chance does not happen to a scientific youth once in a century."

"Thank you for your good advice, — for it is good in itself, I know," said Swithin, in a low voice. "But — has Lady Constantine spoken of it at all?"

"She thinks as I do."

"She has spoken to you on the subject!"

"Certainly. More than that, it is at her request — though I did not intend to say so — that I come to speak to you about it now."

"Frankly and plainly," said Swithin, his voice trembling with a compound of scientific and amatory emotion that defies definition, "does she say seriously that she wishes me to go?"

"She does."

"Then go I will," replied Swithin firmly. "I have been fortunate enough to interest some leading astronomers, including the Astronomer-Royal; and in

a letter received this morning I learn that the use of the Cape observatory has been offered me for any Southern observations I may wish to make. This offer I will accept. Will you kindly let Lady Constantine know this, since she is interested in my welfare?"

Louis promised, and when he was gone Swithin looked blankly at his own situation, as if he could scarcely believe in its reality. Her letter to him, then, had been deliberately written : she meant him to go. But he was determined that none of those misunderstandings which ruin the happiness of lovers should be allowed to creep in in the present case. He would see her, if he slept under her walls all night to do it, and would hear the order to depart from her own lips. This unexpected stand she was making for his interests was winning his admiration to such a degree as to be in danger of defeating the very cause it was meant to subserve. A woman like this was not to be forsaken in a hurry. He wrote two lines, and left the note at the house with his own hand : —

THE CABIN, RINGS-HILL.

DEAREST VIVIETTE,— If you insist, I will go. But letter-writing will not do. I must have the command from your own two lips ; otherwise I shall not stir. I am here every evening at seven. Can you come? S.

This note, as fate would have it, reached her hands in the single hour of that week when she was in a mood to comply with his request, — whilst moved by the reflex emotion that had followed Louis's praise of her for dismissing Swithin. She went up-stairs to the window that had so long served purposes of this kind, and signalled "yes."

St. Cleeve soon saw the answer she had given, and watched her approach from the tower as the sunset drew on. The vivid circumstances of his life at this date led him ever to remember the

external scenes in which they were set. It was now early autumn, — the time of phenomenal irradiations. To-night the west heaven gleamed like a foundry of all metals, common and rare ; the clouds were broken into a thousand fragments, and the margin of every fragment shone. Foreseeing the disadvantage and pain to her of maintaining a resolve under the pressure of a meeting, he vowed not to urge her by word or sign ; to put the question plainly and calmly, and to discuss it with her on a reasonable basis only, like the philosophers they assumed themselves to be.

But this intention was scarcely adhered to in all its integrity. She duly appeared on the margin of the field, flooded with the metallic radiance that marked the close of this day ; whereupon he quickly descended the steps, and met her at the cabin door. As the evening grew darker and darker, he listened to her reasoning, which was precisely a repetition of that already sent him by letter, and by degrees accepted her decision, since she would not revoke it. Time came for them to say good-by, and then

"He turned, and saw the terror in her eyes,
That yearned upon him, shining in such wise
As a star midway in the midnight fixed."

It was the misery of her own condition that showed forth, hitherto obscured by her ardor for ameliorating his. They closed together and kissed each other, as though the emotion of their whole year and a half's acquaintance had settled down upon that moment.

"I won't go away from you," said Swithin, huskily. "Why did you propose it for an instant?"

Thus the nearly ended interview was again prolonged. Time, however, was merciless, and the hour came when she was compelled to depart. Swithin walked with her towards the house, as he had walked many times before, believing that all was now smooth again between them, and caring, it must be

owned, very little for his fame as an expositor of the Southern constellations just then.

When they reached the silent house he said what he had not ventured to say before : "Fix the day. You have decided that it is to be soon, and that I am not to go ?"

But youthful Swithin was far, very far, from being up to the fond subtlety of Viviette this evening. "I cannot — decide here," she said gently, releasing herself from his arms. "I will speak to you from the window. Wait for me."

She vanished ; and he waited. It was a long time before the window opened, and he was not aware that, with her customary complication of feeling, she had knelt for some time inside the room before looking out.

"Well ?" said he.

"It cannot be," she answered. "I cannot ruin you. But the day after you are five and twenty our marriage shall be confirmed, if you choose."

"Oh, my Viviette, how is this ?" he cried.

"Swithin, I have not altered. But I feared for my powers, and could not tell you whilst I stood by your side. Take the bequest, and go. You are too young — to be fettered. I should have thought of it ! Do not communicate with me for at least a year ; it is imperative. . . . Do not tell me your plans. If we part, we do part. I have vowed a vow not to further obstruct the course you had decided on before you knew me and my puling ways ; and by Heaven's help I'll keep that vow. . . . Now go. These are the parting words of your own Viviette !"

Swithin, who was stable as a giant in all that appertained to nature and life outside humanity, was childishly flexible in social matters. He was quite awed by her firmness, and looked vacantly at her for a time, till she closed the window. Then he mechanically turned, and went as she had commanded.

XXXVII.

A week had passed away. It had been a time of cloudy mental weather to Swithin and Viviette, but the only noteworthy fact about it was that what had been planned to happen therein had actually taken place. Swithin had gone from Welland, and would shortly go from England. Lady Constantine became aware of it by a note which he posted to her on his way through Warborne. There was much evidence of haste in the note, and something of reserve. The latter she could not understand, but it might have been obvious enough if she had considered.

On the morning of his departure he had sat on the edge of his bed: the sun-light streaming through the early mist; the house-martins scratching the back of the ceiling over his head, as they scrambled out from the roof for their day's gnat-hunting; the thrushes cracking snails on the garden stones outside with the noisiness of little smiths at work on little anvils. The sun in sending its rods of yellow fire into his room sent, as he suddenly thought, mental illumination with it. For the first time, as he sat there, it had crossed his mind that Viviette might have reasons for this separation which he knew not of. There might be family reasons,—mysterious blood necessities, which are said to rule members of old musty-mansioned families, and are unknown to other classes of society; and they may have been just now brought before her by her brother Louis, on the condition that they were religiously concealed.

The idea of some family skeleton, like those he had read of in memoirs, having been unearthed by Louis, and held before her terrified understanding as a matter which rendered Swithin's departure and the neutralization of the marriage no less indispensable to them than it was an advantage to himself,

seemed a very plausible one to Swithin just now. Viviette might naturally have taken Louis into her confidence at last, for the sake of his brotherly advice. Swithin knew that of her own heart she would never wish to get rid of him; but coerced by Louis, might she not have grown to entertain views of its expediency? Events made such a supposition on St. Cleeve's part as natural as it was inaccurate, and, conjoined with his own excitement at the thought of seeing a new heaven overhead, influenced him to write but the briefest and most hurried final note to her, in which he fully obeyed her sensitive request that he would omit all reference to his plans. These, at the last moment, had been modified to fall in with the winter expedition formerly mentioned, to observe the transit of Venus at a remote southern station.

The business being done, and himself plunged into the preliminaries of an important scientific pilgrimage, Swithin acquired that lightness of heart which most men feel in forsaking old love for new adventure, no matter how charming may be the girl they leave behind them. Moreover, in the present case, the man was endowed with that school-boy temperament which does not see, or at least consider with much curiosity, the effect of a given scheme upon others than himself. The bearing upon Lady Constantine of what was an undoubted predicament for any woman was forgotten in his feeling that she had done a very handsome and noble thing for him, and that he was therefore bound in honor to make the most of it.

His going had resulted in anything but lightness of heart for her. Her sad fancy could, indeed, indulge in dreams of her yellow-haired laddie without that formerly besetting fear that those dreams would prompt her to actions likely to distract and hinder him. She was wretched on her own account, relieved on his. She no longer stood in

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the way of his advancement, and that was enough. For herself, she could live in retirement; visit the wood, the old camp, and the column, and, like Oenone, think of the life they had led there,—

"Mournful Oenone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills;"

leaving it entirely to his goodness whether he would come and claim her in the future, or desert her forever.

She was diverted for a time from these sad performances by a letter which reached her from Bishop Helmsdale. To see his handwriting again on an envelope, after thinking so anxiously of making a father confessor of him, startled her out of her equanimity. She speedily regained it, however, when she read his note.

THE PALACE, MELCHESTER, }
August 15, 18—.

MY DEAR LADY CONSTANTINE,—I am shocked and grieved that, in the strange dispensation of things here below, my offer of marriage should have reached you almost simultaneously with the intelligence that your widowhood had been of several months' less duration than you and I and the world had supposed. I can quite understand that, viewed from any side, the news must have shaken and disturbed you; and your unequivocal refusal to entertain any idea of a new alliance at such a moment was, of course, intelligible, natural, and praiseworthy. At present I will say no more beyond expressing a hope that you will accept my assurances that I was quite ignorant of the news at the time of writing, and a sincere desire that, in due time, and as soon as you have recovered your equanimity, I may be allowed to renew my proposal.

I am, my dear Lady Constantine,
Yours ever sincerely,
C. MELCHESTER.

She laid the letter aside, and thought no more about it, beyond a momentary meditation on the errors into which

people fall in reasoning from actions to motives. Louis, who was now again with her, became, in due course, acquainted with the contents of the letter, and was satisfied with the promising position in which matters stood all round.

Lady Constantine went her mournful ways as she had planned to do, her chief resort being the familiar column, where she experienced the unutterable melancholy of seeing two carpenters dismantle the dome of its felt covering, detach its ribs, and clear away the inclosure at the top, till everything stood as it had before Swithin had been known to the place. The equatorial had already been packed in a box, to be in readiness if he should send for it from abroad. The cabin, too, was in course of demolition, such having been his directions, acquiesced in by her, before he started. Yet she could not bear the idea that these structures, so germane to the events of their romance, should be removed as if removed forever. Going to the men, she bade them store up the materials intact, that they might be re-erected if desired. She had the junctions of the timbers marked with figures, the boards numbered, and the different sets of screws tied up in independent papers for identification. She did not hear the remarks of the workmen when she had gone, to the effect that the young man would as soon think of buying a halter for himself as come back and spy at the moon from Rings-Hill Speer, after seeing the glories of other nations, and the gold and jewels that were found there, or she might have been more unhappy than she was.

On returning from one of these walks to the column, a curious circumstance occurred. It was evening, and she was coming as usual down through the sighing plantation, wending her way between the ramparts of the camp towards the outlet giving upon the field, when suddenly, in a dusky vista among the trunks, she saw, or thought she saw, a

golden-haired toddling child. The child moved a step or two, and vanished behind a tree. Lady Constantine, fearing it had lost its way, went quickly to the spot, searched, and called aloud. But no child could she perceive or hear anywhere around. She returned to where she had stood when first beholding it, and looked in the same direction; but nothing reappeared. The only object at all resembling a little boy or girl was the upper tuft of a bunch of fern, which had prematurely yellowed to about the color of a fair child's hair, and waved occasionally in the breeze. This, however, did not sufficiently explain the phenomenon, and she returned to inquire of the man whom she had left at work removing the last traces of Swithin's cabin. But he had left with her departure and the approach of night. Feeling an indescribable dread, she retraced her steps and hastened home, doubting if she had been mistaken, yet half believing that her imagination must have played her some trick that day.

The tranquil mournfulness of these few days of solitude was terminated in a most unexpected manner. The morning after the above-mentioned incident, Lady Constantine, after meditating a while, arose with a conviction. She realized a condition of things that she had never anticipated, and for a moment the discovery so overwhelmed her that she thought she must die outright. In her terror she said she had sown the wind to reap the whirlwind. Then the instinct of self-preservation flamed up in her like a fire. Her altruism in subjecting her self-love to benevolence, and letting Swithin go away from her, was demolished by the new necessity, as if it had been a gossamer web.

There was no resisting or evading the spontaneous plan of action which matured itself in her mind in five minutes. Where was Swithin? How could he be got at instantly? That was her single thought. She searched about the room

for his last short note, hoping, yet doubting, that its contents were more explicit on his intended movements than the few meagre syllables which alone she could call to mind. She could not find the letter in her room, and came downstairs to Louis as pale as a ghost.

He looked up at her, and with some concern said, "What's the matter?"

"I am searching everywhere for a letter,—a note from Mr. St. Cleeve; just a few words, telling me when the Occidental sails, that he goes in!"

"Why do you want that unimportant document?"

"It is of the utmost importance that I should know whether he has sailed or not!" said the poor lady, in agonized tones. "Where *can* that letter be!"

Louis knew where that letter was, for, having seen it on her desk, he had, without reading it, torn it up and thrown it into the waste-paper basket; thinking that the less that remained to remind her of that young philosopher the better. "I destroyed it," he said.

"Oh, Louis, why did you?" she cried in despair. "I am going to follow him,—I think it best to do so,—and I want to know if he is gone, and now the date is lost!"

"Going to run after St. Cleeve!"

"Yes, I am!" she said, with vehemence. "I must see him. I want to speak to him as soon as possible."

"Good God, Viviette, are you mad?"

"Oh, what was the date of that ship? But it cannot be helped. I start at once for Southampton. I have made up my mind to do it. He was going to his uncle's solicitors in the north first; then he was coming back to Southampton. He cannot have sailed yet."

"I believe he has sailed," muttered Louis, sullenly.

She did not wait to argue with him, but returned up-stairs, where she rang to tell Green to be ready with the pony to drive her to Warborne station in a quarter of an hour.

Thomas Hardy.

HOW SHALL THE AMERICAN SAVAGE BE CIVILIZED?

THE Indian outlook is brightening. The last few years have brought about a better understanding of the real position of the red man, and a corresponding disposition on the part of Congress and the people to apply rational treatment. And, "owing to circumstances over which he has no control," — for which no thanks are due to him, — the Indian is to-day in a better condition than ever before to receive and profit by the assistance which our sense of duty should teach us to extend to him. His power is broken, and he is beginning to realize and accept the fact.

According to the best authority on the subject, the Indian population (exclusive of Alaska) approximates 255,938. Whether this number is increasing or decreasing is an open question. In condition, disposition, and mode of life there is a wide range from the fairly civilized communities of the Indian Territory to the untamed Sioux, who know no home but the buffalo track, and no occupation but war. Between these extremes are the other tribes and bands, in various stages: some assimilating to the advanced communities of the Indian Territory, others as deeply steeped in barbarism as the Sioux and a few other like tribes; the only material difference being that by contact with the whites, or from other causes, their tribal cohesion and war power have been impaired. They are now to be considered more as an aggregation of individual savages than as a tribal unit. Still another class, and a large one, is that of the friendly Indians, — those who have never lifted a hand against us. They are not much known to the general public. They do not figure in appropriation bills, nor are they registered at the offices of the philanthropic and Christian associations.

I believe that tribes should be treated severally, and according to the peculiar circumstances of each. This has not been the case. Indians have been Indians. An agent, a boss farmer, and a plow are sent to one, and therefore to all tribes who can show enough white scalps to entitle them to our bounty. The treatment of the others — those who have taken no scalps — is equally impartial: they are all left to shift for themselves, and to starve if they will.

There will soon be four trans-continental railroads from the East to the Pacific Ocean. Already there are two. Branch roads will reach out in every direction from the main lines. By these roads and by the influence of the immigration thus brought into their territory, the war power of the Indian will be destroyed. Every spike driven in a railroad tie west of Kansas is a nail in the tribal coffin. Disintegration of tribes will follow, and organized Indian war will be a thing of the past. This will not put an end to bloodshed, nor will it materially lessen it for some years to come. But henceforth the army will deal more with spasmodic outbreaks and discontent of factions than with powerful tribes as a whole. Incidentally, the railroads are hastening a good work. It is better that there be 255,000 individual savages than the same number organized in, say, 100 battalions, averaging 2550 each.

Look at it as we may, we have among us so many savages who are incapable of self-control and self-support. We shall soon have all their lands that are of value, and we have already destroyed nearly all their game. We have taken away their native means of support, and we have not instructed them sufficiently in the arts and economics of our life to enable them to earn their living by the

sweat of their brow, however willing they might be to do so.

One of three courses is open to us : (1.) To raise an army of 100,000 men, and literally exterminate the savages. This would be the most effective and at the same time vastly the most economical solution of the problem. (2.) To let them alone, only taking care to protect our frontier settlements against them as best we could, which would be but indifferently, and in course of time they would perish from the earth. In the mean time they would be vagabonds and bandits, and a hindrance to our progress. The lead required to shoot at them would cost more than bread to feed them. (3.) To accept them as dependents of the government, justly entitled to its care and protection. The last is the only course our sense of duty and humanity could for a moment entertain.

The question is how to care for them. So far, our policy has been to induce them to take bread in lieu of blood ; and when the reign of peace has lasted from one annual appropriation to another, we have congratulated ourselves, and been content to begin another year just where the old one was begun. We have bought peace by the month, to have it delivered to us by the day. Nothing has been gained : no security for the future, no decrease in the number of mouths to feed. It is not the only fault of this hand-to-mouth policy that it costs money, and will continue to do so in an increasing ratio for an indefinite time. It has not secured, nor will it ever secure, peace. It has not civilized, nor will it ever civilize, a single Indian.

An Indian's life is nomadic ; his occupation is war. The glories of his traditions centre in scenes of blood. He is a braggart, and the burden of his boasts is his deeds of daring. The youth listen to the old recounting the glorious memories of the bloody past ; their imagination is fired to the highest pitch, and they long to prove their prowess. To

the Indian mind the warrior's life is the only one worth living. The old ones, who have had enough of unsuccessful war, may try to prevent, but the young spirit will prevail, and murder and plunder commence. This is not put forward as the only cause of outbreaks, but it is a fruitful cause of them.

No amount of care and kindly treatment — save in the presence of actual and ample force — can prevent trouble with the Indians until they are to a great degree converted from their natural state. So long as we neglect to supplement feeding and clothing by organized and vigorous means to educate and civilize the Indian, so long shall we have the burden to bear.

Passing by the question of control, I propose to deal with the questions of educating and civilizing. The Indian, unaided and alone, could not文明 himself for centuries ; nor is he any more to blame for the inability than we are to blame for not being a hundred fold more civilized than we are. Suppose some superior race should come from another planet, and find us as inferior and barbarous, according to their standard, as we consider the Indians, when measured by our standard. And suppose they should conquer and put us on reservations. Could we at once quit the life which is the outgrowth of all these thousands of years ? Changing everything but our color, — giving up our philosophy, religion, code of morals, customs, clothes, and means of obtaining food, — could we at once adopt a mode of existence so different from anything we ever heard of that we could not form the least conception of it ? Perhaps our first lesson in the new life would be to learn to use with precision our conquerors' improved fire-arms, and to slaughter a thousand of them at one shot. This is not an overdrawn comparison. We must have patience.

In taking up the details of the problem of civilizing, I feel neither wise

enough nor ignorant enough to speak for all Indians. The plan which I propose is not merely the embodiment of an abstract theory; it is intended for local application, and is matured from a personal knowledge of the Indians, the locality, the surroundings, and the resources at hand. It is intended for a practical scheme, and one which it is hoped may be put in operation at the place named, and for the benefit of the Indians there. By giving prominence to a plan concerning one tribe only, it is hoped more fully to emphasize the proposition that tribes should be treated severally, according to the condition, position, and local surroundings of each.

This scheme is suggested for the benefit of a well-deserving tribe, whose number (about 4600) composes one fourth of the Indian population of Arizona,—the Pimas. Before proceeding with details of the plan, it may be proper to offer a brief summary of the history, disposition, etc., of the Pimas, and to present their claims to our consideration.

These people were found in their present homes, on the banks of the Rio Gila, by the early Spanish priests and explorers, soon after Cortez's conquest of Mexico. A peaceful people, by no means nomadic in habit, and subsisting by agriculture (rude and primitive in form), they have but little more title to a higher grade of civilization than have the Apaches or the wild Indians of the plains. They are savages, living in the obscurity of savage life. Like the great majority of Indians, they have no aspirations beyond a mere physical existence. They live under tribal government, and believe in the incantations of the "medicine man," while their customs and morals are crude in the extreme. They make no advancement. As they were when first known to white men, so they are to-day,—incapable of battling with our world and civilization. Our intercourse with the Pimas dates

from 1846. During that year General Kearney, with his army, on the march from the Missouri River to take possession of California, just then wresting from Mexico, stopped two days at their villages to rest and replenish supplies. From that day to this they have been our friends. Their villages have been the refuge of the distressed prospector and immigrant, and their granaries depots of supply for our army in its operations against the Apache of the neighboring mountains; while their young men have ever responded to the call of the government for scouts and guides. But for the advantage to the army of having a friend and ally to furnish help and supplies in the midst of remote operations, it is doubtful if Arizona would to-day be sufficiently free from the domination of the Apache to see a railroad within its limits. Pima annals are not disfigured by a single act of hostility, while their friendship has ever been more than passive.

Yet, in spite of this history, or rather because of it, they have received from the government next to no help beyond having their homes secured by reservation. Their land only is secured, and this under conditions of climate which leave land without corresponding water rights of no value. The terms of the "Desert Land Act," and the immense tracts bordering their reservation, but cut off from water, which remain unsurveyed and unoccupied, show that government officials are not unmindful of the relative value of land and water—to white agriculturalists. The white settlements above have taken out almost all of the water from the Gila, so the Pimas have not enough for purposes of irrigation. The law that should protect them cannot be enforced against whites, and in favor of Indians.

On the Rio Gila, within two days' ride, is another reservation,—the San Carlos Reservation for the Apaches. Along the trail thither the Pima may

count the graves of many white men, each with a well-known, although unwritten epitaph: "Tortured and slain by the Apache."¹ Arrived at this other agency, he sees, camped in idleness around a government store-house, and fed by a lavish hand, thousands of these same Apaches. He knows them well, for he has looked at them over a rifle barrel while they were cutting the throats of our citizens, and he was side by side with United States troops trying to prevent their atrocities.

The Pima's reflections are pertinent, but his arithmetic is insufficient. It is we only who may compute the tens of millions of dollars and hundreds of lives which the butcheries and treacheries of the Apaches have compelled the hand that feeds them to spend in fighting and subduing, that it might enjoy that privilege. Review the last twelve months. In August, 1881, there was an outbreak of the Apaches. After the usual murders and pillage, they surrendered, and under orders from Washington were set free on the reservation, where they resumed consumption of government rations. In April of this year (1882) there was another outbreak.

RECAPITULATION.

Citizens murdered in first outbreak (about).....	20
Citizens murdered in second outbreak (counted).....	42
Total number of murders during the year (in Arizona alone)...	62
While the Apaches were indulging in these recreations they cost us: Annual expense of feeding, annuities, etc., on a basis of 4000 Indians.....	\$283,000
Extra expenses of the army that would not otherwise have been incurred (at least).....	200,000
Thefts, destruction of property, and damage to the business interests of Arizona (at least).....	250,000
Total cost of about 4000 Apaches for 1881-82 (about).....	\$733,000
Or, for a family of six, \$1098.	

¹ By extending the journey along the waters of the Gila, one hundred and five miles further, he would find the graves of *forty-two citizens, who*

The Pimas, numbering about 4600, have never been on the war-path. The government furnishes them an agent,—who is without means of help,—a doctor, a supply of medicines, and limited facilities for a small day school. The whole expense of their agency—and that mostly taken up by salaries from which they derive no benefit—is not \$7000; or, for a family of six, less than \$10 per annum.

The Apache murders our people; therefore we feed and clothe him. Nor are we content simply to supply him with the necessities of life; but from the \$283,000 which the Interior Department annually furnishes to the agency, the enormous sum of over \$19,800 goes for the luxuries of sugar and coffee; and in addition a certain quantity of tobacco is furnished, but not enough to induce him to smoke the "pipe of peace." The Pima has no government blanket to keep out the cold, while he sits with folded arms and a hungry stomach and looks on at the feast. He has not shed our blood; therefore no cover is laid for him. It is true that he took a part in the twenty years' war with the Apache, but he made the mistake of getting on the wrong side. The fool helped us. Yet, notwithstanding this mistake of his, it seems a pity that he cannot have for school purposes a sum at least equal to the cost of the sugar and coffee which we furnish the Apaches.

We are not proud of this bit of comparison, and only introduce it to give an illustration, from actual facts, of one phase of our Indian management. This policy has the indorsement of no less an authority than the Hon. Francis A. Walker, formerly Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who says, in his Report, 1872, "The Indian policy . . . consists of two policies, entirely distinct. . . . In the same way at the south the treat-

have been murdered by Apaches since the above sentence was written.

ment of the well-intentioned Papagoes of Arizona contrasts just as strongly with the dealings of the government by their traditional enemies, the treacherous and vindictive Apaches; . . . but it is none the less compatible with the highest expediency of the situation. It is, of course, hopelessly illogical that the expenditures of the government should be proportional not to the good but to the ill desert of the several tribes; . . . and yet, for all this, the government is right and its critics wrong, and the 'Indian policy' is sound, sensible, and beneficent, because it reduces to the minimum the loss of life and property on our frontier, and allows the freest development of our settlements and railways possible under the circumstances. There is no question of national dignity, be it remembered, involved in the treatment of savages by a civilized power." . . . I do not agree with Mr. Walker even on the ground of the "highest expediency of the situation." Dismiss sentiment; in a business point of view it is bad management. It has indirectly cost the government millions of dollars, and the frontier settlements thousands of lives.

Is it supposed for a moment that Indian reasoning is so dull that it does not grasp the situation? Good Indians are constantly taunted with the treatment which they receive at the hands of the government. The bad Indians say, "Make the white man afraid of you; go on the war-path; torture, kill, and — surrender and be fed and clothed, as we are."¹ Does any one suppose that Indian logic would not be quick to work out an opposite conclusion from an opposite line of treatment? All these years we should have been utilizing the friendly Indian by making him an example of how much, instead of how little, the government would do for its wards, provided they behaved themselves

properly. Purely as a matter of policy in the management of the warlike tribes, it would have been of infinite benefit, and, incidentally (still speaking from a business point), we should by this time have had the friendly tribes well on the road to civilization.

Mr. Walker says, "There is no question of national dignity, be it remembered, involved in the treatment of savages by a civilized power." Perhaps not. Leaving out the fourth and fifth words and the word "involved," there could be no question of the most superficial observer agreeing with what remains of the sentence quoted, as applied to the case under discussion. There should, at least, be a question of honor. The white man meets two Indians: one hoists the black flag and attacks him; the other hastens to his defense. After the struggle is over the white man takes his assailant by the hand, and leads him to a home of plenty. The friend says, "I helped you as best I could. You are very rich, I am very poor. I wish you would send my boy to school." "Nobody cares for you or your boy, so long as you fail to point a gun," is the only answer he receives.

But the old order of things is passing away. It is time to look for ways and means of civilizing, and in this sentiment and business can be combined to the best interest of all. Our friends may still have a chance. The first effort should be to seek that material which promises best and quickest results, with the most good to the greatest number; and, if possible, it should furnish an example for surrounding tribes. On all accounts these considerations point to the Pimas as among the first to be assisted. Their numbers are large; their surroundings, disposition, and habits most favorable.

Assuming² that the post of Fort Mc-

¹ In this I give the substance of what has often been said to me by Indians.

² This is a mere assumption of mine. But the

military situation of Arizona has so shifted in the last few years that it seems more than probable that the post in question will, at an early day

Dowell and its reservation will not much longer be occupied for military purposes, my proposition is to establish thereat, for the advancement of the Pimas,

A CIVILIZATION COMMUNITY AND SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY.

RESERVATION.

The reservation is ten miles long by four miles wide, containing 24,750 acres. It is situated in longitude $111^{\circ} 40'$, and latitude $33^{\circ} 40'$, about fifty miles from the centre of the Pima villages, and the same distance from the Southern Pacific Railroad. The Verde River flows through it from one end to the other, and about 1500 acres¹ of land could be irrigated and cultivated. The soil is excellent, and would produce wheat, corn, barley, oats, sorghum, alfalfa, sweet potatoes, and all the vegetables common to the latitude. Grapes and most of the fruits of Southern California would thrive. The balance of the land is divided between "waste" and grazing. There is enough of the latter to support moderate herds.

BUILDINGS FOR SCHOOL PURPOSES.

The buildings of the post of Fort McDowell are ample, and, with inexpensive changes and repairs, well adapted for a school of over two hundred children, including houses for the superintendent and employés and good shops. The place is healthful. Wood and water are in abundance.

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF, WITH ASSISTANTS AND EMPLOYÉS.

One superintendent (an army officer); one clerk; one medical attendant; one school-teacher; such number of assistant teachers as would be necessary; one interpreter (an Indian); one farmer; be abandoned. When this occurs the buildings and other improvements will be a dead loss to the government, unless utilized in some such way as suggested. To build such accommodations as they afford for a School of Industry, would cost not less than \$50,000 to \$60,000.

one assistant farmer (an Indian); one blacksmith, one carpenter and wheelwright, one saddler and harness maker, one shoemaker, for needs of the community and to teach trades; two cooks; assistant cooks (Indians).

SETTLEMENT OF THE COMMUNITY.

Invite Pima families — preferably young or middle-aged — to become settlers on the reservation, and allot to each not less than twenty, nor more than eighty, acres of cultivable land. No tribal relations to be recognized in the community; each to have individual rights and responsibilities.

INDUSTRIES.

Farming to be the main reliance; but stock-raising, freighting, and other branches of industry common in a like situated settlement of whites to be encouraged.

TRADING STORE.

A trading store, to be owned and managed by Indians.

SCHOOL.

A boarding-school, not only for children of the Pimas, but to be open to other tribes of Arizona.

MECHANICAL TRADES.

A selected number of the Pima youths to be taught such trades as are best adapted to their tastes and uses.

MODEL FARM.

A farm of two hundred acres, more or less, to be maintained, on which all male pupils of suitable age may be instructed in farming and caring for crops.

GOVERNMENT.

The superintendent to have control

¹ There is often a great deal of grumbling with regard to the immense reservations assigned to the Indians. Look at the proportion of cultivable land in this instance. It may be relied upon as a fair average.

of the community to the same extent that agents control Indian reservations.

The above is an outline of the community which I propose. To say that we must educate the Indians does not convey a proper understanding of the task before us. Education in the common acceptation of the term is a mere auxiliary in accomplishing their civilization. The Indians are savages. To convert, rather than to educate, is our work.

The beginning would be at the bottom. The Pimas would come to the community as Indians. Many of them would also come in their national costume. This costume for the men consists of the paint on the face, beads about the neck, and a sash of many strands around the waist, a slip of calico about three yards long folded like a neck-tie, and tucked under the sash in front to the middle, then the two ends passed down and back to the right of the left leg, and to the left of the right, and up and under the sash at the small of the back, the ends loose and trailing on the ground. The fact that they were not white men in a low state of civilization should be fully understood and appreciated by the superintendent. There should be no forcing nor cramming; everything would have to be worked up gradually.

The superintendent should exercise supervision over all the affairs of the community, but all industries should be carried on by the Indians individually, — each to own the results of his own labor. Under no circumstances should crops be gathered into store-houses for re-issue. It is customary on a great many Indian reservations to have one large farm, on which the agent raises a crop, and gathers it into the store-house for regular issue to the Indians. Such work teaches no ideas of self-support. To the Indian's mind a farm managed in this manner is a part of the govern-

ment machinery set over him, in which he feels neither proprietorship nor responsibility. No matter if some of the Indians do work, it is simply one means of filling a government store-house, which would have been filled in any event.

No direct gratuity should be allowed members of the community; but the superintendent should be furnished with all practical means of indirect help, including expensive farming implements, such as wagons, thrashers, reapers, evaporating pans for making sorghum molasses, etc. The Indians should have the use of these, as well as instruction in their management by the farmer, and be charged a reasonable toll in kind, to be applied to the uses of the school. Give them nothing; help them in everything. Give all the freighting of supplies for the school to members of the community, and from the regular rates of pay make a deduction, for use of the wagons. Encourage them to engage in this sort of work for private parties, and furnish them the same facilities, on the same terms. In time they would buy their own wagons.

An important branch of industry to be encouraged is stock-raising. There should be a herd of cattle kept to supply meat and milk for the school and employés. Start with four or five hundred cows for breeding purposes. When a member of the community wishes to go into the stock business (on a small scale), or to keep milk cows, sell to him from this herd such number of cows — not exceeding, say, ten, as he wishes to purchase. Payment should be by easy installments, not more than three dollars per head at time of purchase; other payments so timed as to fall due just after a harvest. It is believed that the effect of placing them in debt — provided they have something to show for it — would be beneficial. Indians are naturally honest; there would be no difficulty about their meeting engagements of this nature.

In planting and caring for crops, the Indians should have the advice and assistance of the superintendent and the farmer. It should be seen to that they plant in the right proportions. Wheat would be the staple article, and the usual variety of vegetables, etc., could be raised. Indians are very fond of sweets; therefore sorghum should be introduced, and evaporating pans kept for hire. There is nothing connected with a farm that would more interest and please Indians than the means of making sugar and molasses. Fruit trees, also, should be furnished for sale, and as there would be no yield for some years, only enough should be charged to maintain the principle of giving nothing. The nurseries of Los Angeles are so close at hand that the cost to the government would be but trifling. The farms should be made attractive and profitable.

A coöperative store, to be owned by the Indians, should be maintained. Among the Pimas are a great many who could (and I believe would) subscribe from twenty-five to one hundred dollars for the purpose. The agent informs me that the Pimas sold a surplus of 2,500,000 pounds of wheat last year (1881). One thousand dollars would be enough to start with. One of the Pima boys, now educating at Hampton, Va., could be put in charge of the store. While this is conceded to be a novel feature in Indian management, I believe it could be made a potent factor in accomplishing their civilization. To hold the plow-handle is not necessarily to be a farmer. To be a farmer is not necessarily to be a self-reliant, self-sustaining man. To succeed in the world, a man must have some understanding of relative values, systems of exchange, and laws of trade. Remember that the Indian is utterly ignorant of these things. He may know a dollar when he sees it, and that it will procure from the store-keeper four pounds of sugar. Why not

one pound or ten pounds, or why the store-keeper wants the dollar at all, he has no conception. He never thinks of these things. It never occurs to the Indian, in the wildest flights of his imagination that he could be a merchant. To him the man from whom he buys fancy calico and beads is something apart. He comes and trades; where from, or why, the Indian does not know. Until he finds out, he will never be self-supporting. He can only gain that knowledge by embarking on the commercial stream himself. Standing forever on the outside of the counter, he will never learn. In its infancy, the experiment would require the unremitting and painstaking watchfulness of the superintendent. When he makes his semi-annual trips to the city markets to buy supplies for the school, there should be provision for an Indian connected with the store to accompany him, in the capacity of clerk, and at such times the store stock could be purchased. It is admitted that the Indians, unaided, could not originate and successfully conduct an enterprise of this kind; but that is the principal reason why they should be put in a way of doing it in such a manner—if proper tact be used—that they would think they were managing it.

The question of dwelling-houses for the Indians would regulate itself. It would not be prudent to force them into houses before they wanted them. The whole tendency of the community and the school should be towards individuality of rights and responsibilities. Yet it would not be inconsistent with this teaching to introduce a well-matured plan of coöperative work; such as, under the master mind of Brigham Young, reclaimed the deserts of Utah,—property created coöperatively, but owned individually. With the Mormons the bishop is the head of a settlement; his duties are practical and far-reaching. He would not hesitate to make contracts for building railroads, or, with the same

energy and zeal, superintend the herding of the village cows. Such a system and such an energy should govern the Indian community.

A boarding-school should be established: pupils of suitable age to be admitted in the following order of preference: (1) children of the community; (2) children of reservation, Pimas, Maricopas,¹ and Papagoes; (3) children of other Arizona Indians, — all to be clothed and fed by the government. Farming, the trades, and common English branches should be taught.

There are many questions of detail in the management of the school that would have to be determined as they arose, and as experience would dictate. A modification of the Kindergarten system would, perhaps, be the better plan to adopt for Indian children. Close application to study and the school-room should be avoided. It is not the object to teach too much from books. There would be no good purpose served in expending all energies in giving the mass of Indian children a good education, as we understand the term. The kind of education they are in need of is one that will habituate them to the customs and advantages of a civilized life, and put them in a way of leading it, and at the same time cause them to look with feelings of repugnance on their native state. To this end it is of the first importance that the school-children should be made comfortable and feel at ease. They should have better food and better care than they ever before dreamed of, and be allowed to indulge freely in their own games and sports. Nor should their tawdry ornaments and decorations — even the paint upon the face — be at once stripped from them. Time would rectify all these things. Inexpensive rewards and prizes, selected with reference to the tastes of the children,

¹ The Maricopas are a small band on the Pima reservation, and are to be considered as a part of them.

should be freely given, on the usual conditions.

The school should start without rules of deportment; and as the intelligence of the pupils grew, plain common-sense regulations should be introduced, care being taken that they be one step in the rear of the understanding of those to whom they are to apply. Once established, they should be rigidly enforced. In regard to school hours, the minimum should be observed. As a part of their training, the girls should have the making of their own and of the other pupils' clothes. The trades taught should be chosen with reference to utility and the tastes of the Indians. Certain ones would be indispensable to the needs of the community, and should be of the number. Saddlery and harness-making would most interest Indians, and should be added to the list. Apprentices should receive a small money compensation.

The model farm should be an important feature of the school; orchards and vineyards ought to be started the first year. The products of the farm and the cattle herd should be made to supply all provisions of the kind required for the subsistence of the pupils and employés, not only as a matter of economy in administration, but as an example of economy to the Indians. Education should be carried on outside as well as inside the school-room.

All assistants and employés should be married; most of the assistant school-teachers should be women. To each family should be assigned for board and lodging two or more school-girls, to assist in housework, who should be allowed to sit at the dining-table with the family, and not be treated as servants. This, and many more seemingly little things, should make up the principal part of the course of training. It should be as much the duty of teachers to preside at the table, and to look after the sleeping apartments, as to teach in the school-room.

The subject of morals and religion has been left to the last, because it naturally belongs there; not in order of importance, but in order of attainment. The stomach is the proper base from which to carry on operations against barbarism. It is the practical, everyday, and tangible benefits of civilized life which will first attract a barbarian. He must see advantages that he can understand, and of which he can feel the immediate effects. Morals must be left to grow as the community advances in intelligence and civilization. It must not be forgotten that Indians have a code of morals; however false, it is the embodiment of their philosophy of the subject, and as dear to them as ours is to us. In the very nature of things, there can be no violent or sudden conversion. So with religion: teach the Indian how to earn a good breakfast and a plentiful dinner, and then, and not until then, he may be in a condition to appreciate grace before meat and the parable of the loaves and fishes. These things will come in time: until then, do not try to force them; advise, but do not order.

By this it is not meant that glaring acts of vice, such as murder, theft, and the like, could be ignored; nor that religion and morals should not be taught by example. Some Indian agents commence their administrations by a text from the Bible, a lecture on the evils of tobacco, and an order against gambling. Bread is the last thing thought of. Such a course makes a mockery of the whole subject, and has been the cause of trouble. Of course Indians will gamble. It is not treating the subject facetiously to say that if there be a people in the world more given to that vice than the civilized it is the uncivilized.

The superintendent should govern, with no intermediate control between him and Washington. As far as possible the forms of civil government should be used. A standing Indian police

force — such as is both necessary and proper in the management of warlike tribes on reservations — might, in a peaceful community like this, give false ideas of the means, if not the uses, of our government, and none should be maintained. Processes and orders of the superintendent should be executed by regularly appointed Indian constables, who should receive pay for specific service only; the duties of the office ought not to interfere with other occupations.

The success or failure of this scheme would depend much on the *personnel* of the administrative force. For many reasons it would probably be desirable that the superintendent should be an army officer. The position demands no small amount of executive and administrative ability, of a peculiar and special kind, which is only to be gained by a thorough knowledge of the material to be worked. Habits of command and the utmost painstaking attention to the "thousand and one little things" that go to make up the whole are some of the qualifications required, in addition to experience with Indians. It is not pretended that the army is the only place to procure competency, but in this instance it is the surest. The body of the army has been among Indians for years. Each officer on the frontier has an experience with Indians, extending from a few months to half a life-time. Their records are known by those in authority over them, and department and division commanders could hardly err in their recommendations of a suitable selection. With no increase of pay or allowances, the army officer would gain nothing by the position, and there would not be an unseemly scramble for the place. "The place would seek the man."

To assistants and employés sufficient pay should be given to secure and retain the best. If an employé were receiving better wages than he could get elsewhere, he would be zealous from

self-interest, if from no other motive. And finally, the government would have to do its part. It is the fundamental principle that the community be vigorous and prosperous, and not a dragging make-shift. Appropriations must be forthcoming when they are needed. The whole expense would be of no great amount; but be it one or one hundred thousand dollars, enough must be furnished, and at the fit time.

We now come to look at the ulterior advantages of the scheme. It is not the intention simply to benefit the members of the community, at best about one thousand. It is the object to build up a community of prosperous individual Indians, who have quit tribal relations and started in life for themselves, and to make them an example to others of what Indians can do if they but try. Its geographical position would bring it under the observation of three fourths of the Indian population of Arizona, including the Apaches. It is believed that it would be only a question of time when the community would extend itself to the whole tribe, and thus convert 4600 wards to as many useful citizens. The school and the community would be of mutual benefit to each other: the one as an example of how Indians could succeed; the other an example of what the government is doing for their race, and of the capacity of Indian children for acquiring the white man's knowledge. Indian children learn rapidly from books. The Pima children are especially bright. There can be no doubt that the Indian has sufficient mental capacity to master the situation. Another advantage to the school would result from making it home-like to the children by the presence of members of their own race.

Thus far nothing has been said of the schools for Indians now in successful operation at Carlisle, Pa., and Hampton, Va. These enterprises are most commendable, and should be kept up and

enlarged. But what is to become of the Indian youths after completing their education at these places? If they profit by their education, they must go where their skill is in demand, just as other carpenters and tinsmiths do. If they do this, they will be no example to their people. The government will have benefited just so many individual Indians, and accomplished nothing else. If they go back to their respective tribes, they would be more than human if they failed to drop back to their old level, and again be Indians. That is inevitable. They would have no associates to understand or appreciate their acquired knowledge, and numerical force would overwhelm them. There are not wanting many instances of the kind. I am personally cognizant of one striking case.

This community would afford them a resting-place. It would be a "half-way house" on the long road from Indian barbarism to our civilization. Here would gather the more thrifty and thoughtful of the tribe. The government must see to it that they thrive better than those left behind. Then, when a boy comes back from school in the East with a useful trade, or qualified to teach, give him a place. The community would be common ground between the two lives; and to that would be mainly due its usefulness. The distance between the two lives is very great. If the educated boys took it at one step, they could not reach back to help their brothers and sisters. If they stayed behind, they would be powerless to resist reabsorption into the old life. Give them this stepping-stone, where they would be associated with a respectable class of whites on the one hand, and the more progressive of their own kindred on the other; and they would be of untold benefit to the cause of civilizing their race.

This closes the description of the scheme to help civilize the Pimas. If

I were asked to what extent I would apply the project to other tribes, my answer would be, "The theory entire; the details only so far as they would fit a particular case." Here advantage is taken of the special and excellent facilities at hand, perhaps not to be found in another instance; in other cases set apart a portion of the regular reservation, for there must be no official connection between the community and other Indians. The tribal relation must be broken, and they must receive no gifts at the agency. The Pimas are an agricultural people; therefore farming is made prominent in this scheme. With some tribes stock-raising would take precedence; with others, other industries. The plan for the Pimas is made a vehicle for carrying a theory of a line of treatment for

the whole uncivilized Indian population; but the details of the plan are special. The work of civilizing the American Indian will be a laborious and tedious one. The course of training will have to trace one generation from the cradle to the grave. But little can be expected from the old; it is the young to whom we must apply ourselves. With them we must have patience. We must understand our work, — what to do, what not to do. Our task is to convert from one life to another; and we must not forget that we begin with savages, whose life comprises but little this side of the stone age. Their philosophy, their religion, their whole mental and moral horizon, are no more advanced than are their arts, and they have never made an implement of iron.

*George S. Wilson,
First Lieut. Twelfth U. S. Infantry.*

MIDNIGHT.

FAR heard, and faintly, over wood and hill,
Twelve slow vibrations from the village chime
Ruffle the gracious calm. Oh, rare the skill
That gave so sweet a voice to iron Time!

The airs are gentle as the breath of sleep;
They are no more than wingèd souls of flowers,
Lured forth by night from hedgey coverts deep,
Where drowsily they shunned the glaring hours.

The moon is up. Now this were time to see
All delicate, shy things that haunt the wood:
The mild-eyed fauns, the nymphs of stream and tree,
King Oberon and all his fairy brood.

Now from the folded curtain of each flower
Small visages should peer upon the moon,
To note if it be yet the charmèd hour
To trace the ring and chant the magic rune.

What low, delicious sound was that far born
From the obscure recesses of the glen?

Was it the fanfare of an elfin horn,
Or restless bird that trilled and slept again?

Is that the brook's bland gurgle in the sedge,
Or flag-wreathed naiads by the osiered stream,
Dabbling their white limbs from the oozy edge,
Or diving where the minnows dart and gleam?

There is a rustle in the thicket screen!
Is it a frightened hare that starts and flies,
Or stealthy-footed faun that peers between
The interwoven vines with shy surmise?

'T were hardly a surprise if from the shades
Pan came, and, marshaling his merry crew,
Piped to their dancing in the moon-lit glades,
Timing with horny hoof and wild halloo.

O for the fervor of a Doric prayer,
A runic spell, or secret Druid rite,
To call the forest hauntings from their lair,
And charm the elfin companies to sight!

For Pan sits in some beechen coppice near,
Throned on the turf amongst his bearded brood;
Piping in undertones we may not hear,
Or, hearing, deem them voices of the wood.

The fauns lurk in their ivied dens unseen,
The naiads cower near the reeded rill;
The viewless fairies dance upon the green,
The oreads slumber on the russet hill.

Charles L. Hildreth.

A RIDE IN SPAIN.

WE were at Jerez, which is still pronounced as if the name began with an H, as it used to be when it began with an X; the universal substitution of J for X is the Spanish spelling reform of the last twenty years, — we were at Jerez, and wanted to go across the mountains to Ronda. My companion was an Oxford scholar, who was traveling from Oxford through the Church of England towards those fresh religious pastures

which the modern faith of so many of the clergy of England expects to find in a super-biblical future.

We were agreed to take a short ride across a region of Spain not much vexed by tourists, in search of the characteristic and the picturesque. The difficulty was to find means of conveyance; for Jerez was undergoing its annual three days' fair, and animals were not to be had for money, the only spring of move-

ment or attention to a traveler's wants in Spain. The town was crowded and excited, the hotels charged double price, — as the Spanish hotels do on the least provocation, — and the owners of horses and mules were coining money, transporting people to the fair-ground, the races, and the bull-fight. The races on Saturday and Monday, and especially the bull-fights on Sunday, were the absorbing attractions of the week.

Jerez, which is dear to the world as the depot and factory where the Manzanilla and kindred sorts of grape-juice are manipulated, seasoned, and colored, and fortified into the various kinds of sherry, is ordinarily as dull and uninteresting, as modern and whitewashed, as most other Spanish towns. We had read in the guide-books a great deal about the *couleur locale* of this and that city of the Peninsula. Observation has taught us that the couleur locale of Spain is "whitewash." Houses, within and without, are whitewashed; churches are whitewashed; walls, and monuments, and fountained courts are whitewashed; heaps of stone on the highway for repairing the roads are whitewashed; everything, except the cactus hedges, the treeless hills, and the bulls, is whitewashed. Whenever the private owners of a delicious bit of old Moorish ornamental work in stucco can have their own way, they whitewash it.

It was Sunday in Jerez. In all the Sunday-schools the good children were saying, "What a sweet Sabbath day for a bull-fight!" The bull-fight was not to take place till the afternoon, — so carefully do these devout people separate their religion from their amusements. In this land, girls and boys are taken at a tender age to the bull-fights, in order that they may be accustomed early to the characteristic national pastime, and not be disgusted with the cowardly cruelty and the degrading spectacle when they arrive at years of discretion. Train up a girl in the way she should

go, and when she is at the most effective fair age she will not depart from the arena so long as there is a noble bull to be tortured, and a two dollar and a half hock of a horse to be ripped open by his horns.

Our acquaintances in Jerez tried to convince us that our proper way to Ronda was the great railway circuit round by Gobantes, and thence by diligence. We replied that the one way we wished specially to avoid was the one by Gobantes. We adhered to this blind purpose, and failing to procure horses we took places in the old diligence for Arcos, and on Monday afternoon, at four o'clock, mounted our seats beside the driver, and set out over the arid plain of Caulina; leaving on our right the once magnificent monastery, the Cartuja, famous in old time for its fine cloisters and *patrios*, or courts, its unrivaled collection of pictures by Zurbaran, its rich vineyards, and its breeding ground for Andalusian horses, — a properly conducted monastery could not well be celebrated for much more.

Our driver was a compact little man, round-faced and clean shaven, — as most of the Spaniards are, — taciturn to his kind, but very communicative to himself and to his horses. We had a team of five horses, two at the wheel and three leaders abreast, the latter driven without reins. I noticed that the two reins were attached only to the outside of the bits of the wheel horses; the control of the team depended largely upon the driver's whip and the power of his lungs. The whip was always swinging and cracking in the air, and the driver called to his horses almost incessantly, and occasionally made them long addresses, which they appeared to understand. The harnesses were monstrous constructions of heavy, broad leather straps, ropes, and big collars; the drawing-traces were ropes; each animal had upon his headstall a string of bells. The diligence was a lumber-

ing, rickety vehicle, which swayed and creaked. As soon as we were under way, with bells jingling, whip cracking, coach creaking; the inside passengers, among whom was a smart *gendarme*, chattering; the driver conversing with his cattle; the dust rising in thick clouds that almost hid from view the hedges of cactus and aloes along the road, and made the crowd of laden donkeys, carriages, and big wagons like phantoms in a dusty dream,—when, I say, we thus got under way, at a speed, with all this noise and tumult, of probably little less than three miles an hour, we felt that we were actually in Spain. We had sixteen miles to go, and we made the distance in about five hours.

The road was a straight white line across the arid plain, a good specimen of the treeless, sun-baked wastes of Andalusia. Beyond were low hills, equally denuded of foliage; but when, after a weary pull, we ascended among them, more green appeared, and large fields of grain, but sadly stunted and burned up by the long drought. We soon, also, came upon olive orchards among the rolling hills, but the general aspect of the country was desolate. Beyond the hills, however, we saw glorious mountains, and one majestic dome of rock, which I took to be the Pico de S. Cris-toval, towering above the others. In the transparent air it seemed very near. The road, it must be said, was exceedingly well made, carried round curves, through cuts in the hills, and over embankments, like the graded track of a railway. Where roads are made at all, they seem to be thorough pieces of work, very different from our make-shift and ungraded highways for wagons.

At regular intervals on our route we encountered a couple of gendarmes posted by the roadside, a civil force to which I shall have occasion to refer again. We found two of them at the half-way posada, where we stopped to breathe and let the passengers “wine,”

—a good example of the Spanish inn of the country. This inn is principally a stable; but a part of the stable is partitioned off for the family, and another part for the refreshment room. Above seems to be a low garret. It appeared to be altogether a very decent place, for a stable, and the proprietor and his wife and daughters were civil. Spain is still the land of riding, and not of driving. After leaving the environs of Jerez, we encountered no wagon, but scores of travelers on mules, donkeys, and horses. A very good specimen of its *caballero* dismounted at the inn,—a resolute, square-riding man, on a powerful white horse, who rode as if he were mortised into his “Mexican” saddle, an embroidered *manta* strapped behind, and a gun in its leather case hanging perpendicularly behind the saddle.

There were no houses along the road, and only here and there one on a hill-side, whitewashed, and commonly with a whitewashed wall about the premises. I suppose that those were *haciendas*, and that in English an *hacienda* would be a stable for mules and cattle, with family apartments above it.

All the region for miles and miles around Arcos is thickly planted with olives, which give a pleasing aspect to this hilly country. It was late twilight when we came clattering into the ancient town, and were set down at the house where the diligence stopped, which seemed to be presided over by three old women. We were surrounded at once by a curious and helpful population, all eager to seize our pieces of luggage and bear them to parts unknown. The driver, who was our friend, appeared to be having a conference with the old women as to whether they should have the plucking of us, or would send us to the regular posada, to which we wished to go. In the growing darkness it was impossible to see where we were, or where the posada was, and it required all our vigilance to keep track of our lug-

gage. After a great deal of confusion, we found ourselves transferred, bag and baggage, to the posada, which was almost exactly opposite, in debt to half the loafers of Arcos for their valuable assistance. The posada, the best in the place, showed no sign of light or life. We entered the stables, and made our way up a stone staircase to the hotel apartments. No obsequious landlord or landlady welcomed us, but we at last discovered a tall, sour-faced maid-of-all-work, haughty and dirty, who condescended to show us a couple of clean but utterly bare little rooms, and undertook to get us something to eat. We felt humbly obliged. The stranger in Spain, at most inns and elsewhere, is treated as if the most acceptable thing he could do would be to take himself speedily out of the country. Our apartments were furnished with Spartan simplicity: the guest is allowed a wash-bowl, but no pitcher, and the water given him in the bowl is supposed to be quite enough for his needs; but the bed, though the mattress is made of uncomfortable lumps of wool, is scrupulously clean. Our repast was all that we could expect. The person who is fond of tasteless beans will find Spain a paradise. In this land of olives, those served on the table are bitter and disagreeable, and the oil, in which everything is cooked, is uniformly rancid. But it should be confessed that the oil is better than the butter, when the latter luxury is attainable. Something seems to be the matter with the cows. I do not wonder that the Spaniards are at table a temperate and abstemious race. It is no merit to be abstemious, with such food and cooking. The wine at Arcos, however, was a sort of Manzanilla, that made us regard any food with favor. It was a medicinal draught, with a very strong flavor of camomile; a very useful sort, I believe, in the manipulation of the market sherry, and exceedingly wholesome. So long as a

man can drink this wine, he will not die. I should recommend the total abstinence society to introduce it into our country.

Cheered by our repast we walked out to see the town. The moon was at the full; the night was lovely. On such a night a whitewashed town shines with dazzling splendor, and Arcos is picturesque even in daylight, especially in its situation. It lies on lofty hills above the river Guadalete, and in old times, before the final conquest, was a famous fortress. The horses bred in the plain below, and their fearless riders, gallop along in the spirited ballads of the time. It is called Arcos de la Frontera, because of its frontier position after it was taken from the Moors. During the wars of Granada, it was in the possession of that gallant soldier, Roderigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, whose wife, the high-spirited marchioness, was once beleaguered there by the Moors, when the most immense of grandes, Don Juan de Guzman, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, came to her rescue, and saved Arcos to the Christians,—a most gallant and Christian act on the part of the duke, for he and the marquis were hereditary enemies. We could make out by moonlight the convent and the tower that crown the two hills of the town, and from the esplanade in front of the Gothic cathedral we enjoyed a broad view over the plain of the Guadalete. The town must have been, in the old days, almost impregnable in its situation. We could fancy the fair Marchioness of Cadiz on such a night, centuries ago, looking down from her watch-tower upon the Moorish camp, and expecting the rescue at the hands of Medina Sidonia.

The pensive night should have brought out the romance of Arcos, but, save the tinkling of a guitar here and there indoors, there was little sign of what is supposed to be the universal occupation of Spain. I fear that the lovers do not

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go about much at night-time with their guitars. Lovers we saw, at least youths in the attitude of lovers; but they trusted to their own natural powers of persuasion. The attitude of a lover in Spain is to stand motionless, hour after hour, at a heavily grated window. We saw one slim gallant in the position, when we set out on our walk, and an hour after he maintained the same impassioned, patient embrace of the iron grating. It would seem to be a safe sort of courtship, and as intoxicating as talking with a nun through the grille of her cell.

We had bargained the night before for a muleteer, two mules, and a horse for the baggage, and the sour-faced maid roused us at four o'clock in the morning. It is needless to say that the muleteer had the profitable end of the bargain, for the traveler has to pay for the privilege of associating with the proud and haughty Spaniard,—and all Spaniards are proud and haughty. I ought to except our friendly driver of the diligence, who seemed to feel a responsibility for our getting on safely. He came to our room before we went to bed, and shook hands with us, and patted us on the shoulder with something like affection, which was not all the offspring of the piece of silver we had given him. His good-humored face expressed the most cordial interest in a fortunate journey for us. We could not exchange an intelligible word, for the few pure Castilian words we had picked up were not current with him; but I doubt if our mutual sympathy would not have been marred and less perfect if we could have talked with him.

To mount we came down into the stable, the perfume of which is "convenient" to all parts of the house, and found our cavalcade ready. Our mules were stout, lazy-going animals with comfortable saddles. The sun was scarcely free of the horizon when we descended the stony streets into the ravine between the two hills of the town. Early as it

was, the morning market was already an active scene, bright with piles of oranges and heads of fresh green lettuce. All operations were suspended to see us pass by down the valley, and our exit was hailed with mingled cries of admiration and derision.

The morning was lovely, the grass and foliage sparkled with dew, birds sang jubilantly in the hedges, and we set out with an exhilarated feeling of adventure and discovery. As we descended into and crossed the rich plain, and the river Gaudalete, the town rose behind us in most picturesque magnificence on its hills, with its white houses conspicuous in the sun, grouped about the sheltering cathedral, and presided over by the ancient tower. Paths led in all directions through the vast plantation of olives. Most of the trees were very old,—the olive does not reach its best bearing till it is past thirty years,—gnarled and twisted, and many of them were mere skeletons of bark and decayed wood, not simply hollow, but showing the daylight through them, so that it was a marvel that they could stand. Yet they not only stood,—withered, tough, and ugly as the Spanish beggars,—but supported vigorous green branches. The trees were now in full blossom, and made a very pleasing show. Across this sweet valley of bloom and color and promise, the tortula (turtle-doves) were calling to each other in the accents of love and spring, and all the plain was vocal with the notes of the cuckoo. It was now the 2d of May. I do not know the habits of the bird in Spain, but I was reminded of the old English rhyme:—

In April,
Come he will;
In May,
Sing all day;
In June,
Change his tune;
In July,
Away he fly;
In August,
Go he must.

The country people whom we met urged their donkeys towards town saluted us gravely and without curiosity. "The salutation," said my companion, "reminds me of the saying of a—a—What was it he said, and where did he say it?" It reminded me of the same thing. All the landscape and the scene seemed the simulacrum of an old romance, the echo of an early dream.

As we mounted out of the plain, the country became still lovelier: it was still covered with olives; great wheat fields were brilliantly sown with scarlet poppies; the cactus hedges were in full blossom, of red and yellow; and the lustrous dark green aloes sent up splendid central spikes, twelve feet high.

Crossing a stony ridge, we entered extensive groves of cork-trees, large misshapen boles, often larger where the branches diverge than near the roots; bulging, distorted trunks, looking like a hospital of invalid trees. The donkeys we had met were laden with cork bark, and most of the trees had been stripped, some recently. The inner, remaining bark of these torn and abused veterans had a dull red color, that contrasted finely with the dark green of the branches. All the morning the mountain range we had marked at Jerez was in sight, and just ahead of us, and above all hovered the rock dome, the purple height of St. Cristoval. After hours of travel towards it, it seemed just as distant as when we started.

Dwellings' were scarce on the way: only here and there a white farm-house embowered in a plantation of trees. Usually, the houses had one door and no windows, at most a square opening to admit the air; and the centre room of the dwelling, to which the door gave access, was a mule stable. And it is only right that the donkey, who abounds in this region, should have the best place, for all the carriage and transport devolve on him. Herds of fine cattle were frequent, and springs and streams of

clear water were abundant. We passed one small salt-work, with a few vats. During the day we had been joined by several horsemen, who jogged on with us for some hours, and at last turned southward among the mountains, at a clear spring, with large stone reservoir of solid construction. Before noon we were near El Bosco, or El Bosque, the village where we were to lunch, and its neighborhood was marked, as is the approach to all large places of Eastern origin, by worse roads, walls, cactus hedges, and a general Oriental appearance. But El Bosco is not Oriental. It is simply a clean, rudely-paved town of low whitewashed houses, without an architectural or other object of interest. We strolled into the parish church while our lunch was preparing, and found a bare interior, a few rubbishy images and pictures, and a discouraged priest, who said naively that the people were so poor that it was impossible to make the church like the cathedral at Seville.

At the clean posada, over the stable, we were served with a very good lunch, by a big, motherly, Connecticut sort of woman, who took such an interest in us that she showed us her large beds, and urged us to stay all night. We had bread, and eggs, and fried meat, and milk, and wine, and coffee,—everything the land afforded. The bread, after the fashion of this region, is made in small, white, and hard loaves, with twisted handles to carry them by, and on each loaf is plainly stamped its weight. If it is sold by weight, it must be expensive. The wine was a Manzanilla of an excellent quality, not nearly so strong of camomile as the Arcos sort. The motherly old Connecticut woman charged us thirty reals for our entertainment, which being translated is the large sum of a dollar and a half. That came of our reckless draught on the resources of the country. A Spaniard would have lunched for about two reals, and taken it out in bread and green beans.

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An hour after leaving El Bosco, we came in sight of the secluded mountain town, Puerto Sta. Maria. The road was more rugged and stony, and the country grew wilder at every step. We were, in fact, entering the fastnesses of the Serrania de Ronda, that jumble of mountains and hiding-places and obscure passes, renowned in the wars of the Conquest for border forays, retreats, and pursuits, and desperate hand-to-hand encounters of the Moorish and Christian chivalry, and in later days as the resort of the bandit and the contrabandista. On the water-course in the deep narrow gorge at our left were two or three small cloth factories, and long strips of the coarse brown fabric were spread on the rocks to dry.

Puerto Sta. Maria is a white town of perhaps two or three thousand inhabitants, built on a ledge at the foot of St. Cristoval. The centre of the town was a large open field of fruit trees and pasture, the houses ranged around it in an elliptical form. Perhaps this place was a survival of old communal times. The town was evidently poor enough,—poorer than El Bosco. I did not see a pane of window glass in the whole place. Glass is a scarce luxury in all this region.

We mounted through the town, and rose rapidly round the mountain side, ascending by an exceedingly steep and rough highway, which had once been well paved with large blocks of stone, laid sometimes, so sharp was the ascent, in steps. I do not know whether this solid path for horses was the work of Moors, or of Spaniards after the Conquest, but it is utterly neglected now. We had ascended into wide-spreading forests of stately oaks and ilexes, with an undergrowth of shrubs and gay wild-flowers. Occasionally a level bit of road gave us charming glimpses of open forest glades. On one side we looked down into the deepening gorge and over a jumble of mountains, and on the other

up to the gray buttresses and walls of St. Cristoval. We were on historic ground, which had been the scene and witness of one of the most stirring and bloody episodes of the wars of the Conquest.

It was in the year of grace 1483, after the overwhelming disaster to the Spanish knights in the mountains of Malaga, that Muley Abul Hassan, King of Granada, who had regained the city, and denounced his son, Boabdil el Chico, as a renegade, planned a plundering raid that should carry alarm and desolation into the fertile plains of Andalusia. He chose for its head old Bexir, the gray and crafty *alcaide* of Malaga. The rendezvous of the expedition was Ronda, the most pestilent nest of Moslem predators. The fierce inhabitants of this belligerent city were then in command of Hamet Zeli, surnamed El Zegri, of the warlike tribe of the Zagories, a proud and daring warrior, an old campaigner, who knew every pass and cleft in the Serrania. His immediate attendants were a legion of fierce African Moors, mercenary troops, of the tribe of Gomeres. Trained to the hardships of rapid marches and sudden onsets, mounted on the swift and strong horses bred in the rich pasturage of the valley of Ronda, this cavalry was the terror of Andalusia.

The summons of Bexir to the foray were responded to by all the border chivalry, and soon a force of fifteen hundred horse and four thousand foot assembled within the walls of Ronda. In secret the preparations were made; in silence, and without tap of drum or clash of cymbal, the splendid host sallied out of Ronda, and entered one of the savage defiles of the Serrania. Many of the warriors had insultingly arrayed themselves in the rich armor of the Christian knights slain in the massacre of the mountains of Malaga, and some rode the Andalusian steeds captured in that disaster.

So craftily had Bexir concerted his plans and movements that he was confident of surprising the Christian towns. But, unfortunately for him, some Christian scouts, or marauders, hovering about in hope of picking up cattle or prisoners for the Christian market, saw the march of the host, and speedily spread the news in every direction. Among those who were warned was the Marquis of Cadiz and Luiz Fernandez Puerto Carrero, in command at Ecija. The result is well known. The Moors descended, in fancied security, into the plain of Utrera, and separated in bands for pillage. The hastily collected army of Christians took them by surprise in the rear, on the banks of the river Lopera, and there occurred, on the 17th of September, 1483, the famous battle of Lopera, in which the Moslem host was cut to pieces, and pursued with slaughter into the recesses of the hills. A large body of them fled southward to the Guadalete, where they were encountered and destroyed by the valiant Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz. But few Moors escaped the savage pursuit and slaughter. Great quantities of Christian armor captured at the Malaga massacre were retaken, and the marquis encountered and slew the Moor who rode the horse that belonged to his brother Beltran, one of the victims of the mountain slaughter.

Hamet el Zegri, the alcaide of Ronda, was raiding over the plain of Utrera gathering cattle, when he heard the noise of the fight on the Lopera and dashed thither with his handful of Gomeres. He was too late; his comrades were slain or scattered, and the Christians held all the passes of his retreat. There was in his little band, however, a renegade Christian, who knew a circuitous route through the enemy's country by which a pass in the Serrania could be gained; and under promise of a purse of gold if he conducted El Zegri in safety, and the threat of being cleaved to

his saddle-bow if he betrayed him, the renegade guided the troop round about through the plain to a pass in the hills. At midnight they dodged under the walls of Arcos, crossed the Guadalete, and, by the very way that we had been traveling all day, effected their retreat to the mountains. They followed this same wild path that we were now leisurely pursuing. "The day dawned," says Irving, from whose brilliant pages I have condensed this narration, "as they made their way up the savage defiles. Their comrades had been hunted up these very glens by the enemy. Every now and then they came to where there had been a partial fight, or a slaughter of the fugitives, and the rocks were red with blood, and strewed with mangled bodies. The alcaide of Ronda was almost frantic with rage, at seeing many of his bravest warriors lying stiff and stark, a prey to the hawks and vultures of the mountains. Now and then some wretched Moor would crawl out of a cave or glen, whither he had fled for refuge; for in the retreat many of the horsemen had abandoned their steeds, thrown away their armor, and clambered up the cliffs, where they could not be pursued by the Christian cavalry."

As we toiled, still upward, around the mountain side the view opened, the ravine beneath broadened into a valley, with green fields and occasionally a house or two, and from the cultivated spots in the far deep, sounds of laughter and of labor came to us. Flocks of sheep and goats were picking about in the scant, green patches on the slope where we rode, tended by vigilant boys. One of the bright-eyed urchins, who might become a Pizarro, if Spain now had any occasion for heroes, had a hot conflict with the little fox-like dog which accompanied us. I suspect the dog had been insulting the sheep, and the boy pursued the cur, breathing forth maledictions and hurling stones, up and down the rocks, and back and forth, for

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fifteen minutes. No steeps or sharp stones daunted the boy, who had stern death in his eye. The dog escaped, at last, with a wound in his breast, but my sympathies were altogether with the young shepherd. A good David has no doubt gone to waste in him. He had the gift of song, the wailing monotonous strain of the Orient. All day long the singing of men at the plow, or women in their houses, or children at play, was of the purely African sort.

The prospect opened more grandly as we rose. At one time we looked, through the openings in the mountains, westward beyond Jerez, and southward to the region of Gibraltar. The great valley, whose side we were ascending, was closed by a sharp divide that ran from St. Cristoval to the jagged range opposite; it was the height of the pass, and we climbed it with intense curiosity to see what it would reveal. Our anticipations were exceeded. We were by the barometer something like thirty-one hundred feet higher than Arcos, but the view was one belonging to a greater altitude, and such as one chances to see not often in life.

To the westward, the eye ranged over mountains to the sea beyond Cadiz, fully sixty miles away. At another time of day the water would not have been visible, but the sun struck it so that a long expanse of the Atlantic shone along the horizon with the brightness of silver. Before us, to the eastward, and precipitously below us, the prospect was more varied and striking. We looked into a great valley, but a valley diversified with sharp peaks of rock, and set about with high-running mountain ranges. In the middle foreground was a shattered mountain of stone; below it, on either hand, the green of trees and meadows; and beyond all, on a mountain plateau, what seemed to be the level walls and shining houses of a large city. We could scarcely believe that it was not, but the muleteer insisted that it was only

a peculiar formation of rock, and the shifting light soon convinced us. Upon each side of this gorge before us, descending as if to a focus, swept the jagged rocks of the boundary ledges, broken into towers and bastions and pinnacles. It was a scene of mingled beauty and sublimity. As we stood there, a hawk sailed about, close to our heads.

As we descended several hundred feet by a treacherous path of loose stones, and turned the corner of a ledge, a still more wonderful sight greeted us. It was the city of Grazelema, directly beneath us; a town of ten thousand people, with compact white houses, tiled roofs of reddish-brown, irregular streets, two or three church spires, and a cathedral mass, lying in a stone bowl of the gray mountain, which towered behind it, and held the city from the valley below as if in a dish. At the distance we stood above it, the green fields below seemed close to the city; but we found when we descended, next morning, that it is really high up above the valley. Grazelema was a surprise to us, and we declared that it alone was worth two days of mule-back to see. My companion, who had been a wide traveler in the known places of Europe, Asia, and Africa, but believed that he never before had been off the lines laid down by the ubiquitous Murray, was delighted to visit a place not mentioned in the guide-book.

The sun was still above the horizon when we rode down, down, through the clean and roughly paved streets of the city, and ran the gauntlet of stares and comments of a population unaccustomed to the sight of foreigners. But we had long ago ceased to expect civility in the demeanor of Spaniards toward strangers, and certainly did not expect it in a place so remote as Grazelema, where curiosity is added to dislike. The town is clean and apparently thriving, though what it thrives on, there among the rocks, and with no communication with the world except by mule paths, we

could not imagine. Many of the houses had pretty balconies, gay with flowers; glass in the windows was more common than in other mountain towns we had passed; and here and there an open door gave view of a neat *patio*.

The national costume has pretty much vanished from Spain, but we saw some relics of it here in the dress of the men, especially the young bucks and *majos*, some of whom still affect the dress now usually seen only on the lower class. Its peculiarity is a short, plain jacket, a broad, red sash about the waist, and a round black felt hat, with a broad brim turned up about the low crown, like a saucer with a cup turned over in it.

The women, who were sitting in the door-ways, or taking the air in the streets, with the lace mantilla over the head and the incessant fan in hand, were the most comely we had seen. With well-made and elastic figures, regular and finely formed features, and large dark eyes, they have not the pasty skin of the Andalusian beauties; and their complexion is not a matter of powder and paint, but clear and light in hue, and only slightly olive, with the red blood of virtuous health shining through. I am delighted to pay these prepossessing women this compliment, in return for their attention to our unprepossessing cavalcade.

Our muleteer took us to the best posada in the city. From the neat and thriving appearance of the place we were led to expect excellent accommodations; much better, said our muleteer, than at El Bosco. I do not know what a Spaniard's notion of good quarters is, but this posada was not built for anything above the refinement and aspirations of a mule. We entered the usual stable, a place that would delight a farmer in search of fertilizers, and climbed up the broken stone stairs, through the reek, to the apartments above. After some search, we roused an ancient crone, who hospitably offered us the best the house

afforded. The room that I obtained was a small chamber with a stone floor, and it did not take me long to make an inventory of the furniture. There was a cot bedstead with horse-blankets, but clean sheets, a tripod with a wash-bowl, and a chair. I forgot: the room had a good coat of whitewash. The window was a small opening, without glass, and an iron grating outside; when I shut the wooden blind, the only method of closing the window, the room was totally dark.

When, after we were installed, we approached the kind old woman on the subject of something to eat, she seemed a little surprised that anything of that sort should be expected of an inn. There was no milk to be had at this time of night, nor in the morning: milk was only to be procured about noon. She could send out and buy some meat, if it was absolutely necessary, but it was late. As to bread, the old entertainer's face brightened up at once; bread, certainly; wine, yes; perhaps eggs; may be cheese. We were reminded of a dialogue, which Gautier quotes, in a Spanish inn: —

Traveler: "I should like to take something."

Landlord: "Take a chair."

Traveler: "I should like something more nourishing."

Landlord: "What have you brought with you?"

Traveler: "Nothing."

Landlord: "Well, the baker is down the street, there, and the butcher is just round the corner."

While our provident hostess was looking for a hen's nest, we sallied out to view the town. It is as neat as whitewash can make it, has several large churches, a spacious public square, and better houses than one would expect to see here. The plaza was a genuine surprise for its size, smart appearance, and animation. The oblong centre, elevated slightly, and surrounded by a

low parapet, is the place of promenade and of shows. At one end is a lofty church, and at the other a prosperous jail. This institution is contrived for the pleasure as well as the detention of criminals; the barred windows open upon the square, and the prisoners on the ground-floor were chatting with their friends. Our advent was received with marked attentions. The young majos, or loafers, decorated with the black saucer hat and red waist-scarf, who were lounging about the prison end of the square, or leaning against the door-posts, bestowed upon us scowling and suspicious glances; people crowded to the doors, to stare at us; women, seated before their houses, or promenading in groups of three or four, nudged each other and laughed; and a crowd of unmannerly boys followed us about, and inspected us with undisguised interest. As we crossed the plaza towards the church, we were struck by a few pebbles; but they were small pebbles, and the boys ran to a safe distance when we turned round. Perhaps they were only trying to attract our attention, and see what a new kind of human being would do when excited. Boys are much the same the world over, and we bore them no malice; indeed, we could not take in ill part a performance that seemed to entertain their haughty and courteous elders. Besides, we were by this time so accustomed to Spanish civility that we did not mind it. I have no doubt that if we had been familiar with the language, and dressed so as to pass for Spaniards, we should have been spared these delicate attentions. The people of a shop into which we stepped were certainly polite. It was the only shop in which we saw anything characteristic of the country. The articles for sale were blinders of mule bridles, and saddle cloths embroidered in worsted, of vivid colors and staring patterns. The Spaniards are fond of this sort of decoration.

But the glory of this bright plaza is its situation. Above it, and almost overhanging it, is a mass of gray rock, nearly perpendicular, and rising, I should think, a thousand feet. Its color is superb; I have seen nowhere else such a mass of solid mountain of anything like this lovely gray color. It is gray, and yet upon its surface, in patches, is a light green lichen that serves to bring out the gray. The terrace above the town, to the right, is strewn with enormous boulders. The mountain seems to threaten to crush the city, which it holds in one of its rocky bowls. Half-way up the side of the gray precipice is a large white church; a pilgrimage chapel, I suppose. I could see no path leading to it along the cliff, nor could I discern how it held itself there aginst the mass of rock, on which it seemed to hang like a bird-cage on the wall of a house. But of course it had a sufficiently broad ledge for a resting place.

It rained in the night, and it was still drizzling when our muleteer called us at five in the morning; but a day in this dark and foodless posada was not to be thought of. The landlady made us some beverage which in Spain, as well as in France, is called coffee,—it was six hours too early for milk,—into which we dipped our hard bread; and thus refreshed, after paying our hostess a dollar and forty cents for the pleasure of her society and our stable accommodations, we mounted, and rode down the slippery streets into the valley. We then saw in what a mere eagle's perch the city lay. The clouds soon broke away, hanging in heavy masses about the mountain peaks, and disclosing to us superb views, as we ascended the opposite hill. The road was bad, but the views and the country made amends. Our way all the morning lay through woods, openly planted,—great forests of oak, ilex, and cork. The mountain sides were gay with cistus, a shrub not unlike the oleander in appearance, with large white

single blossoms having yellow stamens,—a show as beautiful as a laurel mountain side in New England in spring. Mingled with it were patches of the yellow gorse and broom, the poet's asphodel, and a hundred wild flowers besides. After a long climb, we emerged upon a large breezy plateau, like an English park, and, crossing this, descended by a steep path into a cultivated valley, and struck a well-graded highway leading into the basin of Ronda.

The muleteers we met on the way, and all the men and women whom we met during our ride, returned our salutation with the uniform phrase, "Va usted con Dios." Literally it is, "Go you with God," and I fancied it had a slightly different signification from "God go with you," or our "God be with you," good-by. For does it not imply that it will be well with you if you go with God, and not otherwise, making your welfare depend upon your free choice?

The great highway was not yet finished, though parts of it were old, as if it had been a long time building, and was not used except for riding. I suppose the road is really in advance of the demands of the people, who seem not yet to have come to the wheel age; they are still in the horse age. We saw no wheeled vehicles in this region till we left Ronda, and then no private carriages; nothing but the diligence and big goods-wagons. Yet this highway is splendidly built, and graded as if for rails. It winds down through a lovely defile, wooded and watered by a clear stream. We jogged easily down for miles, until it emerged and swept down the mountain side in long curves, opening to us the valley, the rocky hill in the centre of the valley on which Ronda stands, and the mountains which hem it in on every side.

It was doubtless up this mountain defile that the shining and confident troops of the wary Bexir and the fierce Hamet

el Zegri took their way that September morning, unconscious of the bloody reception that awaited them on the banks of the Lopera. It was from the cliffs yonder that the marauding scouts looked down and beheld the Moslem army, bearing the standards of the various towns and the pennons of the well-known commanders, clad in velvet and steel, and flaunting their caparisoned steeds and costly armor, stealing up this rocky way, without sound of drum or trumpet, or clash of cymbal. Already the fierce Gomeres of Ronda, curbing their prancing steeds, anticipated the descent into the rich plains of Andalusia, the scene of so many productive forays. Vanished is all this pageantry. Never more will these defiles brighten with a like warlike array. As we move along down the easy grade, the only cavalcade we meet is one of laden donkeys, and instead of a war cry we hear only, Va usted con Dios.

The situation of Ronda is vaunted as one of the most picturesque in Europe. It is on the top of a long, sharp-backed mountain, cut off from the mountains around it by a deep valley. The prospect from it is extensive and fine, but its boldness seemed a trifle tame after the region we had passed. The peculiarity of the town is this: that the old Moorish quarter occupies the south end of the hill, and is cut off from the modern town by the Tajo, a gigantic rent in the rock, some two hundred feet wide, and three hundred and fifty feet deep. Across this chasm a noble modern bridge has been thrown. The old town was not only defended by this chasm, but there was no approach to it, up the precipices which surround it, except at the south end of the hill, which was guarded by a strong fort. Before the invention of artillery it was of course impregnable. The portion of the city built on the north part of the hill is higher, and commands the old town.

But no part of the town is now old.

It is all thoroughly modern and uninteresting, and the place is only worth visiting on account of its historical associations and its picturesque situation. There are only two objects that will detain the sight-seer. One is the pretty Alameda and rose garden in the new town, from the parapet of which you look sheer down the precipice of rock, nearly a thousand feet, into the green valley, and off upon the lofty mountain peaks and wild passes to the west. It is a favorite place of promenade for the inhabitants at sunset; and although the day we were there was showery and cold, a number of idle cavaliers in long cloaks—which are still the country fashion in Spain—were pretending to enjoy it, and several priests, in broad-brimmed black hats, were promenading in twos and threes, like devout ravens. The other sight is the Tajo, or chasm. Under the pavement of the bridge itself is a city prison, and by leaning over the parapet the visitor can see the grated window out of which the prisoners look down, as he does, into the abyss. The place would seem to be a secure and cool summer residence. At the bottom of the chasm flows a considerable stream, which rises in the chasm itself, and is used now, as it was in the time of the Moors, to turn several little mills, which nestle under the rocks.

We descended into the Tajo, on both sides of the bridge, and slid about on the slippery stones and amid the city sewage with true antiquarian zeal. We looked at a dirty pool said to have been cut out of the solid rock by Christian slaves in 1342. Above it is a wooden door, opening to a staircase in the rock leading up to the house of the Moorish king, built in 1042. It was by this secret way that the inhabitants procured water when they were besieged. I suppose that it was this source of supply that the Marquis of Cadiz discovered and stopped, when he captured the city, in 1485.

The capture was a surprise. Apprehending no danger to his impregnable perch, old Hamet el Zegri, since the Christians were engaged in the siege of Malaga, had taken his Gomeres for a refreshing turn in Andalusia, and was returning from a satisfactory raid into the rich lands of the Duke of Medina Sidonia. As he came with droves of cattle and flocks of sheep through the Serrania and approached Ronda, he was startled by the roar of artillery. Spurring his horse to an eminence overlooking the plain, he beheld the Christian army encamped about the city, with the royal standard of King Ferdinand displayed, the devoted town enveloped in smoke, and shaken by the incessant discharge of the heavy guns. El Zegri smote his breast, and cried with rage, in vain; in vain he tried to cut his way through the beleaguerers with his fierce Gomeres; in vain he kindled watch-fires and summoned the mountaineers. The camp could not be forced, and the siege went on, its handful of warriors defending it with the heroism of desperation. The valiant alcaide was impotent to aid them. "Every thunder of the Christian ordnance," writes Irving, "seemed to batter against his heart. He saw tower after tower tumbling by day, and various parts of the city blazing at night." "They fired not merely stones from their ordnance," says a chronicler of the times, "but likewise great balls of iron, cast in moulds, which demolished everything they struck. They also threw balls of tow, steeped in pitch and oil, and gunpowder, which, when once on fire, were not to be extinguished, and which set the houses in flames. Great was the horror of the inhabitants: they knew not where to fly for refuge; their houses were in a blaze, or shattered by the ordnance; the streets were perilous from the falling ruins or bounding balls, which dashed to pieces everything they encountered. At night the city looked

like a fiery furnace; the cries and the wailings of the women between the thunders of the ordnance reached even to the Moors on the opposite mountains, who answered them by yells of fury and despair."

I can believe all of that except that the women's screams could be heard on the distant mountains. However, Ronda fell, never more to be regained by the Moors, and the chains of the Christian captives, rescued from its dungeons, were hung up on the church of San Juan de los Reyes, in Toledo, where they may be seen to-day. Ronda is reputed a salubrious place, and productive of octogenarians. "The ladies," says the Guide Book, which is worthy to be called a guide to the female beauty of Spain, "are as fresh and ruddy as pippins." We did not see many of these pleasing pippins, but they doubtless all appear in full bloom once a year, at the annual May bull-fights. The bull-ring is an ancient building of stone, and superior in solidity to any other we have seen. The Rondañas pride themselves on their good apples and pears, rosy women, and superior horses, and the fair and bull-fights in the last of May have a more than local celebrity.

The inn-keepers of Spain are ready arithmeticians, and have nothing to learn in the way of their business except how to keep a hotel. In their bills they cleverly unite the European and American systems. They charge a round sum per day, and then embellish the account with ornamental extras; and their method of reckoning time is peculiar. We arrived at the Ronda posada at eleven o'clock one morning, and departed at nine o'clock the next morning. Our bill was made out for a day and a half. Breakfast is not included in "the day."

Ronda's communication with the world is by diligence to the railway at Gobantes, nearly thirty-five miles. A critical assembly of boys, loafers, and

beggars is collected to see the start. The baggage is secured on top; the passengers take their places; we ascend the ladder to our seats in the coupé above the driver's box; the horses are brought out,—two horses, four horses, six horses, eight horses, half of them mules, clad in heavy harness, and all jingling bells; the conductor mounts to his seat, grasps the two reins of the wheel horses, and swings his long whip; the postilion, as the team starts, vaults into the saddle of the near leader without touching the stirrup, a cool light-weight in shirt-sleeves, with a short whip, and a horn slung at his side; the supplementary driver, who also has a short whip, runs beside the team to excite it for the start, and then springs up beside the conductor. We are off; three whips cracking, bells jingling, conductor, postilion, and driver shouting, horn tooting, as we turn the street corners, and away we go at a pace of seven miles an hour over a smooth turnpike, on an exhilarating morning. There are few pleasures in life equal to this.

The gait struck at first is maintained without change, up grade and down grade, through cuttings, round long curves, over the rough stones of newly mended places,—a trot unbroken for an instant during the first stage of twelve miles. The postilion squarely sits his saddle, and directs the team; the conductor swings his long whip occasionally, but rarely utters an ejaculation; the business of the supplementary driver is to do the talking to the team. He talks incessantly, calls the horses by name, shouts peculiar wild cries of encouragement, makes long speeches. The conductor is too dignified a person to waste himself in this gabble; but on an unusual grade, over a newly stoned stretch, the voices of the three drivers are required, and the team is kept up to its slapping pace only by frantic appeals and talk enough to get a bill through Congress.

The road is superbly made. Every three miles there is a white station-house, in which the road-repairers live, with *Peonas Comineros* written over the door. The road-makers are in uniform. Red is a favorite color with them,—red sashes and red facings to their coats. Portions of them are at work all along the line. Other houses besides these stations are not seen. The country, wholly denuded of trees, is broken into rolling, irregular hills, cut with deep ravines, bristling with sharp, rocky peaks. We are always sweeping round curves, circling ravines, ascending long stretches of road, from which we have superb views of distant mountains. The soil is deep red; the hill-tops and ledges seaming the sides are of gray rock; the cultivated spots in high valleys are vivid green: and we get some splendid effects of color, patches of red, green, and gray, mingled in harmony by distance.

At La Cava, a whitewashed little village in a valley, we change horses; nine in the team, this stage. At the posada in one end of the stable we all take coffee, which is as good as you could expect in a stable. We change again at Peñas Rubia, or Red Rock, taking its name from a mountain of red stone that overlooks it. We change again at Teba. Except for these villages, the region we passed through is houseless.

At intervals of five miles along the route we encountered two gendarmes. They always stood in the same attitude, one on each side the road, facing the coach, and presenting arms. We saw them in this position a long distance off. They maintained the same immovable attitude as long as we were in sight. These men belong to the *Guardias civiles*, which is the most remarkable and effective body of police, perhaps, in the world. This guard was organized in 1844, and is composed of 20,000 foot and 5000 horse guards, all picked men, selected from the army and the cadet

college at Madrid, for high character as well as physical perfection. They are tall, well-made, fine-looking fellows, and remarkable for their *esprit de corps*. They wear a picturesque and becoming cocked hat, their uniform is blue, with buff belts and straps, and they carry the Remington rifle. Two of them are stationed in every small town and village, and in barracks on every highway, and squads in every large town. They patrol the roads, meet every train at every station, and perform the duties of police with such effect that robberies are rare and seldom undetected. It is due to this alert, well-disciplined, self-respecting body of men that order and security exist in Spain, and the country is safe for travelers. The body has a weekly periodical of its own; it is governed by minute and severe rules, and is animated by something of the spirit of devotion and knightly pride that characterized the soldiers of Loyola. We had encountered these men all the way from Arcos. We had met couples of them mounted in the most lonesome mountain passes and forests. They were always neat, always civil, always alert. If Southern Italy and Sicily had such a body of guardians, the robbery and brigandage which disgrace people and government would cease.

At two o'clock we dashed into the insignificant little railway station of Gobantes. Our exciting ride was over. The lively postilion approached, hat in hand, for a pesata. The conductor gravely commended us to God. As we ate our lunch in a mean posada, our minds ran back over the region through which we had been whirled, mostly barren, except for the patches of wheat and vetch, now and then a small olive plantation, or a line of slender trees and bushes by some feeble stream. The prevailing impression was of a wide, open, windy sweep of desolate, treeless land. But for four days, at least, we had been in Spain.

Charles Dudley Warner.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

IX.

THE NEW TIME.

EVERY year on Decoration Day thousands of people gather to see the graves of Union soldiers at Pittsburg Landing strewn with flowers, and hear an address by some distinguished orator. The oration is always patriotic in a high, fraternal sense, and is thus conciliatory and practical. It is always listened to with the closest attention by multitudes of the natives of the surrounding country; and the captain told me that he had often seen "rebels and Union men" shedding tears together, under the inspiration of patriotic appeals and memories.

There can be no doubt, I think, that in the hands of suitable men these national cemeteries are centres of patriotic and national influence, and are useful in various ways as means of education for the people around them. They should be properly managed and liberally maintained. It is to be regretted that the government owns so small a piece of ground at Pittsburg Landing; only ten acres, I believe. It would be well if, in all such cases, the government had possession of some territory outside of the cemetery, so as to be able to keep its approaches and walls free from all offensive surroundings, from the close proximity of disagreeable manufactures, and everything of a repulsive character. The time may come when the lack of any ground, or rights, outside of the walls of these cemeteries will be a serious inconvenience to the government, and to its officers having charge of these places, wherever they may be situated, whether in the South or the North.

The old Shiloh church in the woods on the battle-field was demolished soon after the battle, and all its timbers, it is

said, were cut up and carried away as relics of the historic spot. The lumber for a new building was on the ground when I was there, and the building has since been erected. Near this site we found remnants of blue army clothing under the leaves and surface soil, and I was told that such remains were still visible on various parts of the field. The graves of rebel soldiers are everywhere, and as many of them were very shallow, the bones had long been above ground. I saw these at different places in the woods. It is probable that, except when the skulls are visible, the people of the neighborhood suppose these bones to be those of horses. If they knew them to be human bones, they would be likely to re-inter them. In many places the shallow, circular trench made for drainage around a Sibley tent is still to be traced, and mounds of earth, covered with a luxuriant growth of briars and shrubs, mark the places of the ghastly heaps which in time of a battle are always formed near the tables of the surgeons. There is a country store near the Landing, and one or two residences besides Captain Doolittle's. That is all. There is no town. At the river side there is no building whatever. Freight landed from the boats on the Tennessee is left on the bank, to lie on the ground till its owner comes and takes it away. There is no wharf, or platform, or structure of any kind at the Landing. When the bank washes away, the steamboat runs out its bridge at another place. Very little land has been cleared in the immediate vicinity, and few changes have been made in the appearance of the adjacent forest since the time of the great battle.

In politics the county in which the battle-field is situated was republican by a considerable majority, but the fact seemed to me a little unnatural for some

reason, as the country and the people looked so thoroughly Southern. Most of the men whom I saw in that region were democrats, but I met a few republicans. All were simple, primitive people, and none of them appeared to have any knowledge of matters connected with national politics, or interest in them. I could discover no sign of hostile feeling against the government, or against the people of the North.

TALK AROUND THE TAVERN FIRE.

Between Corinth and the battle-field we drove over miles of the old "army corduroy," which some of my readers doubtless helped to make. In some places it has been covered up in later times; in others it is entirely worn out, but much of it is still there. When I asked for my bill at the hotel in Corinth, and informed the landlord that I was going away in a few hours, he invited me to a seat in the circle around the fire, and requested me to tell the company how I liked the country. We had a very free talk about the South, and the tendencies of the time as I had observed them during my journey. One gentleman asked me what I had seen that Northern people would dislike. "Are not our people friendly enough where you have been, and kind?"

"Oh, yes," I said; "I have usually found them kind. Northern people visiting this region would not accuse you of any sectional hostility, I think."

"Well, what is the matter with us? Tell us how things really look to a Northern man. We know our ways are too easy and slipshod for you, but is that all?"

"We should not like to live where there are so many 'shooting affairs,'" said I. "I am told that there have been three murders here in two years, and that nobody has been punished. One man was shot down in the street in broad daylight. Perhaps some of these gentlemen saw it done."

One man said he heard the shots, and several said it was all true. Some one remarked that we "would n't mind it so much after getting used to it."

"No," said I, "Northern people, or the best of them, will never 'get used' to anything of the kind. We would rather live on an iceberg, or make a new New England under the Arctic Circle, than live in the richest country in the world, where men do not respect the laws. All this practice of shooting and killing is to us vulgar and disgusting and savage, and it will keep Northern men and Northern capital out of any region that tolerates it."

"Well, what would you do?"

"Execute the laws, strictly and impartially, and at whatever cost. Now, gentlemen," I added, "I did not come here to lecture people, but you asked for this."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," several of them replied: "that's all right. I reckon on what you say is about the fact, too."

OFF THE TRACK IN THE WOODS.

There were many mishaps on the railroads in consequence of excessive rains and freshets during the winter which I spent in travel in the South, and bridges were carried away, and trains wrecked in many places, just before my arrival or a little after I had passed. But I was fortunate, and had no experience of accident except in one instance, when the train ran off the track at one o'clock in the morning, and we had to wait till daylight. Afterward I heard the negro porter on the train describing the occurrence to some gentlemen who got on farther up the road. They asked him where it happened; and he replied, "Somewhar in de woods 'way down in de Alabam.'" When I returned to my place in the car, after going forward to see the engine where it lay helpless in the mud and water, groaning and quivering like a noble living creature in distress, I

thought the prospect rather dreary; but it proved one of the most interesting nights of my journey. When it was announced that we could not go on till daylight, the passengers began to talk. A negro came in, and was recognized by two gentlemen as having in his childhood belonged to some one whom they knew, and they bade him sit down and give an account of himself for the long time that had passed since their last meeting. They were all evidently glad to see each other, and the conversation that ensued evinced reciprocal regard and respect. One gentleman was a merchant from Nashville; the other I understood to be a physician from Mississippi. Both showed good manners, wide information, and much interest in public affairs. They appeared to be business men of high character, energetic and practical. They were democrats; the negro was a republican.

They soon launched broadly into a discussion of the whole question of the character, capabilities, and interests of the negro race in this country, and of the various problems growing out of the relations between the negroes and the white people. There was the utmost courtesy on both sides, but I was astonished at the ability and the boldness of the negro. He seemed to know and remember every political blunder and fault of the party in power in Alabama since its first organization after the war, and every instance of injustice done to the people of his race. Several times the gentlemen thought him in error regarding matters of fact, but he took a ponderous memorandum book out of his pocket, filled with newspaper cuttings, notes, and references, and showed in each case that he knew what he was talking about. For more than two hours there was such an exhibition of argument, wit, apt reply, and incisive repartee as I have rarely heard anywhere. There was great fairness and entire good humor all around. The

two white men were evidently delighted with the ability shown by their antagonist, and when he was too strong for them they "owned up" heartily. He was nearly always too strong for them. He had evidently given most of the points discussed far more attention than they. I have scarcely ever heard his readiness of reply equaled. Both his opponents together were no match for him. As they concluded, he said, "Gentlemen, we give you notice that we intend to have our rights, all that the law gives us, and that we are going to fight for them — not with our hands, but with our mouths and our brains — till we obtain them. Sooner or later we shall have them, and you might as well understand it first as last."

Both gentlemen said, "That's right. We don't blame you. We like your spirit. Of course we would do the same in your place." Then one added, and the other expressed hearty assent and approval, "But I'll be damned if I'll ever sit down to the table with a nigger." The negro laughed, and taunted them with the far more intimate relations which white men frequently form with negro girls. All this talk was open and public. There were no ladies in the car, and the men gathered around to hear. The negro's account of the condition of his own race was very depressing, and he plainly felt that the chief obstacles in the way of their advancement were to be found, not in the opposition or injustice of the white people, but in the low qualities and tendencies of the negroes. He did not seem to be hopeful, but was full of spirit, and was plainly resolved to make a gallant fight for the improvement of his people, whatever the odds against him. In the course of the talk he described his efforts to put down vice and disorder among the colored people in the town where he lived. He had on a certain occasion organized and supervised a picnic for his own people, and when some

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vicious colored girls had intruded upon the company, he had forcibly expelled them from the grounds. They made a charge of assault and battery against him, and the affair cost him many hundreds of dollars. He confessed that he had violated the law in kicking and striking those disorderly women, but he had done so in protecting his own wife and daughters from insult and violence.

He thought that disorderly and licentious white men incited the baser class of the negroes to invade and disturb his picnic, and that even the good white people did not give him any sympathy or moral support in his efforts to maintain order and suppress vice among the colored people. Said he, "Gentlemen, you do not care if we are degraded and worthless; but it's bad for you, too, if the negro is a brute." His comprehension of the subtle bonds that unite men in their moral destiny, and make the strong and fortunate in some ways dependent on the fate of the lowly, would have delighted the heart of Carlyle. He said, "There are three hundred and sixty-two lewd colored girls in my town. It's a shame and a curse for us. Do you think it's nothin' for you?"

This negro seemed a born leader of men. He was fully alive to the faults and weaknesses of the negro character, and appeared to be less hopeful regarding the future of his race in this country than were his white antagonists; but he loves struggle and conflict, and will, no doubt, contend bravely to the end for what he regards as the rights of his people. I had some talk afterward with his friendly opponents. They spoke of him in terms of admiration, and said that he had the reputation of being one of the best public speakers in the State, and they had no doubt it was deserved. Then they added that if a hotel, theatre, or church, or any place of entertainment, amusement, or public resort in the South, should be conducted on the plan of really making no distinction on

account of color or race, no white person of good character would attend it, or support it in any way whatever. This is doubtless true at present, in the main, at least.

CIVIL RIGHTS.

On most of the railroads in the South the negroes were expected and told to take a particular car in each train, and they usually did so; but the rule did not appear to be strictly enforced. (Indeed, I could not see that anything was done *strictly* in the South.) Well-dressed negroes sometimes traveled in the same car with "first-class" white people, ladies and gentlemen; and there were usually some white people, poor whites or working folk, in the negro car. In Norfolk, Virginia, the colored people were directed to a particular gallery or part of the house at all lectures or public entertainments, but I do not think they had been, of late, forcibly prevented from taking seats in the body of the house. In Richmond, Virginia, at the time of my visit to that city, two young colored men bought tickets for a public lecture, and attempted to enter the main audience room. The usher very courteously suggested that they would find seats in the gallery. They objected, and asked, "Do you forbid us to go into the best part of the hall?" "Not at all, gentlemen," he replied; "on the contrary, I call every one present to witness that I do not forbid you to go there. At the same time, I think you would better go into the gallery." Just then the manager of the lecture course came in, and the usher appealed to him. He smiled, and passed the negroes into the principal auditorium, and they took seats at one side and in the rear, where there would be nobody near them.

If there had been a crowd, the manager would not have authorized them to go in; and if the negroes had insisted on seating themselves among the white people, everybody in that part of the hall would have left it. Similar condi-

tions and feelings appeared to prevail everywhere in the South in regard to these matters. There was a universal disposition on the part of the white people to avoid difficulty and conflict with the colored people respecting their civil rights, and the negroes were, in general, not disposed to contend for them. But a few colored men are inclined to insist upon enjoying whatever rightly belongs to them under the law, because they believe that any concessions on the part of the black people, or surrender of their legal rights, would invite and produce new injuries and oppressions. It is likely that some degree of irritation will often result from the attitude of the two races regarding this matter of the civil rights of the negroes.

AMONG THE PEOPLE.

I rode out on horseback, over the mountains from Huntsville, Alabama, a dozen miles or more to see a cotton mill. At one point I saw, near the road, a negro digging a post-hole, while two tall white men directed his operations. I had been told that the negro required supervision, and had thought that something might be said in favor of the theory, but this seemed to be a somewhat extreme application of it. A little farther on a young negro, perhaps twenty years old, crossed the road just in advance of me, with books and slate under his arm, evidently on his way to school. I called to him, and asked him two or three questions designed to educe whatever knowledge he might possess on points of interest to me. He answered briefly, and then added, "But I hain't got much time fer to stan'." I was astounded, and could scarcely believe that I had heard aright. Everybody that I had seen in the South before had seemed to have unlimited time "fer to stan'," and this fellow's utterance had an explosive and revolutionary sound. If I should hear of anything noticeable being done in that region, I should sus-

pect this boy of having a hand in it. As I rode away, and looked at his energetic movement across the fields, it occurred to me that if I should ever write a book about the destiny of the colored race in this country I should like to dedicate it to the negro who "hain't got much time fer to stan'."

In various parts of the South I found a few negroes who own and cultivate large farms, employing many laborers of their own race. Men of this class are rarely hopeful about their people; they say they "know too much about them to expect any great things." They always employ an overseer, paying him more than the other hands receive. The negroes "will do no good," all such men say, without somebody to oversee them and keep them at work. The overseer is responsible for the amount and character of the work accomplished, and if there is any failure, something is deducted from his pay. The employer either furnishes all supplies for the maintenance of his hands during the season, keeping an account and charging them with whatever they obtain (or "take up," as the phrase is), or he authorizes a merchant in the town to supply them, becoming responsible to the extent of the wages of his men. Then, as I learned everywhere, the laborers try to obtain credit for "all that is coming to them," and a little more. I looked at many of the account books kept by these farmers, the records of their dealings with their workmen. Many of the charges were for things which were absurd and extravagant for the negroes to buy,—costly articles of dress for the women and luxuries for the table. I often asked such employers why they did not give their hands some advice about economy, and the use of their best judgment regarding the selection of things most necessary and useful for them when expending their money; but they always said it would do no good. "Humph! Dey hain't got no judgments." I was in a

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country store one morning, when a negro woman came in and asked for a dollar's worth of sugar. The merchant dipped out brown sugar, but the woman objected, and wanted white. The man remonstrated with her for her extravagance, saying that he could not himself afford to use such things as she bought. She was greatly offended, and retorted that such things might "do fuh free niggahs an' low-down white folks. I 'lows my money jes' as good 's Cunnel Gahshom's money." The merchant remarked that she would probably never come to his store again.

The negro farmers said that their hands nearly always "tuck up" their wages faster than they earned them, and they often added such observations as these. "A nigger will buy anything. You could sell any man on my place a steamboat, or an elephant, or a circus band wagon,—anything in the world,—if he had the money." One man, who had a family, and was working for ten dollars per month, "took up" three dollars and eighty cents in a month for whisky. Such extravagance and lack of judgment as to what a laborer's family needs or can afford to buy are very general among the negro laborers.

A NEGRO'S STORY OF "DE KU-KLUKERS."

One of these energetic, prosperous negro farmers told me of his experience with the "Ku-Klux." (The negroes all use this as one word, in the plural. Their spelling should be "Ku-Kluks," the singular "Ku-Kluk." They say "Ku-Kluker,"—one who Ku-Kluks, and the verb is "Ku-Kluk, Ku-Klukin', Ku-Kluk'd.") He said it was started "to make people behave theirselves till they could git some courts, jestices, an' sheriffs, an' sich things, an' to make bad men git up 'n' git. But bad men soon got into it, an' they begun to play the very debble, an' then the dimicrats had to put it down."

"Did the democrats put it down here?" I asked.

"Course," said he; "the' was nobody else to put anything down. General Blank, an' Judge So-an'-So, an' all them people said it had to be stopped."

"Well, did they ever visit you?"

"Sartin," said he. "I was keepin' a saloon then, right hyar in the aidge o' town, an' one o' the boys done tolle me the Ku-Kluks was a comin' to see me. An' I done tolle him that if they tried to take anything from me, like they had done some folks, somebody was gwine to git hurt. An' sezee, 'Yer can't shoot a Ku-Kluk, 'cause yo' don' know wharbouts dey is. Dey's all wrop up, so wide, like ghosts, an' dey's 'bout 'leben feet high, an' yer can't shoot 'em no mo' 'n de debble.' An' I said, 'I's all ready, an' I'll shoot 'em plumb in two in de middle, an' I'll bet yah fo' dollahs an' a half somebody'll git hurt.'

"Sho' 'nuff, de nex' night dey comes in, jes' afro' I's gwine to shet up. Dey was wrop up, an' had veils on, an' bairds o' cotton an' hemp, an' all kines o' circus foolin's on; but I knowed 'em every one. De shot-gun was right dar, whe' dey could all seeah [see her], an' when I sat out de glass I says, 'Good-evenin', Mas'r Wittaker. How you do, Mas'r Lowdens? Fo' de Lawd, Mas'r Tom Gipsons, how is you?' Yo' see I knowed 'em, an' dey knowed 'at I knowed 'em; an' dey took off deir fixin's an' laughed, an' said I was sharper 'n de debble. Wen dey went out, one man he come back, an' he said I need n't be afraid,—de Ku-Kluks would n't bother me; an' I said, den I would n't bother them. Arterwards dey Ku-Kluk'd one o' my men."

"What did they do to him?" I asked.

"Dey done tuck his bed-close an' cut holes in 'em to put on deir hosses, an' shootin' 'roun', an' skeerin' him like de debble. An' I went an' tolle some o' 'em e� a was any mo' sech cuttin's up 'roun' hyar, some fool Ku-Kluk was gwine to

git the top ov 'is head blowed off, 'e was!"

In Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and other States, I was told that one great factor in the suppression of the "Ku-Klux outrages" was the deadly effect of the fire of the negroes, with rifle and shot-gun, from their cabins, whenever they were attacked in their homes. It was said that no sympathy was ever expressed when a white man lost his life in such an assault.

HE KILLS A WHITE MAN.

A little later in our conversation, I was surprised to hear an allusion to something that had happened about the time this negro killed a man. "Why, did you ever kill a man?" "I did, shoah," said he. "A white man?" "Shoah." "Well, how was it?" "Dey was two on 'em, brothers, an' dey'd ben to town, an' was feelin' mighty big; an' comin' long hyar, dey seed my boy a plowin' in de fiel'. An' dey stop, an' want to fight, an' try to run over my boy; an' my boy, he run 'bout a mile, down hyar whar I was workin'. An' he run 'roun' my team, an' I said, Le's have peace, an' at I wanted my boy to be at work. But dey said dey was a gwine to whip de daylights outen 'im. An' dey both went at 'im, an' I hit one in de head an' knock 'im stiff; an' he stretch out an' shake, like a beef critter. An' my boy, he knocked de udder one down, an' I was gwine to kick 'im, an' he hold up his han's an' say, 'Peace, peace.' An' I say, 'Damn you, why did n't you say peace when I said peace, a while ago? Now there's your brother over that; he's dead, or a gwine to die.'

"Well, dey 'rested me, an' I was in jail three days, an' it was time o' court, an' all de bes' men in de county say dey would go onter my bon'. But de judge say he will try it now; an' dey said I was clar. An' de judge say on de bench dat a man what would n't fight for his own son ort n't be 'lowed

to live. An' de oder brother, he said he would kill me yit, an' de judge said I should be ready for 'im; an' I sent 'im word he'd better be heeled, for if he ever lif' his han' at me I was a gwine to shoot to kill."

This man said, "De niggahs might all have nice little fahms o' deir own, ef dey had n't so much wuthlessness; but de most uv 'em won't do no good. Dey likes to git in debt for mo' an' dey's wuth, an' den dey lights out, an' whar's yo' niggah?" I asked him why he was a republican. "Well, dey made me a man. I was a chattel; I was no mo' an' dis mule; an' dey made me a man." "Do you like all that the republicans have done since the war?" I asked. "Do' know what dey's done; don' care what dey's done." "Well," I said, "I see there are some negro democrats; what is the reason of that?" "Yes, it's gitin' to be the interest of a good many niggahs to be dimicrats, but I stan's by my principles." He did not intend a pun.

A NEGRO EDITOR.

I found in one of the principal Alabama towns a young negro editor of decided ability, a democrat, who takes the ground that the only way for the negro to secure the advancement of his race is to ally himself with the true leaders of the South; that a party in the South with its leaders in the North is an anomalous and unnatural arrangement, which must lead, as experience has shown, to endless folly and blundering. He said that the republicans mean well, but that they are too far away to understand the negro or what he needs; that the republican party of the South will go to pieces, and that it is best that it should. He appeared to be a hard-working fellow, and his paper had a good circulation. He was principal of a large colored school, and in that field was certainly doing excellent work, whatever we may think of his political teaching.

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"DYING OUT."

In some parts of the South I found many people, even among the more intelligent classes, who believed that the negro race was rapidly decreasing in numbers, that it would "eventually run out," and that "the remnant of them" would, in time, leave the country. This appeared to me surprising, judging from what was going on all about them. I met a lawyer in Alabama, who set forth this theory of the speedy decline and extinction of the colored race with great force and fluency. When he had finished, I asked him what he thought of the probable fortunes of the white people who do not like to work; and he thought that they, too, would leave the country. I did not learn what he thought would be the number of inhabitants to each square mile in Alabama after all the negroes had "run out," and all the white people who do not like manual labor had left the State; but it is safe to say that the population would not be excessively dense. None of these people had heard of the revelations of the last census regarding the increase of the negroes, and they regarded the information as astounding and incredible.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF SOCIETY.

One might soon fill volumes with the stories of the war and of the state of things just after its close, which are told everywhere among the common people of the South. In every place which I visited, the inhabitants said that there had been much improvement in the "state of society" in the last eight or ten years, and this is probably true. The assurance gives encouragement regarding the future, but it also inspires the reflection that before the improvement was made the region could not have been a very desirable place of residence. It was common to hear people say, "Things has been a great deal bet-

ter sence Jack Belden an' Con Peters was killed." Then would follow a story of repeated murders and murderous assaults on the part of these men, of crime persisted in for many years, until the whole region was in terror of these desperadoes. At last, on some dark night, a company of men ride up to the house of one of these outlaws, and summon him to "come out." Then there is pleading and resistance on the part of his wife, and some hesitation on the part of the outlaw himself. But it was said—and this seemed to me curious and strange—that the taunt of cowardice is almost always effectual, and the fellow soon resolves to face his besiegers. He selects his best weapons, puts a double charge in a shot-gun, removes his family to the safest part of the room, opens the door, and is at once riddled with balls from a score of guns, which had been carefully aimed so as to cover every part of the doorway, and had been steadily held in that position since before the first summons to the man within. I could not learn whether, in such cases, a man feels the roused instinct of fight, or whether he opens the door because he knows that the end has come, and merely accepts the inevitable.

In some instances, after a story of this kind, people would add, "There's two or three other men hyar that'll be killed before long, I reckon, an' then this country will be very peaceable." This may be an effective method of improving the moral character of a community, but I should prefer a residence somewhere else, as long as missionary work of this kind appears to be necessary.

IN A WOODLAND PATH.

In a country neighborhood in Mississippi, I was told of an old man who had killed many men; who had usually, indeed, killed anybody who happened seriously to displease him. His favorite weapon was the rifle, his inseparable

companion. At last a man came back to that region, all the way from Texas, with the avowed object of killing this old man, and so avenging a relative who had been one of his many victims. One day, as the old man walked along a path through the woods, his pursuer fired at him from behind a tree. The aim was true, and the victim fell to the ground, shot through the body, but he was not dead. After some time, the man who had shot him put his head out from behind the tree to learn what had been the effect of his bullet. At that moment a rifle ball crashed through his brain. A little later, a neighbor came along the path, and found the Texan quite dead; but the old man, though plainly fatally wounded, was still alive and conscious, but unable to do more than raise himself on one elbow. After he had succeeded in attaining this position, he said, "Could yer roll that durned cuss over hyar, so's I kin hev a look at him?" This was done, and he gazed at the lifeless body with a contemptuous kind of interest. "Bill Fosdick allus was a fool. I knowed he could n't keep his head behind that tree. I knowed he'd look out arter a while, and then I knowed I'd fetch him. He was allus a durned fool." Then the neighbor took off his coat, and adjusted it under the old fellow's head, and in a few minutes more two dead bodies lay side by side in the woodland path.

MAKING A CALL IN MISSISSIPPI.

When you wish to call at the residence of a neighbor in Mississippi, you do not go to the door and knock, or ring the bell, as is usual in most places in the North. That would not be a safe or comfortable undertaking. You proceed, usually on horseback, to the "yard fence" in front of the house, and shout, "Halloo!" You are answered at once by a chorus of dogs, which come leaping down the yard toward you like wild beasts hungry for their prey. As you

contemplate their enormous size, their number, and their evident ferocity, you congratulate yourself on being on horseback. About the time when you begin to wonder whether you will long be safe even in that position, the man of the house comes to the door, and calls out, "Good-morning! Won't ye 'light?" You mentally answer, "Not just yet;" and your host walks down the path toward you, making remarks about the weather or some such familiar topic as he comes along. When he reaches the gate he says, imperatively, "Well, 'light!" As the dogs are by this time slowly retiring, looking disappointed, but resigned (as if saying to themselves, "Better luck some time; we shall eat him yet"), you alight, and you were not expected to do so at any earlier stage of the proceedings.

The host now says, "Come in!" and you walk slowly up the path together, conversing as you go. Having arrived at the porch, or "gallery," as it is called in the Southwest, he says again, "Come in!" But you do not go in. It would be ill-bred to enter at once. So you linger on the gallery, still conversing for a minute or two, and your friend repeats, imperatively this time, "Well, come in!" and then you go in. "In the old times," as the Southern phrase is, to have gone at once to a planter's door, without calling from the outside of the yard, and receiving an invitation from within the house, would have been regarded as evidence of unlawful or hostile intentions, especially in the evening, and would have exposed the visitor to the chance of a greeting from a shotgun. At present the dogs are usually, I suppose, the chief source of danger.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

In Copiah County, Mississippi, I was shown the place where a man was *not* hanged, who, nevertheless, seems to have come very near experiencing that fate. He was a noted horse-thief, and was at

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last captured by a company of indignant farmers, who had found some of their own horses tied up in the woods, and had remained in ambush near by until the thief came back to dispose of his booty. The whole country-side was soon informed of the arrest, and the men assembled with rifles and shot-guns to see the prisoner, and to decide or learn what was to be done with him. It was determined, after due deliberation, that he should be hanged, then and there. A rope was accordingly procured; one end was fastened to a convenient limb, and the other made into a noose, which was adjusted around the prisoner's neck. He was mounted upon a mule, and a man was selected who was to act as executioner by leading the animal away from the tree, thus leaving the culprit dangling in the air. Apparently his last moment had come, and he had too much good sense to ask for his life.

But his captors were nearly all religious men, members of the Christian churches of the neighborhood; and at this juncture one of the leaders suggested that, as it was a very solemn thing to send a human soul into eternity, especially if in an unprepared condition, as was most likely the case in this instance, he thought they ought to engage in prayer before hanging the man. To this all assented, and the man who had proposed devotional exercises was appointed to "lead in prayer." He did so, and made a most feeling and fervent plea for divine mercy for the sinner who was just about to appear in the presence of the Most High, with all his crimes upon his head. The company was deeply impressed; many were even moved to tears. But the prayer came to an end, the tear-bedewed eyes were dried, and "the exercises of the occasion" were about to be completed according to the programme, when the man who had held the mule by the bridle declared that he did not feel willing to discharge the duty which had been assigned to

him. "Somebody else do it; I don't want to have nothin' to do with hangin' him," said he; and his feeling was found to be the unanimous sentiment of the whole party. The result was that the prisoner was delivered to the sheriff, and was soon afterward tried by due course of law in the proper court, and sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary. I think he should have been ever afterward an earnest believer in the efficacy of prayer.

It was suggested by some persons who were not present at the time that the motion for a prayer was intended as a means of rescuing the prisoner from the fate so evidently impending; but after the story was told to me, I dined at his own house with the man who made the prayer. We talked very freely, and I came to the conclusion that, on the occasion described, his course had been simple and natural, and that he had not foreseen its effect, either upon his own feelings or upon those of his neighbors.

In Kemper County, Mississippi, I talked with several persons about "the Chisholm tragedy." One was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. All said nearly the same things. So much has been printed about this affair that I do not think it necessary for me, at this late date, to say anything about it. Everybody expressed great regret that "the girl," was killed. "She was a mighty brave girl," "She had pluck, I tell you," were common expressions. The minister said, "Both men [Judge Chisholm and his antagonist, Gully] was designin' men." This term, "a designing man," means in that region a treacherous man, a plotter, one who will deliberately plan the murder of an opponent; and this was what the people there said of both these men. "It's wrong to do such things," the minister said, "and it was a pity it happened; but it has been a benefit to this part of the country that both of 'em

was killed. There would n't have ever been any peace with 'em. Both of 'em was designin' men." There was evidently a kind of "blood-madness" in parts of the South for some time after the war,—a rage for killing. Of course it did not affect everybody, but it was an important psychological phenomenon, marked and frequent enough to affect Southern society, and to exert some influence on national life and thought.

MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

In the Southwest, the people still talk with indignation of the measure exempting from military duty in the service of the Confederacy all owners of large numbers of slaves. "The people said then that this was the rich man's war, and the poor man's fight." As soon as its adoption became known to the rank and file, they began to desert by hundreds and thousands. I explored a region of "the Great Pine Woods," in Southern Mississippi, which was held, so the people said, during the last year of the war, by large bodies of deserters from the Confederate army, who kept their arms and equipments, maintained their military organization, and successfully defied the officers and forces sent to arrest and return them to service in the field. I was shown a tree on which several deserters were hanged because they persisted in their refusal to return to the army, and declared that they preferred death to any further experience of a soldier's life. Many of these were, so their neighbors say, taken at their word, and swung up at once. One man, who was about to be hanged on this tree, asked for water, as he stood with the rope around his neck, and just as the order was about to be given to hoist him away. The water was brought him in a gourd, and then he begged that, as his last privilege, his hands, which were pinioned behind him, might be

loosed, and that he might thus be able to drink once more holding the cup in his own hands. His request was granted; but as he drank he suddenly clutched at the noose, threw it from his shoulders, and bounded away through the woods "like a good fellow," as my informant expressed it, effecting his escape.

There is no end to the stories of the war, and of the first five or six years after its close, which are told everywhere in the South, but there must be an end to my writing of them. There is a rich field here for writers who will not invent their narratives, but will truthfully record what they hear; valuing the simple facts for their own sake, and not as a basis or skeleton for stupid love stories. A vast amount of rich material for history and for the illustration of history will soon perish and be lost forever, unless somebody has the patience to live and talk with the common people of the South, and transcribe their accounts of what they have seen and known. The impartial study of the war, and of the conditions and activities of the decade after its close, from the point of view and experience of the "poor whites" of the South and of the black people, would open great stores of interesting and valuable information, which can never be made accessible in any other way. Our national history for that time can never be truthfully or adequately written without it. The classes mentioned are inarticulate, as they have always been. None of their number will ever make any record of what they saw and thought and felt during those pregnant years; but if the story could be written out for them, while that is still possible, it would be worth far more than the special pleading of the leader who has been "the head of many a felon plot, but never yet the arm," and whom the common people of the South obeyed, but never trusted.

UNDER THE SKY.

IN the ancient poets the supreme deity is often put for the sky, the recognized empire of that deity. "Behold the glowing vault sublime, that all call Jove!" sings one of these early bards; another makes use of such phrases as "sub Jove frigido," and "malus Jupiter;" from all which we gather that there was not only a fair-weather Jove, but a foul-weather Jove, a rainy Jupiter and an arid Jupiter; besides, a cloud-driver and a lightener; in every phase of the weather, a god present and regnant. Somehow, in all ages, spiritual heaven has been confusedly associated with the physical heavens. That intuitive religion fixes the home of the Supreme and the Unknown in regions far supramundane is shown in the natural ritual of the eyes and hands in prayer. There was a fine and high symbolism expressed in the architecture of the old hypethral temples, built as they were without roof, and open to the light and breath of heaven, to the storm as well as to the serene azure. Who could not have worshiped there without compromise to his faith? And yet such a temple would hardly have been hypethral enough for our devout moments; nothing less than all out-of-doors would have satisfied.

Would you for a while shut out the earth and fill your eye with the heavens, lie down, some summer day, on the great mother's lap, with a soft grass pillow under your head; then look around and above you, and see how slight, apparently, is your terrestrial environment, how foreshortened has become the foreground,—only a few nodding bents of blossomed grass, a spray of clover with a bumble-bee probing for honey, and in the distance, perhaps, the billowy outline of the diminished woods. What else you see is the blue of heaven illum-

itably stretched above and around you. You seem to be lying, not so much on the surface of earth as at the bottom of the sky. Under this still, transparent sea, "deeper than did ever plummet sound," your own thoughts and imaginings have become a treasure trove of inestimable wealth and rarity. You do not care to move, lest in so doing you break the deep sky charm, and your treasure-trove vanish. An interval of sky-gazing might well be recommended as a palliative in exaggerated cases of irritability. Let the patient bathe his fevered or lacerated soul in the third and highest heaven, and see what oblivious comfort he will experience. No individual grievance, crying lustily at the earth's surface, but if it turn its face upward, the serenity of heaven will smile it out of countenance, and send it away shrunken and abashed. A child once assured me that "blue eyes come from looking at the sky a great deal,—until your eyes get full of the sky." Few are the blue-eyed people who are so from much visual communion with the open heavens.

We can scarcely believe that any mortal lives under fairer skies than ours. On the Atlantic coast they cannot see more orient sunrises, or on the Pacific sunsets more occidental. Nowhere else does the winter zenith, untracked by the low sun, show a wilder and lovelier depth of azure. We might have had a satiety of fair-weather skies, if there had not been interspersed with these a thrilling variety of inclement skies. Nowhere else have been seen sublimer confusions of storm-clouds cut by more trenchant and beautiful lightnings. If we do not live on the sea-coast, we are at least admirably situated on the sky coast. The airy and the azure sea everywhere flows in. Projecting into it, the

mountains may be reckoned as bold headlands and promontories, on which the cloud armadas drive and go to pieces; the hills are gently curving capes, and all hollow intervals are the gulfs, bays, and inlets of heaven. All is sky coast; no inland, unless it be *in earth*, — the mine and the cavern. Entering the latter, with a lighted torch in hand, you are likely to discover in the roof an illusory heaven, a crystal-studded counterfeit of night and the stars.

Each season — it might almost be said each month — has its peculiar sky-and-cloud scene. The time of year is kept in the heavens as well as upon the earth. These shifting, semi-lucent, many-tinted clouds (pale rose, amber, lilac, and even greenish) belong unmistakably to the skies of April. There we read tender and delicate prophecy of the earliest flowers, arbutus, anemone, cress, and violet, and the light cold leafage with which they are mingled in forest ways. The June sky shows the least admixture of red. Is it not possible that the common atmosphere has become so diaphanous that we look through it into very ether? How quickly the clouds dissolve in it, even as flakes of snow dissolve in some still and dark mountain spring! Those vanishing flecks and films of white give fitting body to the poet's dream of

“Spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love, but live no more.”

After the month of June the atmosphere loses much of its marvelous purity and transparency. It is another sky which bends over the shorn and sheaved fields than that which hung above green meadows and grain-fields in fragrant blossom. In July, the noon heavens are a realization of white heat. If there is ripeness in the fields of earth, there is also ripeness in the fields of air; the opulence of harvest is matched by rich, warm, and tremulous skies, by sunsets more lavish in pageantry. At night

the moon rolls up her disk, large and fervid, as though rising from regions of perpetual summer midday. The skies of autumn, when not veiled in mist, and when foiled by the crimsons, russets, and yellows of the frost-bitten woodlands, show a deeper and intenser blue than the skies of June. Deeper still are those glimpses of blue seen through ragged cracks in the dun and gray clouds of midwinter; narrow and devious rivers they seem, lost among nubilous gorges and cañons. I remember a wild sky at the breaking up of winter, in which the clouds lay in serried masses of uniform curve and shading; the whole heavens, thus masked, presenting the appearance of a “chopped sea” whose waves were held in frozen abeyance. Sometimes, the cloud-work of the winter sky suggests medallions of ivory or agate carved upon lapis lazuli, so vivid is the contrast between cloud and sky.

No weather observations are so likely to be casually and carelessly made as those which refer to the sky. The chronicler of a perfect day usually begins with the specification that “there was not a cloud to be seen;” but it is highly probable that, if he had searched the horizon, he would have detected some nebulous straw sufficient to show the drift of the wind. Sometimes there will be formed in the upper regions of the sky a thin, unobvious scarf of vapor, not unlike the magnified texture of crape, or the finest and softest rolls of wool.

The clouds of night take the posture of rest, stretching themselves out along the horizon, as though to make earth their couch. The clouds of the daytime are rolling and augmentative, erecting themselves in dome-like masses. A favorite harborage for the great cumulus fleets is just above the southeastern horizon. There they remain half a sultry summer day, often threatening with harmless lightning flashes the rain

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which does not come. These clouds are full of pictorial and sculptural suggestion. There may be seen the plump cherubs in which the old masters delighted, the confused tumblings of Phaethon and his horses, or the gods and heroes of the Elgin marbles in all their mutilated and pathetic grandeur. We see in the clouds whatever our own imagination, or that of another, bids us see; some new semblance unfolding itself with every alteration of the vapory outline. "Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?" "By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed." "Methinks it is like a weasel." "It is backed like a weasel." "Or like a whale?" "Very like a whale." Ten to one, the eye of old Polonius sympathetically verified the successive images suggested by the skipping fancy of Hamlet.

The sailor, of necessity, has a more intimate acquaintance than the landsman with the physical signs of heaven. How shall he be advised of approaching danger if not by reading the bulletins of the sky and the clouds? On the barren plain around him are no trees to hint of rain by showing the white under side of their leaves; no barometrical flowers, like the dandelion and chickweed, to give warning with their quick-closing eyelids. The mariner may be presumed to know the tonnage of every cloud sighted on the upper deep, whether the cargo be wind, rain, or rattling hail. The complexion of the cloud also advises him of its friendliness or its hostility, just as the colors run up on the mast of a passing vessel would indicate the home port and nationality of the crew. The sailor may well keep a keen outlook on the sky and its forces of cloud: he sails the sea, but he sails *by* the heavens. The great element, in whose mercy he directly lies, is itself at the mercy of a wider and more potential element; for the sea, vast body of humanity as it is, is incapable of injury

except at the instigation of Euroclydon and his fellows. "There comes that gang again," a veteran admiral was in the habit of saying when the winds rose, and a great storm was upon his track.

It is seldom that with high winds we have a bright and cloudless sky. The wind does not hunt for nothing. Sometimes it seems to be routing and dispersing the clouds for no other purpose than to accomplish their fright and discomfiture; to compare great things with small, it takes them in its teeth, and gives them the terrier grip, shaking and tearing them into a thousand tatters. Other times, with what one might imagine a herding instinct, it gently but forcibly drives together the stragglers from all quarters of the sky, collecting them in close ranks along the horizon. Then, often, we see

"The cloudy rack slow journeying in the west,
Like herded elephants."

Science has been charged with many deeds of vandalism and desecration. "There was an awful rainbow once in heaven," the poet tells us; but in the next line we learn that its strands have been unbraided, and that now it is mentioned "in the dull catalogue of common things." The last time the rainbow showed herself in our heavens, I was satisfied that science might be acquitted; that nothing had ever been subtracted from the mysterious and unsearchable beauty of the seven-tinted arch. Old as the flood, it is the same brilliant new wonder to us as to the children of Noah. If they construed it for a promise, we may interpret it as a record. Hanging aloft is the palette with the ranged and graded colors which were used in the painting of the world: lowest in order, the red and the yellow of the adust and tawny sands and of the earth's volcanic heart-fires; next, the green, from which were laid on the drapery tints worn by the fields, the woods, and the rocky shoulders of the hills; last of all, the blue and cool amethystine shades of the

distant ocean, the high and airy mountains, and the sky itself. Though reserved as the pendant of the summer rain-cloud, we not infrequently see, in other phases of the weather, fugitive gleams and traces of the messenger sprite. In winter, a bank of clouds will often be overshot with a flickering iridescence, whence the "mother o' pearl flocks" that some one has so aptly noted. Lunar halos and those spectral appearances observed near the sun (familiarly spoken of as "sun dogs") all wear, in some degree, the livery of the rainbow.

While we traverse the sky in vision and fancy only, we are aware that more practical voyagers are abroad. Yonder hawk, floating about like a pennon detached from the staff, seems to keep aloft not so much by his own exertions as by his being lighter than the element in which he moves. Raptorial and cruel as he is known to be, he still embodies, as no other winged creature can, the serene vitality and elasticity of the air. If not the bird of Jove, he must belong to some of the Immortals. Is not a bird amphibious, a creature of two lives, one upon the earth and another in the sky? Its nidification in the tree-top or on the crag, on the very hem or fringe of the earth, bespeaks it more an aerial than a terrestrial citizen. The finding of a dead bird is always, to me, some-

thing of a surprise and painful shock. It had wings; then why did it not get safely out of the way of mortal calamity? I should like to credit that old myth of the phoenix and its fiery rejuvenation. A bird should not die, but be translated: the eagle to the storm cloud, the brilliant tanager and oriole to the flame of the evening sky, and the bluebird to its native cerulean.

At sunrise and sunset, the imagination becomes more venturous. The horizon gates being open for the passage of the sun, it slips through, steals his skiff, and sets sail for the shores of fable. Does the sun go down, great-sphered and cloudless, through a field of clear gold, imagination pursues, and sees him traversing the Pacific, lighting to-morrow as he goes.

Here sunset; sunrise on Cathayan strand; . . .
And now, day springs to Himalaya's crest; . . .
Now, wakes the lotus on old Nilus' breast:
Yon orbèd portal opes on Morning Land,—

The East beyond the West!

From what point of view do we observe that the sun goes *under* the cloud? Strange inversion of fact! With our heads to the nadir, our feet to the zenith, there would be pertinence in such an observation. It is some cheer to know that, in spite of our topsy-turvy notions of cosmos, the sun never does go under, but always over, the clouds. We alone are under the clouds, — "under the weather."

Edith M. Thomas.

TAPESTRIES.

I.

Cleopatra after Actium.

CROUCHED low, at bay; her vesture rent apart;
Ungirt the fair false breast where Antony lay,
Lord over half the world but yesterday;
Her bloodless fingers twined above her heart;

Her tawny hair athwart her brows,— a net
 Wherein no more shall souls be snared or slain ;
 Her cheeks like pale blush-roses after rain ;
 Her cruel lips, like marble, carved and set ;

 And gray wan eyes, forgetful of their guile,
 As through the tangled fringes of their lids,
 Lost in some dream of palms and pyramids,
 They spy, at last, the hooded worm of Nile.

II.

The Headsman.

THE white-faced priest, thrust back by brawny hands,
 Gasps forth, unheard, the remnant of his prayer,
 With lifted crucifix. The wistful air
 Tugs at her shroud-like mantle, where she stands.

Her eyes, which dare not look, for utter fear,
 Are bent upon her bruised, unsandaled feet ;
 Almost her waiting heart forgets to beat.
 Then, without voice, or tread to fright the ear,

O'er the strewn sand begins to glide and run
 A shadow, nameless, stealthy, swift, — forecast
 By that advancing shape, most dread, and last
 That e'er shall come betwixt her and the sun.

III.

Salome.

BROWN folded arms ; sleek shoulders, brown and bare ;
 And bare her lissome ankles, brown and slim ;
 Her swart brows lowered, and her eyes made dim
 Beneath the cloudy ambush of her hair ;

Scarlet her tunic, and in threefold strand
 Gold lustrous serpents coiled on wrist and throat :
 Thus, before Herod, — whose dull eyeballs gloat
 On her lithe beauty, whilst, on either hand,

His bearded lords stretch eager necks to see, —
 In the cool dusk of awnings that uplift
 To show far palm-trees through a shining rift,
 Bows low the dancing maid of Galilee.

William Young.

BEAUMARCHAIS.

At a brilliant *fête* given by the city of Paris to the first Napoleon, the emperor suddenly paused, in his progress through the gay crowd, in front of a pretty woman with an animated, eager face, and asked her name. Her answer was simply this: "I am the daughter of Beaumarchais." Have we any idea of the just pride with which those words were uttered, or can we feel how much they meant to him who heard them? It may answer for the world at large to remember only that Beaumarchais was the author of the Barber of Seville, and the witty defendant in some famous law-suits; but students of our early history are aware of his claims to the grateful remembrance of American citizens, ignored and controverted though those claims have been.

The only boy in a family of six children, Pierre Augustin Caron, better known as Beaumarchais, was born in Paris in 1732, the year of Washington's birth. Undreamed of then, it is rarely recalled now, that the one was to supplement the other; that the opportune, sorely needed succor sent by Beaumarchais from France for our brave men at Valley Forge cheered the sinking heart of the great general in that darkest hour before dawn. Beaumarchais died convinced that we were utterly ungrateful. Is it true, and if true can we afford to remain so?

That was a humble home in the Rue St. Denis, where the watchmaker, his father, dwelt; but hardly in our own favored land could one be found more affectionate, more cultivated, or more refined in its atmosphere. There were five sisters to pet and admire the only brother among them, and at fifteen Pierre would seem to have been a lively, spoiled child, devoted to music, in which he excelled, and fond of playing

pranks and writing verses instead of working steadily at his father's trade, to which he was apprenticed. Music, indeed, must have been a family gift. All the children played on one or more instruments, and composed accompaniments to the little songs which they wrote on various festive occasions; for there was evidently a great deal of fun and fondness, as well as accomplishment and cultivation, in this watchmaker's home. One sister, Julia, understood Italian and Spanish well, and enjoyed the writings of Young and Richardson. Her letters are very graceful and lively, and she became in later life an author. Like her brother, however, her character is more remarkable than her writings.

The father was of good Huguenot stock, but had signed his public recantation before Pierre was born. It must be remembered that he could not otherwise have established himself in business in Paris, such was the prevalent intolerance even in those days of indifference and skepticism. When his son was hardly eighteen, his father turned him out-of-doors for idleness and dissipation; keeping an eye upon him all the time, however, and conspiring with some friends who went to the rescue of the boy. The following letter, in which the father consents to the return of the contrite prodigal, throws some light on the relation between parents and children in those days:—

"Your great misfortune consists in my having lost all confidence in you. Nevertheless, the esteem and friendship which I feel for the excellent people who have befriended you, and the gratitude I owe them for their kindness, induce me to consent to your return, persuaded though I am that there is hardly any chance that you will keep your word. These are my conditions: (1.) That you

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shall make, sell, or cause to be made or sold absolutely nothing, except for me alone. You shall not sell even an old watch-key without rendering an account of it to me. (2.) You must get up in summer at six, and in winter at seven. You must work cheerfully till supper-time at anything I give you to do. I mean that you shall employ the ability God has given you to become famous in your profession. Remember that it is shameful and disgraceful not to excel, and that if you do not become eminent you forfeit my respect; for the love of such a noble art should penetrate your heart, and fill your mind to the exclusion of all other interests. (3.) You must not go out any more to supper, or stay away from home of an evening; but you may dine with your friends on Sundays and holidays, on condition, however, that I know where you go, and that you always come back before nine o'clock. (4.) You must give up entirely your *miserable music*, and, above all, the society of other young men. Both these things have brought you to ruin. Nevertheless, through regard to your weakness, I allow you to play on the flute and violin; but only on the express condition that it shall be in the evening on week days, and at such times and places, moreover, as shall not interfere with our neighbors' rest, or my own either."

The boy promised to obey, and faithfully kept his word. From this time he never seems to have forfeited his father's esteem or affection; on the contrary, he became the pride and joy of his life. Two years after, he invented a tiny escapement for watches, but was robbed of all honor and profit for the time being by the dishonesty of a well-known watchmaker of the city, in whom he had with pride confided, and who appropriated the invention. The lad prosecuted him, however, and finally triumphed. The suit had attracted attention, and soon after he was appointed

watchmaker to the king. Then he made a watch with the new escapement as a present for Madame Pompadour, who wore it in a ring on her finger. Such watches became the fashion, and orders flowed in from all the courtiers and those who mimicked their ways. Among these customers came a lady whose husband, considerably older than herself, held a place in the king's household. Enchanted with the young man's appearance and manners, she cultivated his acquaintance, put him in the way of buying her husband's place at court, when he gave it up, soon afterwards, and, on the old man's death, married the handsome young watchmaker. From a small estate in her possession he now assumed the name of Beaumarchais, which he shared at once with his favorite sister, Julia. He became also, about this time, secretary to his majesty,—rather a sinecure, one would think, in this part of the reign of Louis XV.,—and soon made himself indispensable to the princesses, those four royal ladies whose pious, retired life, in the centre of the gay, licentious court of their father, presented such a striking contrast to their surroundings. Beaumarchais taught them to play on everything, from a trombone to a jew's-harp; procured them all the instruments they wanted; organized and presided at the weekly entertainments they gave their father,—concerts attended by the queen, the dauphin, and all the best part of the court. The thoughtlessness of the princesses in money matters, or their inability to pay for the instruments he bought for their use, was an endless source of embarrassment to their *protégé*, whose means were far from unlimited. However, he was making his way. The dauphin liked the young man, and said once, "Beaumarchais is the only person who speaks the truth to me." After his untimely death, no doubt this partiality was an additional passport to his sisters' favor.

The story of the watch has been often told, but may bear repetition. One day a young noble stopped Beaumarchais, as, all arrayed in his court suit, he was passing through the palace corridor, on his way to give a lesson to his royal pupils, and asked him, with mock gravity, to examine his watch, and see what was the matter with it. A group of youthful aristocrats at once drew near to enjoy the sport. "I should not advise you to trust it in my hands," said the young aspirant. "I have grown very awkward." His tormentor insisting, with profuse compliments, much to the amusement of his friends, Beaumarchais lifted the watch up to the light, as if to look closely at it, and then dropped it deliberately on the ground, so that it was crushed by the fall. Turning on his heel, saying, "I told you I had grown very awkward," he left the disconcerted courtier to pick up the pieces himself. Then he fought a duel, and killed another young nobleman, who had insulted him, but was too generous to reveal the name of his adversary before he died of his wounds.

He now persuaded his father, perhaps on account of all this trouble, to close his shop, and take up his abode with him. The old man did so reluctantly, but never seems to have repented of his acquiescence.

Through his influence with the king's daughters, he ingratiated himself with an old speculator and financier, Paris Duverny, who had helped Voltaire to make his fortune, and was ready to do the same for young Beaumarchais. They entered into partnership, made extensive business arrangements, and set on foot many projects, almost always with a view to public benefit as well as private profit.

Meantime, two of Beaumarchais's sisters had gone to Madrid, where one married an architect, and the younger became affianced to a literary man in favor at the Spanish court. Twice, when the

wedding-day had been fixed and all preparations completed, the bridegroom had not been forthcoming, and the second time he failed to appear the young girl was made alarmingly ill by distress and mortification. Learning this, her brother first assured himself that she was in no wise to blame, and then departed post haste for Madrid, sought an interview with the faithless lover, and, on his refusing satisfaction, left no stone unturned till he had procured his public disgrace and summary dismissal. Goethe has made this story the subject of a play entitled *Clavigo*, in which he introduces Beaumarchais as "the avenger." Our hero remained a year in Madrid, where he made many friends, came into high favor at court, and contracted an intimacy with Lord Rochford, the English ambassador. Here again his "miserable music" made the bond of sympathy and contributed to his advancement.

He proposed at this time to colonize the Sierra Morena, to take the place of commissary-general of the king's army, and also, I regret to say, obtained a monopoly for supplying the Spanish West India Islands with negroes direct from Africa. This project, however, seems ultimately to have been abandoned. His next step was to purchase a new place at court, that of *lieutenant général des chasses*, or superintendent of the king's hunting grounds. This office involved the exercise of judicial functions, and now we find him invested with robes of state, holding court every week at the Palais de Justice.

He had lost his wife about a year after their marriage, and on his return from Spain there had been a projected union with a certain fair West Indian ward, in whom he was greatly interested, and who had become an inmate of his family. But this affair never culminated, and Beaumarchais soon married another widow, beautiful, brilliant, and very rich. She died in three years, and their little son did not long survive her.

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At this time he first appeared in the character of a dramatic author. His two plays, *Eugénie* and *Les Deux Amis* met with no great success, and added nothing to his reputation; they were of the sentimental, serious character then in vogue, and are now forgotten. The most conspicuous part he then played was that of a wood merchant. In partnership with M. Paris Duverny he had bought the great forest of Chinon, and they were engaged in this business on a large scale, when M. Duverny died, and their accounts remained unsettled. Unfortunately, a nephew of the old financier, the Comte de la Blache, an avowed enemy of Beaumarchais, was appointed executor and residuary legatee. All Beaumarchais's claims against the estate were contested, litigation ensued, and, when the first decision was rendered against him, the count appealed to a higher court, in which a commoner would necessarily contend at great disadvantage with a member of the aristocracy. The refusal to accept Beaumarchais's statements involved an accusation of forgery, and while this important suit remained undecided a great scandal occurred. A brutal, stalwart nobleman, the Duc de Chaulnes, had become jealous of the favor shown Beaumarchais by a young actress whom the duke had taken under his protection. She appears to have been frightened by the nobleman's violence, and he attributed her changed manner to the successful rivalry of our hero, challenged him to fight a duel, and, while they were waiting for their seconds, made an assault upon him in his own house, literally with tooth and nail. The police was obliged to interfere, and both parties were arrested. The duke was sent to Vincennes, and Beaumarchais to a less distinguished place of confinement, where he remained a long time, to the great detriment of his lawsuit.

The staunch old Parliament of Paris had been exiled, and was now replaced

by the servile assembly called, from its creator, the Maupeou Parliament. It shows the frivolous mood of those days that, when one of the members of this assembly complained to Maurepas that they could not show themselves in the streets without being insulted by the populace, the minister replied, "Wear dominoes, then, and they will not know you." To a member of this discredited and most discreditable body was referred the suit brought by the Comte de la Blache against Beaumarchais. It was a serious matter, affecting his character no less than his property. Beaumarchais received permission to leave his place of confinement, attended by a jailer, in order to solicit his judges, as was customary. But he failed in his repeated attempts to see the counselor Goëzman, whom he had reason to believe prejudiced against him by persistent endeavors, made by friends of La Blache and the Duke de Chaulnes, to blacken his character. They had published and widely disseminated most atrocious libels and unfounded accusations against him; among others, that of poisoning his two wives. In this dilemma, unable to obtain an audience, it was suggested that a handsome present made to Madame Goëzman, wife of the counselor, might gain him admission to the husband's presence. The experiment was tried, and it succeeded, though the interview was unsatisfactory, and the decision, when rendered, proved to be adverse. It had been agreed that if the suit were decided against him the lady should return the money given her; and she did so, all but a small sum, fifteen louis, said to be retained as a compensation to the great man's secretary. Beaumarchais discovered that this individual had never received the money, and he immediately wrote to Madame Goëzman, indignantly demanding restitution. Probably having spent the money, she complained to her husband; and he, possibly misinformed in regard to the

details of the affair, prosecuted Beaumarchais at once for false accusation and endeavor to corrupt a magistrate in the exercise of his judicial functions. Publicity in legal affairs was then unknown in France, such cases always being tried with closed doors, and Beaumarchais knew that Goëzman could thus bid him defiance with perfect impunity in the Maupeou Parliament. In this extremity, on the brink of financial ruin, his property attached for the debt to the Duverny estate, his hands tied, and his character defamed by libels industriously circulated, he had the genius to perceive that his only salvation lay in dealing a deadly blow at the infamous power, the assembly, which had pronounced one verdict against him, and most likely would hasten to confirm it by another. There was a great risk to be run; for the king himself would be indirectly assaulted in the persons of these members, his subservient tools; but what else could be done? No one could be found to undertake his case, so he became his own advocate, and proved a most able one. In polite European society, for the next seven months, his brilliant defense of himself and his scathing assaults of his enemies were the staple topics of conversation and an unfailing source of amusement.

Voltaire, Horace Walpole, and Goethe have all recorded their delight in these Memorials. The gay young dauphiness, Marie Antoinette, enjoyed them extremely, and named the bunch of plumes that crowned her head-dress from a jest in one of his dramatic reports of the proceedings. These witty appeals to public opinion, in which he knew "how to merge his private grievances in the public wrongs," and to hold up for merciless ridicule a deservedly despised tribunal, introduced publicity in legal affairs and made certain the downfall of the hated Parliament. It was not, however, legally abolished till 1774. A wit of the day said, "It took Louis Quinze to es-

tablish, and *quinze louis* to overthrow, the Maupeou Parliament." At the end of a seven months' contest with a private individual, this notorious body signed its own death-warrant by condemning both Beaumarchais and the counselor Goëzman to "public censure." They were declared to have forfeited their civil rights, and the famous Memorials were ordered to be burned by the public executioner. When the verdict was made known it became the signal for a perfect ovation. All people of distinction in Paris flocked to the house of Beaumarchais, and vied in doing him honor. Led by the Prince de Conti, the world of fashion waited on the condemned criminal, and he was entitled "the first citizen of France," from a well-known passage in his Memorials, in which he says, "I am a citizen, and I mean by that neither a courtier, an abbé, a man of rank, a financier, or a favorite. I am a citizen; that is to say, what you should have been for the last two hundred years,—what you may be, perhaps, in twenty years to come."

One statesman at this time laughingly warned him that it was not enough to have been sentenced by the Maupeou Parliament; he must try and bear his honors meekly.

The keen satire, fun, and graphic descriptions of these Memorials have secured for them a permanent place in French literature. All the scenes in which he introduces Madame Goëzman are particularly comic. She was a frivolous, pretty woman, whose head was turned by a compliment, and who became hopelessly bewildered in her statements. She shows in her conduct a remarkable mixture of craft, innocence, and impudence. "The poor woman," confronted with Beaumarchais, is made to say black is white; he alternately soothes and enrages her. When he drives her distracted, she threatens to box his ears; when he pays her a compliment, and says that he should take

her to be eighteen instead of thirty, she smiles in spite of herself, does not think him quite so impertinent, and even asks him to escort her to her carriage. It is the gayest, most delicious irony. As he says of himself, "Cry as much as you may, you cannot help laughing. Je suis un peu comme la cousine d'Héloïse, j'ai beau pleurer, il faut toujours que le rire s'échappe par quelque coin." Some passages of a different sort have become classic; for instance, the one ending with this prayer: "Being of Beings, I owe thee all: the joy of living, of thinking and feeling. I believe that thou hast ordered good and evil for us in equal measure. I believe that thy justice wisely compensates us for all, and that the succession of pain and pleasure, of fear and hope, is the fresh wind which fills the vessel's sails, and sends her gayly on her way."

Though a popular idol, he was yet legally disfranchised, and Beaumarchais was not a man to resign himself to his fate except for the time being,—"*provisoirement*," as he says. He had just married, too, for the third time. His wife was a most estimable and attractive woman, who was full of enthusiasm for the hero of the Goëzman suit, and he was unwearied in his endeavors to procure his restoration to civil rights by ingratiating himself with Louis XV. He undertook, among other things, a delicate diplomatic mission, and induced an unscrupulous scoundrel, who had taken refuge in England, to forego the publication of some scandalous memoirs of Madame Du Barry. This was accomplished "for a consideration;" but when Beaumarchais returned to claim his reward, Louis XV. was on his death-bed, and his labor had been all in vain. Nothing daunted, however, he undertook to manage the mysterious Chevalier d'Eon for the new king, gained his point, and then offered to obtain the suppression of a pamphlet, offensive to Marie Antoinette, which was in the posses-

sion of a certain Jew named Angelucci. His remarkable adventures with Jews and bandits, his kind reception by Maria Theresa, and his subsequent incarceration in Austria are amusingly related by Loménie. While in England, employed in these delicate diplomatic missions, he had renewed his intimacy with his Madrid friend, Lord Rochford, now a cabinet minister, and he had become also a frequent visitor at the house of John Wilkes. There he met many of the friends of America, and subsequently made the acquaintance of the man who was destined to do him so much harm, Arthur Lee. France was at this time in a state of great exasperation against England, and Beaumarchais tried with all his might for two years to convince Louis XVI. of what he fully believed himself,—that civil war was imminent across the Channel, that the attempt to coerce America was extremely unpopular, and that aiding the insurgents would insure the final destruction of the dreaded hereditary enemy of France. To injure England, and thus aggrandize his own country, was apparently his object at first; but as he learned more of our struggle for liberty, he evidently became deeply interested in the issue.

In 1776, Congress sent Silas Deane to Paris to solicit aid for our dauntless army. Before any answer could arrive from him, the secret committee of Congress received a communication from Arthur Lee, in London, stating that the French ambassador at the court of St. James had been won over to the American cause by his strenuous efforts and powerful persuasion, and, at his solicitation, had induced his government to send a secret agent to him, Arthur Lee, offering as a gratuity a million livres. This present, however, he added, was to be made under cover of a commercial transaction of some kind, for fear of alarming England, with whom France was then at peace.

The truth was that the French ambassador in London knew nothing at all of the matter, and that Beaumarchais, striving to interest Louis XVI. and his ministers in what he had learned to regard as a great and glorious cause, had merely called on Arthur Lee, and imparted to him his own scheme for conveying assistance to the colonies. Indeed, in urgent letters to M. Vergennes on this subject, of a subsequent date, he alludes to Mr. Lee as an American who will go to Paris and confer with the ministers, if they eventually consent to help America.

The enthusiastic advocacy and persistent energy of Beaumarchais at last produced an effect. The king agreed to aid the "insurgents," but on the express condition that the commercial transaction should be *bona fide*. Beaumarchais on his part agreed to establish in Paris a mercantile house, under the assumed name of Rodrigue Hortalez & Co., for the purpose of procuring and sending to America all sorts of military supplies, to be paid for, on long credit, by returns of American products. This plan entirely superseded the first idea of gratuitous help, and met with especial favor, as it seemed to obviate the danger of war with England.

When, therefore, Silas Deane made his application for aid, it was refused ; but at the same time he was given to understand that he could doubtless make advantageous arrangements with the house of Hortalez & Co. It had been settled that arms, ammunition, and all sorts of military stores could be taken from the royal arsenals,—to be returned, however ; and also that his majesty should stand between the colonists and their creditor, to see that they were not pressed for speedy payment.

How the house of Rodrigue Hortalez & Co. should be subsidized, if at all, by the French government would seem clearly to have been a matter between Beaumarchais and the ministers. But,

strangely enough, in after years, this idea appears never to have occurred to congressional committees, who persistently refused to pay Beaumarchais till they had found out all about his transactions with his own government.

Beaumarchais, finding Silas Deane the accredited American agent in Paris, now made all his arrangements with him on the new basis, perfectly unaware of the unfounded expectations which had been excited by Lee, whose premature statement to Congress was refuted by the actual condition of things, and who found himself, moreover, quite overshadowed by Deane. Lee now tried to maintain his ground and revenge himself by representing, in his correspondence with his influential relatives at home, that Beaumarchais was an unscrupulous, intriguing adventurer, who was trying to enrich himself out of the king's free gift ; and that Silas Deane had been entrapped by him, and induced to join in the plot. Distance and the medium of an imperfectly understood foreign language made this tangled web very hard to unravel.

Dr. Franklin, too, who had just arrived as joint commissioner with Silas Deane and Arthur Lee, was prejudiced against Beaumarchais, and a strange oversight of his own contributed not a little to keep up the mystification for many years to come. Dr. Dubourg, an old gentleman, who was a warm friend of America, and who had translated the Declaration of Independence into French, to Dr. Franklin's great delight, dissatisfied to see himself thus overshadowed and supplanted by Beaumarchais, wrote to M. de Vergennes : "I have seen M. Beaumarchais this morning, and have conferred with him. No one does more justice than myself to his honesty, discretion, and zeal for all that is great and good. I believe him to be the best man in the world for political negotiations, but perhaps at the same time the most unfit for commercial

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transactions. He likes show, and I am assured that he supports several young women. . . . There is not in all France a merchant or a manufacturer who would not hesitate to have business dealings with him."

The minister, infinitely amused, sent the letter at once to Beaumarchais himself, who thus answers the doctor:—

"*My DEAR SIR,—* Grant that I am wasteful and extravagant, and support young women: how does that affect the matter in hand? The young women whom I have supported for the last twenty years are your very humble servants. They were five in number, four sisters and one niece. Three years ago two of these young women died, to my great regret, and now I support only three, two sisters and one niece. No doubt this is extravagant for a private person like me. But what would you have thought, if, knowing me better, you had become aware of the outrageous fact that I have supported men also, two young nephews,—pretty fellows,—and even the unfortunate father who brought into the world such a scandalous supporter?"

This Dubourg episode shows conclusively that the commercial character of the transaction was fully recognized and acknowledged, in France, at least.

Beaumarchais now went to work at his chosen task with such hearty good will and abounding energy that before one year had elapsed he had transmitted supplies to the amount of a million livres. Acting under the misconception, however, of supposing it all a free gift from the King of France, Congress sent no returns of any consequence; and when some vessels laden with tobacco were consigned to the American commissioners in Paris, Beaumarchais expostulated, but received no explanation. No answer came to any of his letters, nor the slightest sign of recognition from a government in whose cause he was straining every nerve.

The English ambassador in Paris, having got wind of the transaction, had complained of it as an infringement of the treaty between the two countries, and Vergennes felt himself obliged to disavow and discountenance a proceeding which he secretly favored. So vessels were detained in port, and cargoes attached, and the representative of Hortalez & Co. must have had his patience sorely tried as he traveled in hot haste from Havre to Bordeaux, making herculean efforts to collect and dispatch his stores in face of countless difficulties. At last, confounded by this persistent non-recognition, he sent an agent to America, M. de Francey,—rather too young a man for the purpose. He came over in the same ship with Baron Steuben and some gallant French officers, whom Beaumarchais and Marie Antoinette had fired with enthusiasm for America. The agent was disgusted with everything, saw nobody to admire but General Washington, and sent to his patron the most dismal and discouraging letters. Lee's friends were powerful, and the cabal had taken into partnership a disaffected sea-captain, named Ducoudray, who had been discharged by Beaumarchais for incompetency, and who now wrote a pamphlet against him, which was published in America, and helped to manufacture prejudice and create an unfavorable public opinion. De Francey did succeed, however, in getting members of Congress to read the correspondence between Beaumarchais and Vergennes. This may have made some impression, for in 1779, after two years and a half of thankless toil, he received at last a letter of acknowledgment in the name of Congress, written by the president, and ending thus:—

"While by your rare talents you were rendering yourself useful to your prince, you have gained the esteem of this newborn republic, and have earned the applause of the New World.

"JOHN JAY, *President.*"

The enthusiasm of Beaumarchais had remained unabated through all this discouragement. He confidentially writes to his angry, discomfited agent :—

"In spite of all these annoyances, the news from America fills me with joy. Brave, brave people! Their military prowess fully justifies my esteem and the fine enthusiasm felt for them in France. In short, my friend, I look anxiously for returns to enable me to meet my engagements here, mainly that I may then make new arrangements for their advantage."

At last, a direct question from the chairman of a congressional committee brought out the explicit declaration, that the supplies for America, transmitted by Beaumarchais, were not given by the king. The debt was then acknowledged, payment promised, and all would have gone on smoothly but for two unfortunate circumstances. One was that Beaumarchais's accounts, presented in 1788, were referred to a committee of three, of which his arch-enemy, Arthur Lee, was chairman; and the other was that mysterious affair of the "lost million."

In 1776, six months before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, this receipt was signed :—

"I have received from M. Duvergier, conformably to the orders of the Comte de Vergennes, on the 5th instant, the sum of one million livres, *for which I am to account to the aforesaid Comte de Vergennes.*

"CARON DE BEAUMARCAIS."

The King of France, long after this, loaned and gave large sums to the American commissioners to carry on the war. In 1783 Franklin signed a receipt for nine millions gratuity; yet three years after, on his return to America, it was discovered that only eight millions had passed through the hands of our banker in Paris. Dr. Franklin conjectured that the missing million must have been given to Beaumarchais for our use. In

1794 the government of France was often in unskilled hands, and Gouverneur Morris, then our envoy, contrived to get from the minister of foreign affairs the receipt already quoted as given to Vergennes. Thenceforth Beaumarchais was charged with that sum, and his accounts were persistently disputed, remaining unsettled for fifty years. Talleyrand wrote, exonerating him. The French government exerted itself in his favor, and through its successive ambassadors to this country unwearingly asserted the justice of his claim; declaring over and over again, officially, that he had accounted for that million to its entire satisfaction; nay, even went so far as to explain and assert that it was given as secret service money, and not meant for supplies, at all. However that may have been, the fact remains that his claims, after being referred to six committees of Congress (three reporting favorably, and three adversely), were set aside till 1835, thirty-six years after the death of Beaumarchais; and a settlement was effected then only by the most persistent importunity on the part of his representatives.

In exile, in 1795, from a garret near Hamburg, he addresses the following letter to the American people :—

"Americans, I have served you with indefatigable zeal. During my life bitterness has been my only reward, and I die your creditor. Permit me, then, as a dying man, to bequeath to you my only daughter, and to endow her with what you owe me. . . . Perhaps Providence has designed, by this delay in your payment, to provide her with means after my death, thus saving my child from utter destitution. Adopt her as a worthy daughter of the state.

"If you refuse this, if I could fear that you would deny justice to myself or my heirs, desperate, ruined, by Europe as well as by you, I should have only one prayer,—for a respite which might allow me to go to America. Arrived

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amongst you, broken down in mind and body, I should be carried to your capital, to the doors of your national assembly, with my accounts in my hand; and there, holding out to all passers-by the cap of Liberty, with which no man more than myself has helped to adorn your brows, I should cry out, Americans! alms for your friend, for whose accumulated services behold the reward, 'Date obolum Belisario'!"

This man, who, beginning life as a watchmaker's apprentice, had made himself an inventor, a courtier, a teacher in the royal family, a banker, a shipping merchant on a larger scale than the Medici, a dramatic author of the greatest popularity, a diplomatist, a cabinet counselor, and a master of eloquence of European renown, was also a great publisher. The story of his two editions of Voltaire, complete for the first time, is a chapter by itself. "Haunted by the fear of mediocrity," as he used to say, he bought paper-mills in the Vosges and went to England to purchase the famous Baskerville types, so as to have the best of materials; and when he could find no place for his printing-press in France, on account of prohibition, he persuaded the Margrave of Baden to let him have the dismantled fortress of Kehl for that purpose. As Loménie says, "To superintend the manufacture, printing, and publication of these one hundred and sixty-two volumes, included in two editions of 15,000 copies each, and smuggle them into France, really with the connivance of the government, but still at the risk of prohibition, was a laborious enterprise for a man already overwhelmed by the pressure of business." Maurepas had encouraged him to persevere in the work, and had assured him of his sanction; but he died in 1781, and his death was a heavy blow to Beaumarchais. He managed, however, to interest Calonne, the successor of Maurepas, and in three years' time had completed this great task. It may

be mentioned that this is the first time we hear of premiums and a lottery in connection with subscriptions for a book. The notes contributed by the editor are few in number, but characteristic. For instance, where Voltaire writes to M. d'Argental, "An ardent, impetuous, passionate man like Beaumarchais may give a box on the ear to his wife, and possibly two boxes on the ear to his two wives, but he does not poison them," he adds this note: "I certify that this Beaumarchais, sometimes beaten by women, like most men who have loved them too well, never committed the disgraceful act of lifting his hand against one of them."

We have come now to the most brilliant part of his career. The new parliament of Louis XVI., several years before, had triumphantly reinstated him in his civil rights, and had reversed the unfavorable decision in the La Blache case. He was a man of large fortune and great renown, married for the third time to a charming woman, and on familiar terms with those most famous in fashion, politics, and letters. His liberality and kindness seem as inexhaustible as his energy, and his private correspondence and business papers teem with many touching proofs of his sympathy for unfortunate people, who had no claim whatever upon him but their sorrows. He gave not only money but his precious time and the magnetic virtue of his cordial interest. The Barber of Seville had acquired the popularity it still maintains, giving him a high place in the fraternity of dramatic authors; but now he produced *The Marriage de Figaro*. Probably he had no definite design of disturbance in writing this comedy, which flashed out upon the wrongs of the poor and the abuses of the powerful; but Napoleon said of it, "It is the Revolution in action."

Madame Campan has told us of her reading the manuscript aloud to Marie Antoinette and her husband, and how

the king walked up and down the room, when she came to the famous monologue, exclaiming, "This is detestable! It shall never be played. So long as the Bastille stands, the representation of this piece would be a dangerous folly. This man sports with everything that should be respected in a government." "Can't it be played?" urged the queen. "Certainly not," answered Louis XVI. "You may be sure of that." So the representation was forbidden. No one sided with the king but his brother, the Comte de Provence, and M. Mirosmenil, the keeper of the seals. All the fashionable world longed for the forbidden fruit, and ran wild to hear the author read it in private. You heard on all hands, "I am going to-night to hear M. Beaumarchais read the *Mariage de Figaro*; or, 'Are you invited to-morrow to hear the *Mariage de Figaro*?' The Duc de Fronsac, son of the Duc de Richelieu, writes to the author to entreat him, as a great favor, to read it at the hôtel of the Princesse de Lamballe, and Catherine of Russia sends for him to bring it out in St. Petersburg. The manuscript used at these readings is still extant, tied with faded pink ribbons, and the words "*opusculle comique*" on the outside, in the author's handwriting.

After a three years' battle between Beaumarchais and all Paris, on the one hand, and the king, his brother, and the keeper of the seals, on the other, the popular party gained the day, and the piece was represented. The effect was prodigious. Beaumarchais himself says, "If there is one thing more extravagant than my piece, it is its success."

"It will come to an end," said one of his enemies, behind the scenes, on the evening of the first representation. "Yes," answered Sophie Arnould, "fifty times over." The witty actress was wrong; it was acted more than a hundred times in succession.

The elder brother of the king had been very much annoyed on the open-

ing night, and through a M. Suard constantly sent to the newspapers unfavorable criticisms of the piece and abuse of its author, suggested, if not written, by Monsieur himself. Whether Beaumarchais knew this or not, he began by replying with his usual gayety and readiness, but after a while, weary, probably, of the whole thing, he sent a communication to the *Journal de Paris*, declining in future to notice these attacks, and saying that "when he had brought out his play in spite of lions and tigers, he did not mean, after it had succeeded, to spend his time fighting every morning, like a Dutch servant-girl, the vile insect of the night." "Monsieur" took the insult to himself, and went in high dudgeon to the king, whom he found playing cards, and who consented at once to punish this daring Beaumarchais by writing on the seven of clubs, which he held in his hand, an order for his immediate incarceration in the prison of St. Lazare, used as a house of correction for young offenders. The king may have given vent in this way to his suppressed irritation in regard to the piece. It must be said, however, that it is the only act of inexcusable tyranny attributed to Louis XVI.

One roar of laughter went up from Paris the next morning, when it was known that this favorite author and illustrious man was shut up in prison for his impetuous sally. He stayed there only three days, and at last was almost entreated to come out. The king had repented of his precipitation, and may have been rendered uneasy by the popular demonstration, which was losing its jocular tone, and becoming serious in its character. He sent the prisoner a handsome sum of money, which was declined all but a hundred francs,—the amount, perhaps, of his expenditure during his detention. On his release he repaired to the theatre, where the obnoxious play was being represented, and received an uproarious welcome. It was

a long time before the actors could go on, and the deafening applause was renewed when they came to this phrase in the great monologue: "Not being able to degrade wit, they maltreat it." Soon after this *The Barber of Seville* was acted at the Trianon, the queen herself taking the part of Rosine; and the author was invited to be present, a delicate way of making reparation for the insult which he had received.

Apart from its historic significance, the *Mariage de Figaro* does not interest us to-day. The plot is objectionable, and the wit often licentious. Most of the abuses he satirizes no longer exist, though we may still need reminding, even here in the United States of America, that "without the privilege of blaming, no praise is flattering," and that "only petty men dread insignificant writings."¹ One passage, however, commonly omitted in representation, though found in all standard editions of the play, may be worth quoting. Marceline, the mother of Figaro, is speaking, and she says,—

"Men, more than ungrateful, who wither with your scorn the playthings of your passions, your victims, you should be made to suffer also for the errors of our youth. . . . What employment is there left for these miserable young women? They have a natural right to busy themselves with female apparel, and thousands of men are set to work upon it."

Figaro, angrily: "Yes, even the soldiers now are made to embroider."

Marceline: "Even in the higher ranks women obtain from you only derisive consideration, lured by pretended respect into real servitude,² treated as irresponsible minors in regard to our property, and punished as responsible beings for our faults."

So a reformer of the present day may find a text in the *Mariage de Figaro*.

¹ Il n'y a que les petits hommes qui redoutent les petits écrits.

The Parisian public was very much excited at this time by the production of his philosophical, political, and scientific opera, entitled *Tarare*, in which he aimed at producing all the effect of a Greek drama, combining dancing, music, and poetry with more solid attractions, but substituting scientific statement for the Greek mythology. The best pupil of Glück, Salieri, composed the music, and the piece had a great run. Wonderful to relate, it was popular, and kept its place on the stage, under different metamorphoses, till 1819.

The 14th of July, 1789, found Beaumarchais busily superintending the erection of a magnificent dwelling-house, close by the Bastille. He did not occupy it till 1791, and it was thenceforth a fertile source of annoyance in those troublous times. It became the wonder of Paris, but in 1818 it was pulled down, to carry out the new plans for improving the city. Beaumarchais took charge of the demolition of the Bastille at his own request, but he was far from sympathizing with the extremists, and wrote an address to the French people, which he sent to the Jacobins. It begins thus: "I defy the devil to carry on any business in these frightful days of disorder, misnamed liberty;" and he ends with these words: "O my weeping country, O wretched Frenchmen, to what purpose have you overthrown Bastilles, if robbers are to come and dance over the ruins, and slaughter us upon them? Friends of freedom, know that license and anarchy are its executioners. Join me in demanding laws of these deputies, who owe them to us, who have been made our representatives solely for that purpose. Let us be at peace with Europe. Was it not the most glorious day of our lives when that peace was proclaimed to the world? Your maxims will be established, will be propagated, far better, if you are shown to have

² Traitées en mineures pour nos biens, punies en majeures pour nos fautes.

been made happy by them,—far better than they can possibly be by war and devastation. Are you happy? Tell the truth. Is it not with French blood that our land is deluged? Speak! is there one of us who has not tears to shed? Peace, laws, and a constitution,—without these blessings we have no country; worse than all, no freedom!" A man who writes, signs, and publishes such words as these on the 6th of March, 1793, and then stays in Paris, is not cowardly. As Sainte-Beuve says, "The only wonder is that he kept his head on his shoulders."

In 1792 France needed arms, and Beaumarchais undertook to obtain them in Holland. Sent after them in 1794 by the committee of public safety, he was put on the list of emigrants by the department of Paris, which confiscated his property, seized and destroyed his papers, imprisoned his sister, wife, and daughter, and declared him a public enemy. He took refuge at last in Hamburg, and could not return till long after the death of Robespierre had opened the prison doors and set his family at liberty. His daughter had a horror of their magnificent house, where they had all suffered so much; nothing could induce her to return to it; so she hid herself away with her mother, while his sister Julia, in order to preserve the property from destruction, lived there entirely alone, in great poverty, for a whole year, subject to constant annoyance from domiciliary visits. At last, under the Directory, they were reunited in the great house, and Beaumarchais tried to gather up what was left of the wreck of his fortune. The old man felt the prevailing enthusiasm for Bonaparte, and addressed some verses to the young conqueror, adjuring him to add one more to his glorious deeds, and remember the prisoners at Olmutz. It was like Beaumarchais to remind him of Lafayette then. He had also become much interested in the use to be made of bal-

loons, in war and in peace, and busied himself in preparing a memorial, addressed to the Directory, on the massacre of the French plenipotentiaries at Rastadt. This was his last work. On a May morning, 1799, the old man was found dead in his bed: probably the cause of his death was apoplexy. The last evening with his family had been gay and pleasant, as usual.

He left an only child, his daughter Eugénie, married, after the Terror, to M. Delarne, aid-de-camp to Lafayette. His widow writes after his death, "Our loss is irreparable: the companion of twenty-five years has vanished, leaving only useless regret, a terrible loneliness, and ineffaceable memories. He readily forgave his enemies, and gladly overlooked an injury. He was a good father, a zealous and serviceable friend, and the born champion of any absent person attacked in his presence. Superior to the petty jealousy so common among men of letters, he counseled and encouraged all, helping them with his money and advice. We should be grateful for the manner of his death; it saved him the pain of parting. He quitted this life as unconsciously as he entered it."

He had been quite deaf for the last few years, but he never lost his enjoyment of a joke, and liked to sign himself, "The first poet in Paris, entering by the Porte St. Antoine." The inscription on the collar of his little dog has often been quoted: "I am Mlle. Follette. Beaumarchais belongs to me. We live on the Boulevard."

Sullied by the faults and vices of his day and generation, dissolute at times in life and utterance, he yet seems to have been invariably generous and affectionate in his family relations, and was idolized as a son and a brother. Fond of display and reckless in speculation, always savoring somewhat of an adventurer, he still devoted himself unremittingly and unsparingly to works of public utility and private beneficence.

Imprudent, often quixotic in these enterprises, he was nevertheless remarkable for practical knowledge and shrewd common sense. His energy and industry were wonderful, and his kindness of heart and ready sympathy appear to have been inexhaustible.

His bust stands to-day in the Comédie Française in Paris. Should there

not be a niche in American memories for our friend in need ; a man like him, thus associated with the early days of our history ; one who, while striving to help himself, never forgot to help others ? Was not Eugénie Delarne justified in the pride with which she said to the conqueror of Austerlitz, "I am the daughter of Beaumarchais" ?

Maria Ellery McKaye.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

XXI.

BY FAR LESS FAVORABLE TO THE PLATONIC THEORY.

WHEN Bainbridge had not appeared for some time, Ottile grew vaguely restless. After the events last narrated she indulged in an unusual amount of day-dreaming about him. How warmly he had bent over her that evening at Mrs. Hastings' ; how agitated he had seemed ! How the charming domesticity of that occasion had appeared to take hold upon him also ! What had he been intending to say to her ? What had he had in mind to say to her, too, that other evening when she had read the book for him, and he had stammered so over her hand, in thanking her for it ? She was almost afraid of the next meeting. The idea of it made her heart throb faster.

Ah, if he might care for her ! If it might come about, in some improbable way, she knew not how, that they could always remain together ! In the gravity of her twenty-one years, she endeavored to lift the veil of the future. Without Bainbridge in the foreground it all wore a very chilly look. She had before her a useful career, duties to many and to herself ; she had not the slightest right to count upon him, and there

are so many other matters than those of sentiment for a well-regulated person, such as she desired to be, to think of. Still, a natural bias towards romance was strong within her, and yet unsubdued. She dreamed the sweet dream of young girls, and at some time of all good women, of having a strong protecting arm to shield her from the hardships of the wide, unsympathetic world ; a person to whom she could look up with esteem and even a certain awe, and yet whom she felt that on occasion she could twist about the smallest of her little fingers. He should be so foolishly misguided as to think her an adorable person, even though few others did. He should go in and out about his affairs every day from a home and fireside which she could regulate at her own sweet will, as she had her doll's house in childhood. All this moved in a fluttering way through her fancy. She could conceive no other figure that fitted so well into her pictures of domestic happiness as Bainbridge.

He did not come, however. She missed him greatly. It could not be that he was engrossed with more important affairs, for she heard of him elsewhere. She knew of his going to Miss Rawson's, from the information of that lady herself, who came to call on her. Miss Rawson spoke of the Hasbrouck

girls, and renewed in Otilie something like a pang of self-reproach, as if it had been owing to treachery on her part that she had not been able to do anything for them.

Then the visitor chattered about Bainbridge. She dwelt upon his charming qualities. "I see him now constantly," she said, watching the effect upon Otilie, "though at one time he had almost abandoned me." She took out some programmes of an entertainment in private theatricals, in which his name was prominently set down for a comic part. It was to be given at her house, and she begged that Otilie would come.

"Girls love to have the man in whom they invest their vanities admired," says the tranquil Coventry Patmore, and probably nothing is truer, but not in this way, with these dangerous airs of proprietorship. Otilie tortured herself with the idea that it might be Emily Rawson who was the cause of her troubles. She cried over it after the visitor had gone, but then resolutely tried to put the feeling down: "I will not be so silly," she declared to herself. Recollecting what had happened before, she wrote to Bainbridge, offering some pretexts for him to come; but he declined them. Still, his reasons for doing so were plausible, and had not the air of being trumped up, and she did not know what to think.

Then, one day, Bainbridge left a mere formal card at the door without inquiring for her. She had really been at home, and he had not tried to find her. It seemed terribly significant, and she thought herself definitely abandoned.

Shortly after, they met at one of Mrs. Clef's musicales, to which Otilie had gone for the first time. It was an evening of the Harmonia Club of amateurs, and Miss Emily Rawson was there and played selections, as on a former occasion. Bainbridge paid her much attention. It was done with a purpose, though, we may confess for him, it almost broke his heart. He was in the

very midst of his manful effort to put the incommoding passion down, deal with himself on the philosophic principles and leave Otilie untrammeled to a better lot than any he could ever provide for her.

He conducted himself towards her, since he could not avoid her, with an elaborate courtesy. "This New York of ours is such an enormous place," he said, by way of explaining why it was that he had not been to see her for so long, "that it defeats itself. One deprives himself of very great pleasures, and is in danger of losing most valued acquaintances, through the sheer impossibility of getting about."

"I thought perhaps it might be another — misconception," said Otilie bravely, — "something might need to be explained."

She made this essay from a sense of duty, with a timid little air of uttering a pleasantry. Bearing in mind the needlessness of their former misunderstanding, she did not think it right that an opportunity by which it might be avoided a second time — though a second time it would have been so much more unreasonable — should be allowed to pass, even if the overture came from herself. She saw an agitated expression overspread the countenance of the young man, and felt that he but left her the quicker for the attempted explanation.

Presently Miss Rawson came, and said to her, "Do you know that this is the very place where I first heard of you? Mr. Bainbridge gave me such an entertaining account of you here, the evening after having met you at your uncle's store. We sympathized together over your peculiar situation."

They had sympathized together over her! She had afforded them entertainment! They had had this good understanding, then, long before she was ever heard of! Ah, what a poor, inconsequential person she was, Otilie thought.

With bitter pangs of jealousy on her side now, she persuaded herself that this was the key to the enigma, this the fatal rivalry in which the destruction of her own happiness was involved. "In Emily Rawson are united," she said, "most of the traits of which he has declared himself in search. Her accomplishments, her fortune, her knowledge of the world, her interest in purely mundane things, her sprightliness and intelligence, would all attract him. As likely as not there was some understanding between them before I came, and it is now resumed. Perhaps I was but a stop-gap, a light distraction for him during some interval, some lover's quarrel."

She made herself miserable with this notion, though trying all the while to repudiate it. "If he *has* used me as a pastime, oh, it was cruel, it was unworthy," she said, bristling with a certain fierceness, "and I ought to hate him!"

Then she recalled, to do him justice, that he had addressed her no word or assumption of love further than had been contained in his slight pretense of jealousy of Kingbolt. Upon the contrary, their platonic relation had been expressly defined. Bainbridge had advised and enjoined her to marry on the same mercenary basis that he openly professed himself.

The days passed, and still he did not come. The young girl grew paler and thinner. Her aunt ascribed the deterioration to the languor of opening spring, which was now again at hand. Mrs. Rodman Harvey had little time, however, for close observation of persons of minor importance. Her hands were full of engagements, as usual, and particularly of the wedding of her daughter Angelica, for which the date had been set and the preparations were actively in progress.

Ottolie had fits of weeping bitterly. At times the sense of loss gave her intolerable pain. She thought that it must endure always. She could not con-

ceive it as a possibility that any other person should fill the place of Bainbridge, or that her feeling towards him could ever abate. She had a wild impulse to write to him and pour out her affection in unmeasured terms. Could women never rise to that? Was there nothing better than cold conventionalism and usage? Perhaps if he only knew how much, how much, she loved him, it might awaken in him — it might palliate a little the unheard-of effrontery of the disclosure. She was almost ready to welcome the penalty of humiliation in his eyes. Was there no sacrifice, no heroic evidence of her affection, she could devise? Only to let him know of its depth and unselfishness, then to remove herself forever from his sight, — there seemed a certain ideal, desperate hope of satisfaction even in this. Could a woman never rise or fall — if fall it were — to those things? Must her heart break in silence? She recalled the case of one Clara La Salle at Lone Tree, whose indelicate defiance of public opinion and infatuation for a lover against the opposition of her parents had been the talk of the place. She felt a tenderness now for this misguided girl, and almost counted herself in the same category.

She did not, however, write to Bainbridge that she could not live without him, being aided to resist, no doubt, by the strength of the popular prejudice against such conduct. Nor did she take any other step overpassing the strictest bounds of maidenly propriety. These little dramas are played out in silence, the anguish lived down. They have their few incoherent moments of manifestation in solitude, in fevers, and in dreams. Ottolie wept, and, rising sometimes to look at her flushed face and swollen eyes in the mirror, said, "I am a disgraceful, shameless girl."

The invitations to Mrs. Stoneglass's literary receptions had been sent (upon a hint given by Bainbridge to that hospitable lady) and declined a number of

times. Ottolie felt no longer in a mood for this diversion. One evening Mr. Stoneglass called upon her to offer an invitation in person.

"We have feared," he said, "that you have not cared to come on account of the time being Sunday evening. We have a number of church-going friends who are inclined to feel the same way. Still, it is the most convenient evening on several accounts, and with our way of thinking we cannot bring ourselves to perceive any harm in it. We are to have a special evening, however, on Thursday of this week, for the well-known authoress, Mrs. Jane Claxton Shaftsbury, of Boston, who will be here. We hope very much that you will come. You will be sure to see there a few, at least, whom you know, and Mrs. Stoneglass and myself will look after you to the best of our ability."

"I used to read the books of Mrs. Jane Claxton Shaftsbury in my childhood with pleasure," replied Ottolie. "I shall consider it an honor to meet her. I shall be very glad to go, I am sure."

It would have been almost rudeness, she thought, any longer to decline. At one time she would have hailed such an opportunity with delight. As the guest went down the steps, she stood a moment, pensively, by the window. She leaned her forehead against the sash. It was a warm, damp evening of opening spring, and the window had been raised to cool the room, which was still kept at winter heat by the inexorable self-acting furnace in the cellar. Ottolie saw a dilapidated figure slouch out of the dark spot under a lamp-post, and accost Mr. Stoneglass, apparently asking him for alms. Being repulsed, as it appeared,—for vagrants of the kind were a common annoyance on the Avenue at the time,—it went back into the darkness again.

Presently, as she was turning away, there came by another form, the outlines of which made her heart momen-

tarily stand still, then throb the faster. It was Bainbridge. The vagrant again came forth, and addressed himself to Bainbridge. It could be seen that he had a fine and venerable head. He put his hand on the arm of Bainbridge, and as the young man would have shaken him off in disgust besought, in a voice made part whistle and part croak through the paralysis of drink,—

"Do something for me, Mr. Bainbridge, for Heaven's sake! The price of a night's lodgin'! You was the only one that kep' me up. You was the one. You"—

"Gammage! You here?" exclaimed the young man, with a start, showing vivid surprise and concern.

"They av—avertised for me," said the respectable wreck, whimpering. "I had money,—plenty o' money. I don't know where I've been. I must ha' got astray. Do something for me, for Gor A'mighty's sake!"

"What can I do for you, Gammage? What can anybody do for you in this lost condition? Do you know where to go, if I give you the price of a night's lodgin'?"

"No, I do not,—I do not. Come!" cried the man with a desperate air of revolt and loathing at his own lost condition.

"Then what can I do with you, except to get you locked up? Say yourself, Gammage! Now, is there anything else possible?"

"Don't do it Mr. Bainbridge,—don't do that! You was the only one—Your mother was the noblest—Your father used to"—

"Yes, yes, I know; but that was when you had a house of your own to be taken to, and an affectionate family, and a position in the world. But now what are you? Had they business for you,—the persons who advertised?" he inquired, changing suddenly under the stimulus of a new thought. "What did they want you to do?" He lowered

his voice, and turned his head solicitously, for it was in front of the house of Rodman Harvey himself that they had paused.

"Mr. Onderdonk and Mr. St. Hill? yes, they wanted me. I signed an affidavit for them. It was on an old matter, — a matter that took place many years ago," said Gammage.

"Great heavens! Not that — that bank story involving Rodman Harvey, — the one you told me at my office one day?" cried Bainbridge, with a gesture of repulsion and dismay.

"I never signed nothing but what was the truth," answered the ex-bank teller, partially sobered, and resenting with a sulky air the apparent attaching of blame to him.

A public carriage came by at this moment. Bainbridge summoned the driver, who was already waving his whip arm in the air in an inviting way, entered the carriage with his *protégé*, and drove off.

Ottolie had heard all. She had dwelt dreamily, at first, upon the figure of Bainbridge, acquired half inadvertently this new evidence of his natural goodness of heart in his treatment of the poor wreck, then awakened with a start of affright to the important subject matter of their discourse.

"It is this!" she exclaimed, adding a new and powerful reason to her jealousy of Emily Rawson to explain to herself the defection of Bainbridge. "Oh, I fear it is this! He knows of something terrible to our detriment, and withdraws in time, before the blow has fallen." He will not connect himself with disgrace and downfall. Oh, if I could but warn my uncle of what is plotting against him!"

With her imperfect information, nevertheless, it was not a subject on which she could write to her uncle. Nor, when he returned on one of his brief visits from Washington, did she find that she dared speak to him with the

more freedom. This was his last visit, too, preceding that when he was to come back to attend his daughter's wedding. Ottolie had found her uncle just and considerate beyond her expectations. If misfortune were in store for him, it seemed her duty to offer the possible solace of her presence and sympathy. If any unlawful act could be dragged up from the remote past, and laid at his door, it could only have been done in one of those moments of overwhelming pressure of which he had sometimes spoken in his comments on the fall of one and another of his contemporaries. She would not believe that he had ever been a corrupt or hardened character.

There was no alleviation for her varied forms of wretchedness. She could only wait. Cold tremors of apprehension for Rodman Harvey and the family name mingled with her tears of despondency on her own account, as snow-flakes are whirled down amid the rain.

The succession of events may now be somewhat rapidly advanced. The Sprowle faction, still unconciliated, had come upon the track of an old story against Rodman Harvey, and begun to follow it up. It developed in importance as the investigation proceeded. It was St. Hill who first brought it in. He had heard it in a vague way from some one who had adduced the builder Jocelyn as authority. St. Hill had thought it worth while to visit Jocelyn; then to hunt up McFadd, in his squalid tenement house in the vicinity of Harvey's Terrace; and then to take steps for finding Gammage, who he was chagrined to learn, had once been a clerk in his own employ. St. Hill was quite out with his patron Kingbolt now. His company had moved its offices several stories higher up in the Magoon Building, and its transactions were going on in an extremely decreasing ratio. There were numerous persons, including some who had been its employees, who looked

at and spoke of the company in the most indignant manner, on account of the loss of money by it. The once brisk Mr. Cutter, who had made such haste to embrace the "desirable opening" offered him, still hung on in a disconsolate way in its service, with but small hopes now of recovering either his arrears of salary or the money of the unfortunate Miss Speller, which he had deposited as a consideration for his position. Once, through the mediation of Otilie, Cutter called on Rodman Harvey, during one of his later visits from Washington, and laid his case before him. Affidavits of some sort were drawn up between them, but these at present resulted in no open manifestation. The merchant prince was still in quest of his post as secretary of the treasury. He considered that he could not yet afford to attack personally, or even to allow to be overthrown at once, an enemy who, in his downfall, could retaliate with disclosures which might still be dangerous.

St. Hill, on the other hand, fearing to use the letters of Harvey in his possession, was willing to devote himself to an investigation along the whole line of his career, in the hope of finding more available material. The date of the threatened bankruptcy, years before, the memory of which appeared to so gall and enrage the merchant prince, seemed a promising point of attack. As the inquiry demanded time and trouble, St. Hill, as has been said, made it a pretext for drawing money from Sprowle Onderdonk.

It was Sprowle Onderdonk who naturally took the leadership of the cabal, and figured, instead of his more timorous cousin, as the champion of the wounded honor of his family. He was a bold and resolute person, and endowed with abundant administrative capacity. Though chiefly sportsman and man of leisure, he was attorney too, and a judge of the quality of evidence. He scoffed

at the story in question when it was first brought in by St. Hill, who presented it with an air of elation.

"A very timely discovery indeed!" he said. "Why did n't you get something from Herodotus or Pliny the Elder? And a choice Falstaff's brigade of witnesses you have to sustain it! If that is the best you can do, man, you had better turn your attention to some more profitable field of labor."

Finding that St. Hill was accomplishing so little, Sprowle Onderdonk began to show him the cold shoulder, as a good many people were now doing. Still, this idea, for want of a better, was persevered in. Gammage was discovered and his affidavit secured. The advertisement published in the newspapers at last reached him in his remote seclusion. He ventured to town, was well paid for his trouble, and came to the condition of which we have had a glimpse. It was not till a vastly more important accession was gained, in the person of Rodman Harvey's once devoted henchman, Hackley, that the case looked really promising. The theory of Bainbridge that revenge is not a modern luxury, and that it finds few opportunities for exercise in this tame, civilized life of ours, then bade fair to be overthrown.

Rodman Harvey meanwhile, at Washington, was devoting himself to his new duties with his accustomed energy. His opening speech, on the Currency Question, was highly commended. He took the best apartments at the Arlington Hotel. His dignified attitude much improved his prospects for the succession to the secretaryship of the treasury, the present incumbent of which was still in very uncertain health. Harvey himself declined somewhat in physical vigor. He was a hard-worked man. There were long night sessions at the Capitol, where the ventilation was very bad; and following these he had some severe attacks of vertigo.

He was obliged to run often to the

City, a journey of many hours, which also fatigued him. He was harassed at this time by news of escapades on the part of his younger son. Rodman, Jr., now entered into possession of the desired latch-key, and became a Freshman at Columbia College, was discovered figuring, with some of his mates, by way of a lark, as a "supe" in a spectacular drama at Niblo's Garden. He revolted against the severe discipline with which this act was visited by his father, left the parental roof, and remained absent for several days, being lured home finally by promise of forgiveness.

The elder son, Selkirk, also showed disappointing traits. On the very eve of succeeding to the principal place in the contemplated new partnership, and becoming an important figure in the commercial world on his own account, he begged to be released from commercial life altogether. He made the degenerate proposal that he should be allowed to occupy his time with his books and bricabrac, and perhaps take up some one of the arts or sciences as a pursuit, just as had been done by his friend Blankenhorn. Blankenhorn was a rich young fellow who had gone into painting, not having begun till he was twenty-eight, studied abroad, and really bade fair to achieve results quite worth mentioning. Rodman Harvey would by no means listen to any such idea.

It depressed him very much, however, and was the cause of delaying the formation of the new partnership. Since his son, who should have been its principal promoter, took but so languid an interest, a different order of consideration was required for its proper arrangement, and things were allowed to remain for a while as they were. This state of mind was very unfortunate, as it turned out, since it resulted in a disagreement with his warm adherent and eulogist, Hackley, and in his final loss and desertion to the enemy.

Hackley was incommoded by the post-

ponements and demurrs when he had been all ready to begin. His factory had been burned behind him, and he was left "standing in the gap," as he phrased it. This, however, was a comparatively small matter. The main disagreement was about the capital he was to put in. He had lost, he said, by the conflagration of his factory, and made this a pretext for failure to contribute the amount first agreed upon. He confided in the good offices of Rodman Harvey to establish him in his proper place in the new firm all the same; but to this the merchant prince did not agree. He quoted the faithful and experienced Mr. Minn as opposed to a distribution of rank not based upon proportionate capital. Nor would he consent that Hackley should be credited with a part of his own, Harvey's, capital which was to be left in the concern. He said impatiently, being in a testy mood, that business and sentiment were to be rigidly divorced. He did not understand that the having conferred favors in the past constituted an obligation to go on conferring them indefinitely.

A correspondence on this subject extended over a considerable time, with growing bitterness. Finally, Hackley, in an injudicious huff, not at all expecting to be taken at his word, repudiated the partnership and the acquaintance of Rodman Harvey altogether. Being really taken at his word, however (a new testimony, it would seem, to the freedom of the merchant prince from any sense of guilt that could be within the knowledge of those whom he thus cavalierly treated), he sulked, complained, and spoke of himself as a very ill-used person. It was now that he fell in with the chieftain of the hostile cabal in the person of Sprowle Onderdonk.

The meeting was brought about by the contrivance of the latter, who at an opportune moment sounded Hackley on the remote transaction with which his name, as well as Rodman Harvey's, was

connected. Hackley at first pooh-poohed the idea.

"Oh, my dear sir, really!" he protested, as if the notion were wholly preposterous. "He is too strong in the community, you know," he continued, "and the matter is so very old. He is at the President's table continually, and everybody knows that he is the favorite for the successorship to the portfolio of the treasury when the secretary drops off, which may happen now at any moment."

"So much the better reason," declared Sprowle Onderdonk, greatly encouraged to find his information not only not dissipated into thin air by Hackley, but confirmed and sustained even in this demurring way. "He is going down, I tell you. He is going to be smashed. You had better be with us than against us."

The pair sat on one of the settees along the sides of the marble-paved lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which is filled in the evening with a bustling crowd of men. Sprowle Onderdonk had pushed his hat back upon his head, and gesticulated as he talked with an earnest and resolute air. They spoke of General Burlington, formerly the president of the Antarctic Bank, who they thought must have even a fuller knowledge of the affair in question than Hackley's own.

"It is strange," said Hackley, "that he has never cared to use it openly, as often as he has been opposed to Harvey, politically and otherwise."

"It is intelligible enough," said the other, seeking a plausible explanation. "Probably he did not wish to draw attention to the affair, on his own account. The manager of a financial institution never likes to admit that there has been any irregularity in it under his *régime*. He may have something to clear up himself; not criminality, of course, but perhaps culpable carelessness. I have taken occasion to sound him a little in a dis-

creet way, but have drawn nothing from him."

"He is discretion itself,—Burlington is," commented Mr. Hackley.

"At the same time," said the other, "if he is put on the stand, he will tell what he knows. He is straight and reliable, I think. When the other testimony is all in, he will have to get up and either confirm or deny it; and it does not look as though there were going to be very much denying."

"Oh, there would be no use in going into court with it, and putting anybody in a formal witness box," protested Hackley; "that would hardly do. The matter is too ancient, and must be outlawed and doubly outlawed by this time."

"My idea exactly," said Sprowle Onderdonk. "Of course not. What we want is the moral effect of it. We must play it against him politically. His present situation makes him excellent game. All we want now is a fitting opportunity, and I have one in mind. The disclosure should be *à propos* of something. Harvey will come on from Washington in about a fortnight to attend his daughter's wedding. He has promised to attend at the same time the annual meeting of the Civic Reform Association, which is to be held — probably in one of the private parlors of this hotel — two days before. He is both treasurer and first director, and has to make his report. I am sure he will come. If he should not, of course we can explode the thing in the newspapers."

"He is a very methodical person. I dare say he will come," said Hackley, with a ruminating, anxious air.

"He will hardly be made secretary of the treasury before that, and if he is afterwards I shall be much mistaken. I also am a member of the Civic Reform Association. I shall make a little speech. I shall give the Harveys a souvenir by way of a wedding present that they will be likely to remember."

XXII.

AN EVENING IN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Stoneglass family lived up town, in a comfortable house of the English basement pattern, at a certain remove to the westward from that first meridian of respectability, the Avenue.

Ottolie Harvey presented herself there, on the Thursday evening of the reception to Mrs. Jane Claxton Shaftsbury, accompanied by her aunt's maid, who was to return for her in the carriage. The lower floor of the house was devoted to the purpose of dressing-rooms for either sex. The guests had deposited their outer clothing in neat bundles along the banks, as it were, before plunging into the stream of social gayety. Stoneglass perceived Ottolie as she was coming up the stair-case, went part way down to meet her, and brought her to his wife, who received her most affably. In a moment more she was presented to the guest of the evening, who stood close by.

It had been said of Mrs. Shaftsbury that she was one of the few literary persons who knew how to dress. The remark was that of the poetess, Mrs. Anne Arundel Clum, who by no means possessed the accomplishment referred to, although she no doubt prided herself upon it; but this did not prevent its being strictly true. Mrs. Shaftsbury really did dress very well indeed, and was a person, besides, of gracious and amiable manners. Ottolie, in a rather dazed way, found herself paying the authoress compliments on her writings, which she had read in girlhood.

"You must hear this so often," she said, "but pray have patience just this once! It is such an unusual opportunity for me. How could you ever consent to make Miriam's Memoirs so short? And oh, why, in *Hands and Hearts*, did you not let Ernestine marry Eckford?"

"Did you really care, child?" said the kindly celebrity. "These are our flatteries. These are our payments. It pleases me so much to think I could have interested you."

It would have been a great occasion indeed for Ottolie could she have succeeded in controlling the mournful feelings by which she was possessed. What material, had she but been in the mood, for a letter to her early friends of the Lone Tree High School, who had been accustomed, like herself, to put Mrs. Shaftsbury's books under their pillows at night! She was escorted about the rooms by Mr. Stoneglass and other persons whom he presented to her. She heard fragments of a great variety of conversations. The names of the people she met were very often mentioned in full. These were persons who could not afford to be confounded with anybody else. The names had a certain important air, even when you did not recognize them. You seemed always on the point of remembering something notable they had done which had for the moment escaped you.

Ottolie encountered within a brief space of time a member of a great publishing house, the name of whose firm is known like a household word throughout the country; Colonel Bowsfield, the South American traveller, who had lectured in the Star course at Lone Tree; Ringrose, the poet, whose verses she had pasted into her scrap-books; Professor Brown, whose specialty was the popularization of science; and Professor McMurdock, the Shakespearean reciter, whom she had heard at Chickering Hall. There were Temple, the historian; Camden, an elderly journalist, known somewhat for comic contributions to the magazines, and leading social spirit at the Lotos Club; Flitchbrush, the painter; a leading tragic actress, and a younger one, equally prominent in "society" parts. The actress of tragedy reclined languidly in an easy-

chair, and in the course of the evening recited, in the same position, Mrs. Browning's *Italy*. The society actress took pains to shift from one to another of various carefully studied poses, that the lines of her slender figure and excellent profile might be seen to advantage. There was Jane Scrim, who wrote a great deal of matter of small importance with a spiteful tang, and had a tempestuous air corresponding with her literary style. She was continually flying about from one profession to another, representing each as an extraordinary new departure from all that had ever been done heretofore, and calling upon gods and men to take notice of her and her doings. There was Mrs. Sevenleague, who had published an account of her reexperiences as a traveler, wholly unaccompanied, across Southeastern Bungaleeboo. Count Altamont, a person whose title was somehow shady, though apparently genuine, who posed for traveler, poet, and amateur in all the fine arts, and was more popular with the female sex than with men, was present, and had brought with him a *protégé* in the shape of an Indian boy, in full feathers and costume of deer-skin. The Count had procured this protégé in the remote wilds of the West, and represented that he proposed to take charge of his musical education.

Mrs. Anne Arundel Clum shook hands with Otilie. Dr. Wyburd also came forward, and greeted her demonstratively.

"Yes," he said, "you find me here. I should have been very good at this literary sort of thing if I had been allowed to follow it. As it is, I only woo the muse a little, in a fragmentary way, in such poor intervals as I can snatch from my many engrossing occupations. I come here but seldom, yet it is not for want of inclination and desire. The genial companionship of people of letters is tonic and reviving to the mind, which is apt to rust out in our purely

fashionable life. It is here, in fact, that I feel myself most at home."

There were present other journalists with Mr. Camden, as young Mr. Skate, lately become attached to that able review the *Slate*, the editors in chief of the *Musical Tablet*, the *Art Vignette*, — recently started in opposition to the *Art Kaleidoscope*, — and the *Hebrew Exodus*. The assembly had a very cosmopolitan air. Mr. Skate, on being presented to Otilie, said that he rarely came to these places, but his reason was quite different from that given by Dr. Wyburd. It was contempt instead of lack of leisure. He said it was refreshing to find some one to whom he could express a few frank opinions, — some one out of the regular gang. He went on to express his views of the policy in criticism which he endeavored, so far as he was concerned, to carry out in the *Slate*.

"I have two short principles," he said. "Nothing good can be produced in America. Our civilization is too new and raw. It may appear to be good, but that is an error. On the other hand, nothing very bad can be produced in Europe, which is saved by its centuries of culture, its storied monuments, its naturally profounder way of looking at things. Having thus simplified matters, one merely points out the degrees of badness and goodness, and concentrates upon a neat way of saying things. I would hardly wish this to go outside as coming from me, but I have devoted much thought to the position, and am satisfied of its correctness."

The Indian boy confided to Otilie — in response to some little attempt to draw him out, for he was the most notable of the curiosities — that he wore no such clothes at home, and that he had no musical tastes whatever for cultivation. His Reservation was a civilized place, with farms and schools, and his people wore the regular European dress. This theatrical outfit had been

prepared for him at a costumer's in the Bowery. Count Altamont, it appeared, was toting about this extraordinary figure from one reception to another to add to his own importance.

Ottolie wondered that the poet Ringrose should appear so young. He was just beginning to show the first approaches of middle age. She had somehow thought of him as older. He was a nervous, quick-speaking person; not gloomy, but with a trace as of a permanent trouble on his countenance. He brightened at the compliment she paid him in quoting lines of his which had impressed her in a peculiar way, some years before, and treated her very affably. Perhaps they got none too much praise, after all, these sensitively organized oracles; or was their capacity for it enormous? Ringrose had letters in his pockets from brother celebrities. He showed Ottolie some of these.

"Ringrose conducts a correspondence with all the learned of his time," said Mr. Stoneglass, coming up. "It is like the age of Erasmus. They condole with each other after their peculiar free-masonry, and despise the profane vulgar as it deserves."

Ringrose received this sally with a deprecating smile.

"I have just had a letter from Canto," he said. "He incloses me a poem. He wishes me to tell him exactly what I think of it. I think it is the best bad poem I ever saw. It has his usual knack, his deftness; but when you come to look for ideas there is nothing in it. Form alone may do very well for a picture, but not in poetry. For my part, I confess that I like a subject, a story, in my picture, also. It is not the thing to say in these Impressionist days. We had the whole discussion last night at Flitchbrush's studio. They call 'story' in a picture 'literary,' — that is the disparaging epithet they apply to it; but if they can find nothing worse to say of it than that, I remain quite unmoved."

"An interesting place, Flitchbrush's," suggested Mr. Stoneglass.

"Yes," said Ringrose. "You should go around to one of his evenings," to Ottolie; "that is to say, if you are at all of Bohemian tastes, — as I fear you are not. His studio is a remarkable place, decorated with rugs and miscellaneous traps, and full of portfolios of things to look over. People drop in informally of Wednesday evenings, and talk; and tea is passed about. Mrs. Flitchbrush sits and sews at some bright-colored costume for a lay figure, as a good mother of a family elsewhere might mend the apparel of her children."

Flitchbrush joined them. "I was telling them of our discussion of last night," said Ringrose. Upon this reference, as is so apt to be the case, the self-same discussion was presently renewed with heat.

"A picture should be decorative before anything else," said Flitchbrush. "If it can get a subject that lends itself to decorative purposes, so much the better; but decorative it must be, at all costs."

"Art has a higher mission," asserted Ringrose.

"It has its own mission," rejoined Flitchbrush, "and no other."

In an adjacent group it was being disputed whether newspaper criticism should or should not be signed.

"It should be signed," declared the historian, Temple.

"It should not be signed," declared the journalist, Camden.

"I say it should be signed," said Temple. He was a small man, with an almost boyish briskness of speech and manner, though he must have reached the age of fifty. He was not a very great historian, but he had made a good position for himself, and he had some excellent ideas. "It is an insufferable outrage," he said, "that some work of mine, over which I have spent months, perhaps years, carefully constructing

the plan, elaborating every detail, giving to the whole my best energy and thought,—it is an outrage, I say, that the public estimate of this work should be so largely made by the haphazard dictum of some anonymous penny-a-liner, who has nothing to lose by printing the first rubbish that comes into his head, and with the weight of a great newspaper behind him. He may even be a competent person, and only tired, cross, or hurried at the time of writing; or he may be incapable of forming any opinion entitled to respect. All the same, in it goes, whatever it be, and a bias is created in the minds of fifty thousand people, which is not recovered from, perhaps, in a generation or two. Suppose the subject be a new play. The critic hurries away from it, yawning, somewhat before midnight. He wants to go to bed. Discriminating writing is by no means easy, at the best. His article must go in in the morning. He is responsible to no one. Why should he earn his salary in a difficult way when an easy way will do? He damns or praises at his own sweet will. His only rule is to be quick about it. No, let the opinions be signed. If they amount to anything, they will stand upon their own merits; if not, they will be estimated, like the traditional kick from the mule, according to the source whence they come."

"A newspaper man's life would not be worth the having, under those conditions," protested Mr. Camden. "He could not show himself, for scowling looks, when generally he had done no more than his duty."

"I sign everything *I write*," said the belligerent Miss Scrim. "I put my town, county, and street address to it. They always know where to find me, if they want to."

"It would create a school of criticism, and give such criticism its part in literature," continued Temple. "Reputations would be made in it. Look at

the school of critical writers that has arisen in France under this system."

Mr. Stoneglass talked to Ottolie of the fine qualities, as a man and a citizen, of her uncle. He certainly hoped to see him soon in the treasury department.

Colonel Bowsfield made some mention to her of his experiences while in the service of the Khedive of Egypt. Mrs. Sevenleague, who had lately returned from a career in London society, gave her an account of Browning, Swinburne, and others, and of a new American writer lately gone there, who was said to be making a great stir.

"*Is he as bright as the conversations in his books?*" asked Ottolie.

"We met him at Lady Ludgate Hill's," her informant said. "He talked exclusively about the weather."

Mrs. Sevenleague also said of a leading English novelist of the younger school, "We saw a great deal of him when in lodgings in London. He was quite devoted to a young lady of our party. At one time it looked almost like an engagement."

Ottolie could hardly believe that this was real; that it was indeed she who was listening to such talk and having such experiences. She was hearing at first hand of the very greatest personages, the figures to whom her imagination had always gone out with admiring reverence, from others who actually knew them. But she was accepting it all in a dazed way. She was forcing a forlorn interest, instead of kindling with enthusiasm. A little while ago it would not have been possible for anything to be more to her liking, but now the virtue had somehow gone out of it.

"These wretched little human affections of ours, how engrossing they are!" she sighed. "Of what possible consequence is this feeling of mine in the universe, and yet it rises up and eclipses the whole of it."

The one person in all the world with whom she could best have enjoyed the

new experience, the one who would have best caught its quaint humors, its contrasts, its fresh and typical aspects, was ruthlessly torn from her by fate. A sense of this grew so keen as to be at moments almost intolerable. It seemed that the hour of departure would never come. She looked often to see if Rosine were not in waiting with her cloak below.

Temple, planting himself squarely before her, said, "What do you do? I think I have read your poems. It is always fair to ask that question at Mrs. Stoneglass's. Everybody here is supposed to have done something of note."

Otilie felt her fraudulent position, in trying to pass on equal terms in a circle of such distinction, to be at length justly exposed.

"I—I only appreciate, a little," she stammered.

But the apparent severity of the brisk little historian proved only a part of his manner, and not intended for offense. Finding that he had an excellent listener, he talked to her diffusely a long time. It was entertaining talk for the time, though exclusively relating to himself. Presently he accosted the member of the great publishing house on the subject of a proposed new volume, for which he, Temple, desired peculiarly advantageous terms. This led to a wrangle in a half-humorous way upon the mooted question of the disproportion between the profits of the publisher and the author.

"You grind the faces of the poor," said Temple. "You seize the lion's share, and put off the author, the real producer, without whom you could not exist, with a beggarly pittance."

"I can demonstrate to you," said the publisher, "that the ten per cent. received by the author really comprises the larger share of profits." And he began in an elaborate way to demonstrate.

"That is all very well, all very well,"

cut in Temple, who had often argued the case before, both on one side and the other; "but meanwhile the author starves in his garret, and you roll hither in your carriage."

"I would have you to know that I came in a horse-car," said the publisher testily.

"And I on foot," said the brisk historian, with a triumphant air, both of having established his position and had the last word.

From time to time the hostess, Mrs. Stoneglass, implored silence, either by a gesture of her own or the aid of some polite masculine volunteer, and introduced a performer, for the more general entertainment of the company. During the pauses, a very dark young woman, who sat beside Otilie, favored her with some particulars as to her early education, taste in books, and the like. She seemed rather young to have attained distinction on her own account, and Otilie set her down as allied to it by some family tie.

"From my earliest years," she said, "my family took pains to gather about me only the most intellectual and refined minds. I have never known what it is to associate with anybody not intellectual. My taste in literature has been formed in the same way. I care for no characters in books who would not be suitable companions for me in real life. My father was a man of the greatest talent. You must have heard of him, —Chester A. Skadge. He wrote poems, plays, essays, everything. But he esteemed more than all his old family name."

"Here too?" thought Otilie. And she said sweetly, "Oh, I am sure he must have been quite right," which caused the young woman of such exceptional advantages to dart at her a look of suspicion.

A small, gentle-speaking lady on the other side — who did not prove as gentle as she seemed — confided to Otilie

her opinion of the American fiction of the time.

"It is very little, very pretty, very nice, very dainty," she said, joining a thumb and finger to aid in expressing the idea. "But when you look for breadth, for scope, fire, magnificence of conception, what a disappointment! Why do they give us no great, noble, typical women? And what do they do, these insignificant characters? Nothing in the world but sit around and talk. Or, if they do not talk, they think. Not an incident, not a circumstance, of any extraordinary sort!"

"Is it not pleasant to see life as it is,—I mean the best part of it,—to have the writers try to find the poetry and romance around us in every-day things?" ventured Otilie. "I am sure it is as genuine as if it existed in a remote age, or under some very exceptional circumstances. And I sometimes think that there is nothing more charming, either in books or out of them, than just the right kind of conversations."

Having got thus far, she stopped in trepidation. Had she actually the temerity to think of contradicting such people as this?

Some of the performers brought forward by Mrs. Stoneglass were musical. Among others appeared Wilhelmina Klauser, daughter of the confidential agent through whose stratagem Otilie had been first introduced to her uncle's notice. The German girl had developed, it seemed, a talent quite out of the common, which caused her to be in much demand. Her blonde hair was bound up in fillets, like that of a classic nymph. She was retiring by nature, but her music inspired her. Seated at the piano, she dashed off her selection with an almost masculine vigor.

The most, however, were of the histrionic order. Recitations seemed an amusement much in vogue. The distinguished tragic actress kindly gave something, as has been said. Professor

McMurdock, the Shakespearean expositor, followed. Count Altamont placed himself crosswise on a chair for a steed and pretended to be a cavalier engaged in some remarkable exploit. The poem in which this was set forth was, he said, his own. When he had finished Mrs. Stoneglass gave a little ecstatic cry. "How lovely! How perfect!" she said, and clapped her hands.

She liked to encourage her performers, and keep them in an obliging vein. She congratulated the Count also on his poem, saying, —

"Authors, we know, like pretty women, must be flattered."

"But when one is both author *and* pretty woman, then what is to be done?" returned the Count, with a languishing glance. It was such speeches as these, perhaps, that gave him his popularity with the fair sex.

In a corner apart by themselves stood a little group of rising poets, who, with talent and ardor, were not without some of the eccentricities of youth and of their profession. It was whispered to the hostess that young Mr. Edson Judson, of this group, had a poem in his pocket, which he had delivered with great acceptance to the circle at a dinner at a restaurant, just before their coming hither. Mrs. Stoneglass thereupon insisted that Mr. Judson should repeat the performance, and he allowed himself to be persuaded. He announced to the company in a few dignified words of preamble that science was his chosen source of inspiration. He would make no secret of his belief that modern science afforded a deeper and truer inspiration than any that effete systems of the past could boast of. His poem was an ode entitled *Vortex Atoms*. It had a sufficiently learned air, but was not quite as lucid as poems very often are.

A Mr. Okenberg, described to her as a promising writer of short stories for the magazines, was introduced to Otilie. He had a lively, rather caustic way of

talking. He appeared to enter into her situation, and to find that she might be interested in some explanations of curious phases of things about her.

"That is James Edson Judson," he said of the young poet who had just finished. "He is a broker. He turns those things off instead of attending to business. He has been dubbed, by some friendly hand, a 'poet of the future,' and delights in the title. His best things, however, are not done in pursuance of any theory."

Mr. Edson Judson meanwhile retired to his circle, and was received by them with beaming countenances. He had taken occasion, before retiring, to mention to Mrs. Stoneglass that in his opinion the poem of Mr. George Gladwin Ludlow, delivered at the same dinner, was, in its way, even better than his own. Mr. George Gladwin Ludlow was, upon this, invited forward in his turn. His effusion was of a gloomy, suicidal cast.

"If the other two members of the group are asked to recite," Mr. Okenberg went on, "Wixon will give comic squibs; the other—but no, Hurlpool will never be allowed to recite. They are all connected with the press, in one way and another, or pursue the journey to Parnassus in the intervals of arduous occupations. They rarely come here. I don't know what brings them out tonight. As a rule they look down upon such places. They take their pleasure in less trammelled, Bohemian fashion. Each has his specialty. Just as that of Judson is science, of Ludlow suicide, of Wixon comic squibs, the grand specialty of Hurlpool is to fly in the face of all the received proprieties of civilization. He is a literary Ajax defying the lightning. He seems determined to be original, at any price. He is great on orientalisms, and on renditions of Scripture in an easy fashion of his own. His verbiage blazes with light and color. He says that the bane of American letters

is the preposterous deference shown to the conventional 'young person.' He would have all departments of life thrown open as material for literature. He declares that he would have literature made for adults, and not for babes in arms, and sighs that he was not born a Frenchman. Perhaps he is not as bad as he seems. He has an excellent warm heart for his friends, they say, and he looks at himself with a kind of innocence. In the clique his effusions are received without especial objection. The theory most in vogue among them is that of art for art's sake. One subject is looked upon as about as good as another. The members have their little eccentricities of appearance, as you see. The literary Ajax cultivates a smile of calculated brightness; the poet of the future, the raven locks and slouch hat of a murderer in a melodrama; the suicidal poet, the blonde beard and spectacles of a socialist philosopher of Montmartre. The humorist alone is dapper and clean-cut. It is a saving grace, after all, this humor; it keeps one out of a multitude of scrapes."

A long-haired, elderly man, much more eccentric in aspect than any of the clique described, now approached. "Here comes Chalker," said Okenberg. "He says that 'the genius is half d—d fool,' and you may be sure that he counts himself a genius. He is running at his own expense a weekly called the *Scroll*. He maintains that it is needed to keep in order, and eventually supplant, the *Slate*. He is extremely sanguine about it. It is crammed with vagaries. If the *Slate* has its vagaries also, they are at least based upon a keen, worldly wisdom. Chalker is engaged upon a great work of what he calls hypothetical characterizations. He tells me that he will examine what kind of a figure various personages of history would have made in other professions than those which they actually adopted. Thus he will show what sort of a novelist or

playwright Napoleon would have made ; how Turner would have led armies, and Beethoven managed a paint-pot.

"I think I know of a couple of new subscribers for you, Chalker," he said to the object of this description.

"Don't bring me subscribers, my dear young friend," returned Mr. Chalker. "But if you have a couple of new ideas, bring them in. That is what we want."

The recitations were resumed. The professional elocutionists of the masculine sex were distinguished by having their faces clean-shaven, to secure the greatest play of expression. One of them imitated musical instruments and the sounds of animals ; then mimicked leading actors and personages in public life. It appeared that the young lady who had described to Otilie her fastidious bringing up by the late Chester A. Skadge also possessed the elocutionary talent. She went forward to the middle of the room, stood a few moments with a portentous fixity, and suddenly burst forth : "Oh ! young Lochinvar is come out of the west."

Her eyes were opened to their widest and fiercest at the preliminary "Oh-o-o," but this was followed, with the "young Lochinva-ar," by a capacious smile. Her words were accompanied by gesticulation, after the Delsarte system. The selection seemed almost like a herald's flourish of trumpets to usher in an important new arrival.

Lanes, or rifts, occasionally opened through the crowd. All at once, down such a lane Otilie, discovered Bainbridge. He had apparently just come up the stairs, and was shaking hands with the hostess. The lane closed again. He had not discovered Otilie. She turned pale, and leaned for a moment against the wall. She had opportunity to recover herself, however, before he came up, some little time afterwards. Mr. Okenberg was once more talking to her, and she was standing up. Camden the journalist, Ringrose the poet, and

others were close by. Bainbridge wore a preoccupied air, as if looking for somebody.

"Ah," he said, touching Camden's arm, "have I found you ? I have been at your lodgings. They said that you would probably be here."

He did not observe at once the presence in which he stood. He awoke to it, with a start. He endeavored to cloak this, as the custom is, against the suspicions of the others by an assumption of indifference. He finished in a word or two the business he had with Camden, and then spoke with Otilie. As a new-comer, the rest gave him the young lady a moment to himself, though still maintaining their places. He politely inquired for her impressions. There were topics enough for conversation in the novel scene. Otilie had schooled herself to reply impassively. Nothing is more chilling to the expansions of ill-regulated affection than dread of the disdain of its object. In the presence of Bainbridge she was phenomenally calm. But she kept her glance averted.

"They are not all as friendly in speaking about one another as I had supposed," suggested Otilie. "Several of them have abused Mrs. Shaftsbury, the guest of the evening, to me, though I think very highly of her. Two of these in turn have afterwards abused each other."

"The axiom might be laid down that people who are equal to disliking the same thing are not necessarily equal to admiring each other," said Bainbridge.

They spoke of some of the more pronounced individualities. "They have ideals of their own in personal appearance, you see," said Bainbridge, hardly caring how his words ran. "They desire to establish a correspondence between their looks and their exceptional positions. They take their profession with a profound seriousness,— wish us to think they make a sort of priesthood of it."

"It is a rank charlatanism, and makes me sick," said Okenberg, overhearing. "If I were a poet, I should model myself upon a butcher-boy in appearance. The technical poet, the technical thinker, the technical anything, is my aversion. Poetry is the singing voice of the soul as opposed to its common speech. Most all of us have our little touch of it somewhere. Whether a man have in him more or less of it, it is not a reason why he should make a guy of himself. Poetry, thought of any kind, is not conjured out from under a particular kind of hat, as if it were a trick in legerdemain. I tell you there are reputations that consist entirely of an uncouth name, a cloak, and a slouch hat, and nothing else."

"Charlatanism or not, it is probably what the public prefer," said Bainbridge. "We do not like to think that our ideas are furnished us by exactly the same order of beings as ourselves. Given a sufficient difference in appearance and manner of doing things, and we half delude ourselves into the belief that we are dealing with a race of a foreign and mysterious sort."

"I saw you talking with Mrs. Plumfield," said Ringrose to Otilie, — "the gentle-looking little lady, of positive opinions, who has just turned this way. She gave you her opinion of American fiction, I dare say?"

"Yes," assented Otilie, in surprise.

"She asks why there are no great, noble, typical women in it," interrupted Okenberg. "I am sure I can't tell her, considering how very common they are in real life. You ladies are great extremists. You want in a novel one of two things. Either there must be a heroine of portentous seriousness, who performs none but the most magnanimous deeds, or else she must be continually tearing her clothes climbing fences, and seen in this condition, with unkempt hair and face stained with blackberries, by the discriminating young man who

is to be come the arbiter of her fate. Now that I have ascertained what you need, however, I propose to conform to it and turn it to pecuniary account. I conceive a compromise or union which shall capture all suffrages at once. My next heroine shall be a Joan of Arc who is first discovered sliding down the banisters."

"I detest compromises," said Miss Jane Scrim, catching only this word.

Mr. Okenberg looked as if he moderately detested Jane Scrim.

"I hope that you will take more kindly, then, to my second great original idea," he said. "It is purely philanthropic. It is a plan to ameliorate the condition of elderly spinsters, a hardly-used race both in fiction and out of it. I consider it worth oceans of platform agitation."

"Yes?" inquired Miss Jane Scrim fiercely.

"Let us combine to slowly but surely advance the ages of our heroines. Thus my last heroine was nineteen. My next shall be twenty-two, the next twenty-seven, the next thirty, and so on. The charming time of maidenhood, the ideal period for first love and matrimonial sentiment, may thus be made to extend, say, to fifty."

Otilie did not quite like this. "Mrs. Plumfield thought that our fiction was deficient in incidents," she said, by way of diversion.

"Nobody will make that complaint about her story," said Mr. Okenberg. "She has written a novel, too, — perhaps you may not know it. She hawked it around to all the publishers, and then printed it at her own expense. Not that that is anything against it, for about the last man in the world to know a good thing when he sees it is a publisher. It is crammed with murders, abductions, and explosions of nitro-glycerine. The hero has 'a throat like a marble column,' and lives in a bandbox, and his name is Cyril Gurle."

"The 'incident' school has gone out," pursued Okenberg. "We have come to understand, with Schopenhauer, that 'the rank of a novel is according as it depicts more the inner and less the outer life.' Mental and moral incidents, as read in their effect upon character, are vastly more worthy objects of contemplation than runaway horses and exploding locomotives."

"And are the other kind to be ruled out altogether?" asked Ottilie.

"Nothing is to be ruled out; but writers will naturally be graded according as they cater to a childish taste for marvels or to something more enlightened. There is a *rank* of physical incidents, too. There are plenty of happenings which are strange, poetic, stimulating to the imagination, and worthy of interest in themselves, just as are lovely people, places, and aspects of nature. The other day two ocean steamers passed each other in a fog so thick that neither could be seen from the other's deck, yet so near that voices could be heard from one to the other. I call that a good incident. Put the heroine on board one, the hero on the other; see? He hears her voice as if out of the air. It is some critical turn in their affairs; see? That would be equal to a proportionate space of any but the best of my or Blank's conversations. No, on the whole, nothing, or almost nothing, should be ruled out. 'Hitch your wagon to a star!' Hitch it to the great passions, the forces of nature, the feelings of weirdness and mystery that stir dimly in every human breast. The work must be done with the broad Homeric touches, too, as well as the fine ones, if it expects to live. It must not be too civilized, too sophisticated. Over-sophistication is possibly going to be the next vice of our literature."

"The bane of our literature is the caprice of magazine editors," broke in Bowsfield, the traveler. "There ought to be a point where one should be be-

yond their veto and control. Does anybody suppose for one moment that I would send an article to one of them that I thought unworthy of my reputation? The current dictation should be resisted to the utmost. Let the writer be true to himself; that is all that is needed. Let him judge himself. Look at Wordsworth. Immediate recognition is no test of merit. Wordsworth was the best judge of Wordsworth; Camden is the best judge of Camden; you, Okenberg, of Okenberg; and I, of myself." Colonel Bowsfield struck himself proudly on the breast.

"One bane of American letters, probably, as of American art," said Okenberg, "is the abject reverence for everything European. We are not seeing enough with our own eyes. A curious thing, because we have been accustomed in so many books and pictures to scenes laid abroad, we have fallen into the way of thinking that almost the only proper place for them. We do not sufficiently reflect that the foreign writers and picture-makers use the people, the streets, the scenes, of every-day life about them. Supposing they too thought it necessary to go abroad for their material: whither would they repair? Perhaps to us. The London of Dickens, the Paris of Victor Hugo, are their own most familiar stamping-grounds. I profess myself the implacable foe of Europe. Let it have a care! The best literature and the best art are always home-inspired."

Thus the talk went on. Ottilie had but a small part to take in it, being appealed to occasionally by the speakers; but with what an intelligence she answered! Perhaps the others saw in her a trace of the sadness she could not wholly conceal, and purposely tried to divert her from it. Bainbridge had conquered his flushings and paleness. His eyes wandered yearningly over her face. He thought he had never known her so thin before. Could it be that she had

suffered on his account? To what advantage she appeared in every company! He had been well along on the road towards freedom, as he deemed. He relapsed now into slavery with a headlong impetus. He must have speech with her. He began to devour her with his eyes. He would have liked to seize her in his arms, there in the midst of them all, and bear her away from out their senseless babble, as is said to be the custom, as part of the matrimonial preliminaries, among some barbarous tribes.

"You must not judge us too hastily, you know," said Mr. Okenberg, choosing to represent Otilie as an investigating person, whose mission it was to severely formulate literary society. "Perhaps you have n't seen the best of us. You must come again, and often. A new-comer is apt to see the odd features first, and judge all the rest accordingly. Our entertainers are the nicest people in the world, but all sorts of persons turn up here. One sometimes has to think, too, that the literary faculty, instead of being a form of strength, is weakness. If we really understood life, we should command it, reap its principal rewards, comfortably live it, instead of passing our time in wisely dissertating about it. You have seen the preposterous egotism and conceit of some of us. There are persons here who would talk you to death about their own superlative genius with a gusto. There are people with every apparent advantage in the world, who know no more of Chesterfield than if they had been brought up in the heart of Africa,—and some of them call themselves thinkers, the more 's the pity."

"I think I would draw it a little milder," suggested Mr. Camden. "It will not do to unfold the dark secrets of our prison-house all at once. You will frighten our visitor away, and that would be a serious calamity," he added, with a gallant bow.

"I am not the ill-natured critic you affect to think," Otilie thought it necessary to disclaim. "It all pleases me very much. I am only too flattered to be allowed to be here."

"Well, there *are ideas*," said Okenberg, taking the back track, "plenty of them, bubbling and seething. It is better than stagnation, after all. The people have something to them more than what mere money will buy. I don't know but I have patience with most of them, except Bolster. Bolster is literary, as the Irishman played the violin, 'by main strength.' He has money, and publishes a volume every year at his own expense. He has never known what it is to have a single unaffected human impulse or turn of expression. In manner and matter alike he sets your teeth on edge. And yet he passes, in a certain way, for a literary man. Publishers ought to be held to pains and penalties for such things."

Bainbridge drifted away from the group, proposing to seek a favorable opportunity to return to it and secure Otilie to himself. The group dissolved presently, in the shifting way in which things pass in such assemblies. Otilie exchanged some words with Wilhelmina Klauser. The later news of the Finley-Cutter case from Harvey's Terrace was told her.

"Miss Finley is worse," said Wilhelmina. "She goes about crying and saying that she is losing her mind. Mrs. Cutter, her former friend, has shown her but little sympathy. She pretends to be indignant that anybody could suppose that her husband could do anything wrong. Perhaps it really was not so much his fault that he lost the money; that is, perhaps it was not intentional. He may have been taken in. I have heard that he has been to see prominent persons to find out if there is not some way of getting redress."

"He has seen my uncle," said Otilie. "I think that something will be done."

The knot of minor poets were now discussing with heat the problem whether the genius is in advance of his time, or only in the very midst of it, and serving as its mouth-piece and essential expression. There was no uncertain implication that this was a question in which they all had a personal interest. This was mingled with talk as to the characters of editors, the rates of payment in various quarters, and the rise of journals.

Elsewhere, a group of young playwrights considered the decline, or rather the failure to arise, of the American drama. It was laid to the hopeless incompetency, and fiendish arts in suppressing native merit, of the managers. A member of the group, whose claim to authority was founded upon the dramatization of a poor French novel, which ran two nights in the country, described his method of writing.

"I have a miniature theatre of pasteboard," he said, "on which I arrange everything in advance. I see them just how it is going to look. I fix even my exits and entrances. When I have once established a certain exit or entrance, no manager under heaven shall change it."

"He has read me some of his things," remarked Camden to a neighbor. "I recollect one in particular; a comedy, he called it. He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and positively there was not a touch in it to provoke the faintest smile."

Otilie heard both this remark and that of the boastful aspirant by which it was called out. She was standing by the piano. The case of pathetic hardship of which she had heard from Wilhelmina had increased her own sadness, and at the same time appeared to show it as selfish.

"I make my own griefs," she sighed; "those of others are made for them."

Bainbridge came up to her once again. At length they were alone.

"How well Mr. Okenberg talks!" Otilie threw out, by way of a suggestion of converse to break an impending awkwardness.

"He is somewhat of the order of that potentate who 'never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one.' He does not always carry out his good ideas in his writing. Still, he has time before him," responded Bainbridge.

He fidgeted, looked to the right and left, then suddenly said, in a changed, almost husky tone, "I wish you would come and sit down with me a little while. There is something I want to say to you. I can find places."

"I do not think I ought to," Otilie murmured; but opposition died on her lips, and she followed him. He led the way through the crowd to some chairs by the wall, in a corner. The people standing up and moving about in front of them insured a sort of privacy for their interview.

"I did not know that you were here," began Bainbridge. "I had not the slightest idea of it. I thought you would have accepted an invitation earlier in the season. It is only by the merest accident that I am here myself. I had to find Mr. Camden, in connection with a piece of work I am doing for his paper, and I was directed to this place. It is going to make the greatest difference to me that I have come. I have something I must say to you."

"If it be to account for your extraordinary keeping away from me, of late," said Otilie faintly, "perhaps it is quite in order."

"I did not expect to see you," the young man went on, repeating himself in his agitation. "I had made up my mind not to see you." Ah, he had made up his mind not to see her. "Do you know why I stayed away?"

"No," answered Otilie. "I thought perhaps — It was said — The report went around — that you were engaged to Miss Emily Rawson."

"What nonsense!" he cried indignantly, half starting up. And yet, perhaps indignation was not greatly called for. His own conduct had given excellent color to such a report. He was somewhat cooler upon this, and acted with greater self-possession.

"Well," he said, "I have been trying the severest experiment of my life. I have been trying to see what sort of a martyr I should make. But I am not the stuff for martyrdom. I recant, I retract my errors, or am perhaps ready for worse ones. The rack and thumb-screw frighten me. Had it ever occurred to you that I might be in love with you?"

"No," said Otilie with a violent start, opening her fan to aid in concealing her emotion.

"You had not thought that all that pretty intercourse, that charming friendship of ours, was, on my side, love,—that it was bound to result in it? You made me so unspeakably fond of you that"—

"How? I made you so fond of me!" she interrupted to ask. These were the dearest words she ever had heard, in all her life, and they gave her a feeling almost of faintness, but she had answered as if refuting some kind of aspersions upon her character.

"Simply by being what you are,—the loveliest character, the most beautiful and adorable being, in the world. Simply by giving me your companionship, by letting me be with you."

And all this had to go on with bated breath, and no other demonstrations than such as would have been proper to conversation on the most ordinary topics. Bainbridge bore with difficulty the enforced restraint. He would have liked to sink literary and all other society, for the time being, to the bottom of the sea.

"I am not at all adorable," returned Otilie, "nor of an amiable character,—if you only knew me. Nor am I beautiful; I have never been told so. My

mirror informs me too truly on that point. And there are excellent reasons why I ought not to let you talk to me in this way. I must not listen to you."

"I knew that I should never be able to see you again without telling you all. Now you have heard it. To pass your house, even to walk in the direction of it, to call you to mind, has given me thrills and pains of the heart. I must show what I have been through. I am completely unstrung. I am good for nothing."

"Then why did you keep away?"

"Because I was magnanimous. Now that I have relapsed into my selfishness again I have come back. I tried to sacrifice you to your own best good. I have never made a secret of my worldly circumstances to you. At the last period of our intimacy they had become notably worse than ever, and so I took myself off. I wanted to do nothing to interfere with your prospects, the brilliant match you might well enough make. You recollect how we talked of these subjects in the summer. When I thought Kingbolt was making up to you, I tried in the same way to give him a clear field, though I was tortured with a jealousy I cannot describe."

"And you were really jealous of Kingbolt?"

The insensate, delightful idea! The blood again coursed warmly through all her chilled members.

"Madly. And since then I have been jealous of all the world. The advice I gave, the principles we laid down, are as good as ever; but oh, I love you so dearly that I have not been able to prevent myself from coming to you with a foolish proposition. I have come to ask you to be mine, in spite of all that we have said; to try and conceive an existence from the romantic point of view, without all of those things that we may both have thought so necessary. It is better that I should have made you this

offer, at any rate. Now you have but to refuse me. I shall have the comfort, at least, of knowing that I have done all I could.

"There is just one ray of light," he went on, before Ottolie, gasping for breath in her agitation, could begin her answer. He spoke now with a nervous haste, as if to postpone as long as possible the adverse decision he dreaded, though the instant before he had professed himself resigned to it. "A letter has reached me to-day, which may prove of significance. It informs me that my absconding debtor and quondam friend of former years, of whom I once told you, has turned up in Denver, with the appearance of being quite a prosperous person. He is thought to have met with success in mining and to be a wealthy man. In that case I shall be able to recover what is due me, — a comfortable sum to begin the world on. I am going to take a journey thither; who knows what may come of it? And besides," he continued, as if not willing to have the decision rest wholly upon so problematic a resource, and with a boastful air new to him, "I shall presently get a large practice. I must. Fortune cannot always run in the same groove; and when it turns it can turn in but one way."

It touched Ottolie deeply to see him almost humiliate himself before her, like this. But she too was revolving certain ideas in her head.

"No," she said; "this is a sudden impulse. It is against the sober judgment you had formed. Let us renew our former friendship. That will do, will it not?"

"It is too late for friendship. It never was friendship. I have analyzed it thoroughly."

"You exaggerate what you are pleased to call my brilliant prospects; and you greatly disparage yourself," returned Ottolie. "You are good enough for anybody. You must not think that

it is reasons of a mercenary kind that influence me. I esteem it a very, very great honor you do me,— I say it most truly,— but I am obliged to decline. I cannot marry you."

"Oh, do not say that! Oh, why?" he pleaded in a wretched way. "Then you have never cared for me?"

"On the contrary, I have cared for you, and I do like you, very, *very* much. There, I am glad to have you know that, though it must not alter what I have said."

For the first time the people in the vicinity may have had a slight suspicion that these two were not talking exclusively about the weather.

"Drop your hand by your side a moment, by your skirt. Let me take it in token of gratitude for even so much," Bainbridge begged. "They will not see. Just an instant!"

"They *will* see. I am very foolish," she said, as if to herself, in consenting. "There! *there!*!" and she drew the hand away from his ardent pressure with some difficulty.

She continued firm, nevertheless, in the refusal she had returned. She also had secretly her ideals of duty and self-sacrifice, and they were perhaps higher than his. She recalled perfectly well what his theory of a comfortable, even a tolerable, existence was. She had no right to take advantage of an injudicious enthusiasm to hamper him, and possibly prevent its realization forever.

Bainbridge asked for whys and wherefores, putting himself forward as a person excellently adapted to the comprehension of good reasons. She incalculably relented so far as to furnish him with some suggestion of those above named. He demolished them with a fierce energy. Ottolie was driven into her intrenchments. Unless the garrison had resources not yet drawn upon, it seemed in imminent danger of being forced to haul down its colors.

The hostess came bustling along at

this moment, and, before she could be hindered, begged to present another candidate for the honor of her acquaintance. Usage demanded that Bainbridge should yield to the new-comer. He did so with an ill grace, but kept near, trusting to Otilie to recall him.

Fragments of discourse from adjoining circles were heard. Mr. Okenberg said, "I shall put such and such a character through about ten thousand words." "I shall write on that subject six thousand words," and used other similar jargon of his craft. He was throwing out hints and suggestions of plots which he proposed to use in his stories.

"I should have been very good at story-writing," said Dr. Wyburd, with much complacency. "I should have drawn a great deal upon real life. I have had the fortune to fall in with such a variety of experiences."

He began to give specimens by way of establishing the character of his material. "You alter, of course, and magnify any given incident to suit your own purposes?" he said.

"Yes," assented Okenberg. "We could not get along without that."

"Well, there was my friend and patient, old Colonel Kingbolt, for instance, who was killed by the wind of a shot, you may say. Nothing ever actually hurt him. He was notified of a forgery of his name in a New York bank. The bank telegraphed him, 'Have you issued such and such acceptances, now in our hands?' — date and amount given, but no name. He telegraphed back a negative, and demanded details, but these were refused. Renewed applications met with no better success. He then got it into his head that there was some infamous plot against his credit, and so allowed himself to be worried to death. It was rather curious they should have refused the particulars to a person of the colonel's importance. They passed it off as an error of some kind in the bank. This might be represented as

one of those cases you read about, where the facts are suppressed in the interest of influential parties."

"Yes, that might be worked up; most anything can be worked up, you know," said Okenberg. "You could have the son of the deceased, say, come to New York, and fall into relations with the persons who committed some crime which was the immediate cause of his father's death. One of them might be, say, his prospective father-in-law. The whole matter might be exploded on the wedding-day. Nothing lends itself to all sorts of sensational possibilities better than a wedding-day."

"But, unfortunately, or fortunately, you cannot construct your little romance in that way," broke in Stoneglass; "that is to say, if it is going to be founded on real life. Old Colonel Kingbolt's son is about to marry the daughter of Rodman Harvey, — as sound, solid, and upright a merchant as ever lived. Mr. Harvey's niece is with us here to-night," he added, by way of making some little parade of the guest. "It is very soon, I believe, Miss Harvey, that your cousin is to marry Mr. Kingbolt?"

"Yes," replied Otilie, a flush passing over her face, which was deeply clouded with anxiety; "within a fortnight."

When Bainbridge was able to resume his interrupted suit, there were no longer to be discovered in her any traces of yielding.

"No," she said; "go your journey to the West, and forget me. That will aid you to begin."

"I can never forget you; it is not possible."

"Do you not know of excellent reasons why you should?" she asked, examining him searchingly.

"I know of nothing that does or can in any way conflict with my ardent devotion to you." He would not concede that he took her meaning, if he really did so. Any admission and conference could but strengthen her fears.

"There is something — I cannot speak more clearly," pursued Otilie. "I have an impression, a dread. It is necessary to wait."

"But let it be an engagement! Then we can wait as long as we like. What folly! What cobweb fantasy is this! Come, we understand each other. You are not afraid of me. We are engaged. I shall call it so."

"No," she persisted. "Obstinacy is said to be a Harvey trait. You will find that it is mine. You must go your journey. I am not to be persuaded."

"Nothing shall induce me," she was saying, to strengthen herself inwardly, "to cast upon him, in addition to all the rest, the possibility of a disgrace which I feel to be impending."

Her carriage was now announced. Bainbridge insisted upon going down with her to put her into it. "I am coming to see you to-morrow to talk it over again," he declared, at the last moment.

"It will not be of any use," she returned. "And perhaps I shall not be at home."

William Henry Bishop.

DOMESTIC COUNTRY LIFE IN GREECE.

MODERN Athens, although still retaining many peculiar characteristics, is nevertheless from day to day adopting the habits and customs of other European capitals. It was therefore with much pleasure that we accepted an invitation to make a visit of some weeks in the island of Eubœa, where the primitive simplicity of former days still reigns supreme; where, at least among the peasant classes, the varied and graceful costumes are still in general use; and where the strange and weird national songs and dances have not yet given place to the all-absorbing waltz. Much even of the patriarchal element still exists there, the island being principally occupied by well-to-do families, who have lived on their property for several generations, and who, coming to the city only for the winter season, regard the country as their real home. Situated out of the more beaten tracks of travel and warfare, Eubœa has remained one of the most fertile and well wooded parts of Greece; and for this reason it was the favorite abode, during Turkish rule, of rich pashas, who loved its blue winding strait, its green forests,

and its delicious springs of water. They had built comfortable houses, and surrounded themselves with a certain degree of luxury for such a remote region; but, in spite of this, they would not stay after the Greeks came into power, and, reluctant as they were to leave this land of delights, sold their property at any price, and betook themselves over the boundary, — many to Thessaly, where the soil is also very fertile, but where the climate is more severe. Any Greek who was able to do so considered himself fortunate in becoming the possessor of one of these estates, with a village attached, where the peasants lived, who either tilled the land for the employer or rented from him small portions for themselves; in every case, the peasant was very dependent upon the land-owner. Several foreigners also took advantage of the opportunity to settle here; among others, two Englishmen, whose descendants have a good share of political and social influence in the island. I am told that in the newly annexed territory of Greece there are probably excellent bargains now to be had from the Turks, who, if they have not already de-

parted, will soon do so, as any sacrifice is lighter to a Mussulman than life on Christian soil.

One can reach Eubœa from Athens either by land or water, as there is a fine road, the longest in the kingdom, extending via Thebes to Chalcis. The island is connected with the mainland by a bridge across the strait. An omnibus goes daily over this bridge, carrying the mail and passengers. The whole drive, however, is a long and tiresome one, often shared by peasants, who are not pleasant traveling companions, as they bring with them an atmosphere of garlic and tobacco smoke. We therefore concluded to take the steamer, which runs once a fortnight, and is the best means of conveyance, if one is not hurried. As we were to start at midnight from the Piræus, we left our home in Athens at nine o'clock, P. M., and drove over the white, powdery road which connects the capital and its port, overtaking several other carriages containing passengers on the way to the same boat. It is an hour's drive, and our first stop was at the coffee-house under the group of tall silver poplar-trees, a little out of Piræus. Here is the only shade to be found on the road, and for this reason the cab-drivers always stop there to water their horses, while the passengers eat locoomia, and take a glass of water or a cup of coffee; and no matter what is the weather, the hour, or the haste, the traveler never leaves or enters Athens, by carriage, through Piræus, without performing this ceremony.¹

Upon arriving at the quay, we embarked in a small row-boat, manned by two sturdy oarsmen, who took us out to the little steamer Iris. From the quiet harbor we seemed to be transferred to a pandemonium, as the usual scene of confusion prevailing on board a steamer a hour before starting was increased ten-

fold by the fact that the distinctions of class are very vague here. The deck was crowded with persons of every description, eager to secure the best places, and struggling to pick out their possessions in the heaps of luggage which blocked the passages. The contrasts of appearance in this crowd were very striking. Near the gay mustached officer and his fashionable wife stood the shaggy peasant, keeping guard over his various bundles with as much vigilance as they over their Paris trunks. A large number of the passengers were rheumatic invalids, bound for the mineral baths of Edipso, in the northern part of Eubœa. As the accommodations at the baths are most imperfect, they travel with all their requirements for the weeks they remain there; and as I saw the mountains of household goods, it was difficult to imagine where the owners would be stowed. To sleep below in the stifling atmosphere seemed too terrible to think of, even if one could have found a place, and we concluded to spend the night on deck, as all the third-class passengers were preparing to do. It was the 12th of May (the 1st, Greek style), and the weather was mild, so that one who was not rheumatic could sleep in the open air without much risk; as it was brilliant moonlight, we knew that it would be far from disagreeable. After we were well under way, the steward brought us mattresses and blankets, and we curled ourselves up comfortably beside the rows of peasants who were stretched on the deck. The latter always travel with a rug and pillow, and lie down whenever and wherever they please. Before an hour had passed, the ship's company was silent in sleep, and we floated tranquilly along over the smooth sea. The situation was too novel for me immediately to follow the example of the natives, and for a while I watched the varying aspect of the long ridge of Hymettus, stretching out like a wall between us and the unknown land

¹ It may here be remarked that the one railroad of Greece, five miles in length, connects the two towns, and absorbs the greater part of the travel.

to which we were going. About two hours' steaming brought us to Point Colonna, or ancient Sunium, where the glistening columns of its ruined temple, standing on the abrupt promontory, broke the utter barrenness of the shore. The marble of Sunium is far whiter than that of the other temples. Some conjecture that this is from the quality of the stone; others, that from its position, exposed on all sides to the sea air, it has become blanched, as the side of the Parthenon turned to the sea is also whiter than its other sides.

After Sunium, I remember no more until sunrise, when a blaze of light in the east awoke me, to catch a confused vision of peasant women combing long black tresses, and shaggy men unrolling themselves from their rugs; and from this time there was no rest, as the children began to run about, while the parents prepared breakfast and rolled up the beds. At seven o'clock we passed the plain of Marathon. We had now entered the straits, having the island of Eubcea on our right. The shores on either side were near enough for us to see them plainly, and every one turned with interest toward the mainland. Here the straits widened into a beautiful semi-circular bay, a mile perhaps in its curve, defined by a soft white beach, from which the plain sloped gradually back to the green, wooded base of the Pentelic range. The upper peaks are bare, and marked in white seams by its famed marble, seen very distinctly on approaching Pentelicus from Athens, where the quarried side is exposed to view. The plain of Marathon looked to us like a simple stretch of wild, waste land, beginning to turn brown in the hot spring sun, as every green thing does in Attica. The whole region made an impression of great beauty, but of deep solitude also, as there was neither habitation nor living thing in sight. During the morning the steamer made but few stops. These were at small villages,

sometimes on the shore, and sometimes lying at a distance on the hills. Among the stopping-places was Oropòs, on the mainland, where a band of brigands encamped with their English prisoners in 1872. The captain pointed out to us the heights near by, where the poor victims were murdered, and where the brigands were afterward taken by the Greek troops.

We approached the site of the ancient town of Eretria an hour before we reached Chalcis. Only a few walls and fragments of buildings mark the spot, but it is rumored that rich treasures are concealed beneath its soil. Some friends of mine found in one of their fields, near here, two statues, as beautiful as any discovered at Tanagra; also some fine glass cups, in a perfect state of preservation, except that the color had been changed by the action of the soil, reminding me of similar ones from Cyprus, seen in the Cesnola collection in New York. Private excavations in Greece are very interesting, and in many houses there are little collections of antiquities found in digging the cellar or the well.

We proceeded on our course, the shores constantly drawing nearer, and as we left Attica, and skirted the Boeotian coast, both sides were well wooded. Entering a labyrinth of waters, which became more and more circuitous, we wound between the mountains into the quiet land-locked harbor before the town of Chalcis. I had been told that its situation was very picturesque, but I was not prepared for the extreme beauty of the view. The city is built in the form of a square, three sides of it inclosed by the straits, and protected by soft brown walls of crumbling stone. These and the old fortress on the mainland across the strait, where, carved in stone over the entrance, the lion of St. Mark still scowls on the passer-by, are relics of the Venetian rule in Greece. From within the city walls rise the domes and

minarets of mosques. Opposite Chalcis, on the Boeotian shore, is the supposed site of the ancient Aulis, where Agamemnon and his army of heroes were detained by the continuance of unpropitious breezes. We sailed close up to the town, to a point where the straits become so narrow that island and continent are separated by only a few feet. This space is spanned by an iron bridge, which was raised that our steamer might pass in with the tide. The singular rushing tide of the Euripus (swift flowing) at this narrow strait has given rise in all ages to much wonder and remark. The inhabitants, accustomed to see only an inch or two of difference between high and low tide on their shores, cannot comprehend this phenomenon, more especially as they assert that the tide has no regular time for turning, but is quite capricious in its movements. There is a fable that Aristotle, who was a citizen of Chalcis, weary with the mystery, threw himself into the whirling flood, and thus ended his troubled existence. However this may be, the tide is regarded with as much interest as ever, and one may always see some idle person hanging over the bridge and watching it.

As our destination was but a short distance beyond Chalcis, we disembarked here, and set out on foot, under the guidance of our hosts, the friends with whom we were traveling, to a house in the town, where we were to await their carriage to take us to the country. We found it very hot. The noonday sun was shining vertically on our heads, while the glittering clay of the streets reflected its rays upwards into our faces with blinding glare, and we were glad to avail ourselves of the narrow margin of shade afforded by the high walls and houses. An interval of absolute darkness occurred while passing from the old town into the new through the stone tunnel which crossed the moat, now no longer filled with

water, but overgrown with green vines and bushes. The tunnel opened into a square; on one side of it stood a Turkish minaret, now used as a clock tower. The houses about the square were low, and, like most old Turkish houses, built of unpainted wood, partially plastered with white mortar, and had an outside staircase leading up to the second story, where the families live. The ground-floor may be used as a stable, or for a shop or coffee-house. In almost every house a part of the roof is made into a broad terrace, where the people sit in the cool of the evening, or sleep on summer nights. After walking through several roughly-made alleys, we turned into an inclosure, and went up the rickety stairway of an old house. Here a woman, of almost equally ancient appearance with her abode, clad in black, came forward, and greeted with the greatest joy her master and mistress, who had come to her house to await their carriage. She was an old servant, who had been born and brought up on their estate; and now that her days of usefulness were past, they had provided her with a good home, and seemed to regard her more as a relative than an inferior. She called her master Effendi, as the country servants generally do, while he called her Graia,—the old lady. The Graia bustled about to make us comfortable; told us all the news of Chalcis and the farm, always using the word "ours;" ran to bring sweet preserves; made coffee; showed us her different rooms, which were very neat and clean; and did all in her power to make our hour's visit agreeable. The Effendi, meanwhile, poor man, did not have such a peaceful time; for in his office of deputy to the parliament at Athens he had much business to transact, and no sooner had he set foot on his native sod than he was surrounded by a crowd of anxious neighbors, each one eager to know the result of his petition. One claimed damages from the government for land

taken for the new road ; another wished the position of school-master ; another a pension : so that when the carriage finally came for us Mr. X. stepped into it with an expression of relief, knowing that during the drive, at least, he should be out of hearing of their clamorous tongues. Our road, which led for a distance of two hours outside of Chalcis, had been built only a year or two. As we drove along, by the water-side, we passed gayly-dressed people sitting at tables, taking coffee and sweetmeats, listening to the military band that was playing. They were officers and their families, who bring a little life to the quiet place when the troops are stationed here. A little further on, we came to a group of larger houses, not of Turkish construction, one of which is now occupied as the National Bank. Before this house Mr. X. drew up his horses, calling our attention to its position, somewhat to our surprise, as there was nothing to distinguish it from the adjoining buildings, all very much alike, and separated from the water by the street, beyond which lay the Chalcis shipping.

"Thirty years ago," he said, "this house belonged to my father ; and one evening in the late autumn, as we were sitting together, a party of neighbors and relatives, a band of brigands entered, armed to the teeth. The terrified servants crowded into the parlor, but their presence was of no avail. Although we outnumbered the robbers, we found ourselves, unarmed as we were, completely in their power. To call for assistance from outside was impossible, as they had stationed a guard to watch the house, and attack any chance passer-by who might hear the screams and carry the news further. Their first measure was to seize my aged father and demand an immense sum of money. This he stoutly refused to give, whereupon they forced my mother to surrender her keys, which opened the closets where the silver plate and jewels were

kept. They took all these, which represented an important part of our possessions, as people in those days put their money into jewels, in absence of other investments. After this, they spent some time in talking together, and amusing themselves by threatening us with tortures of every description. Finally, after what seemed hours of agony, they departed, taking with them as hostages, to be detained until they received the demanded sum of money, two of our family,—my older sister, a girl of seventeen, and my brother, nine years old. Hurrying them into the caïque waiting before our house, they carried them off to the wilds of Boeotia. There they spent the whole winter as prisoners, leading the same life as the brigands: sometimes making long marches at night when pursuit by the Greek troops was feared; sometimes concealed in caves or behind rocks, their foes holding daggers ready to murder them, while they actually heard the footsteps and well-known voices of friends who were passing close by their hiding-places in search of them. At length, in the spring, my father contrived to send word by a private envoy, who was most probably another brigand, that he would pay the money, and subsequently paid two hundred thousand drachmas, or forty thousand dollars, the larger part of what was left him, and thus got his children back." The account which the daughter gave of her experience was most thrilling. On becoming assured, after the first few days, that their prisoners were making no attempt to escape, the brigands, except on particular occasions,—when they were under pursuit themselves, or sometimes when they had been drinking too much raki,—treated them well. They gave them the best pieces of meat, a soft bed of leaves and a warm blanket, and were even chivalrous in helping the girl over mountain streams, and doing their best to protect her from inclement weather. When the money came, they

parted from her with regret, and sent word to the father that he had a brave daughter. They appeared to be especially touched by her tender treatment of her little brother, from whom she always concealed her fears; trying to interest him in what went on about him, and inducing him to play games with the brigands. This lady lives now in Athens, the quiet mother of a family, but regarded by all who know her story as a heroine. She has even been heard to remark that she would like to wander over those wild footpaths again; that she had never slept so well in her life; and that the awaking in the morning in the pure air of the mountains was beautiful.

As we drove on, the impression left by this story added much to the already absorbing scene through which we were passing. We could easily fancy lurking brigands in the lonely fields about us, broken only by the line of ancient aqueduct and a ruined Venetian tower. But our friends assured us that nowhere in Greece is travel safer now than here, and the truth of this statement was well proved before our journey was over. It may be said, in justice to the Greeks, that all the recent brigandage has been done by Turkish subjects, who come over the borders from Thessaly. It is true they were Greeks by race and language, but the Greek government had no control of them, and Turkey did nothing to check them; in fact, often encouraged their inroads.

A drive of an hour and a half brought us to Vertonda, the little village where we were to see for the first time the real country life. Its name is Turkish, and is that of a flower which grows abundantly in the vicinity. We turned off the main road into a lane through the fields, then waving with wheat and barley ripe for the harvest. This farm was bought sixty years ago, by the father of the present owner, from a pasha, for a diamond-hilted sword worth five thousand

drachmas, or about one thousand dollars. It is now estimated at about forty times this value. It is very extensive, and, beside the grain fields, has vineyards and valuable chromium mines. The village is small,—a group of ten or twelve houses, clustered about the whitewashed church. Behind this, on higher grounds, stand the house and garden of the proprietor, nestled at the foot of an abrupt and wooded cliff. Away in the distance, the snow-capped peaks of Delphis, the highest mountain of Eubœa, looms up to a height of over five thousand feet. Its base is a half day's journey from Vertonda on horseback, and we hoped at first to make the ascent; but hearing on all sides of the difficulties to be encountered, we did not attempt it. One of the few people who had climbed it, however, was Queen Amelia, who was an undaunted explorer of all parts of her kingdom.

The house of Mr. X. is a low cottage, covering much ground, and built around a court-yard, which we entered through a high, strong gateway. The gate and the iron barricades at the windows gave me a feeling of trepidation; but my friends laughed at my fears, and the attractive and cheerful aspect of the establishment reassured me. Flowers were growing everywhere, pigeons were cooing from their cotes in a little tower, and several smiling servants were awaiting our arrival. The inside of the house was most comfortable, and the view from the front windows was superb, overlooking the garden and village to the sea, half a mile away; beyond this lay the Boeotian mountains, and still farther in the distance, shining like a golden crown in the setting sun, rose the eternal snows of Parnassus. After a little, I wandered out into a field opposite the house, where a woman was cooking at a fire built in a rough sort of stone furnace. She had an immense copper kettle full of soup. I said, "You must have a large family." "Yes," she

replied, with an amused smile ; "thirty women." Supposing that they had a system of coöperative housekeeping, and that she cooked for the whole village, I continued my inquiries, when she told me that, it being harvest season, there were many extra laborers, who were women, and she, as the steward's daughter, had the supervision of them. The supper consisted only of a piece of bread beside the soup ; and this diet has but few variations, such as black olives, salad, and fruit in the season. Meat is a great rarity ; many eat it but once a year, at the feast of Lambri, or Easter. Then every one eats roast spring lamb ; and if one is too poor to buy it, he will be sure to find somebody to give it to him. The generosity of the Greeks is extreme at Easter and New Year, as it is considered a religious duty to help the poor at these seasons. She took her soup off the fire, and put it out in the air to cool, remarking that it was very injurious to the teeth to eat hot food. As Greek peasants always have fine teeth, probably the theory is a correct one. After this, she raked out her fire, and put a number of loaves of bread on the heated stones : there, she said, they must remain all night, to be thoroughly cooked. Her work finished, she gave a sigh of relief, and sat down to await her family of thirty women, whom we soon saw approaching through the gathering darkness. As they came nearer, I perceived that they were mostly girls of fourteen or fifteen years, with one or two older women, who led the party ; they were a sturdy-looking, sunburned set, and instead of seeming weary with the long day's work were in the best of spirits, laughing and talking. The effect was most picturesque ; for although clad in the poorest, and in many cases most ragged costumes, the shape of their garments was such as best to set off their superb figures, and their free, untrammeled gait gave them even a majestic air. The material of the

dress is both woolen and cotton, of soft yellowish-white embroidered with bright colors ; the broad sashes and the kerchiefs worn over the head are also of some gay color, becoming to their dark hair and eyes. As soon as they had reached the place where we were, they sat down in groups, keeping up the same lively chatter.

During our own repast, which was soon announced, Mr. X. told us that these women laborers were a set of people from the poorest part of the population, who always went about together from estate to estate to help when there was extra work on hand. They receive a drachma per day and their food ; the day lasting from sunrise to sunset. This company was from Chalcis; but he soon expected a band of men from Salamis, whose natives are considered remarkably good workers. The conversation then turned upon the condition of the laboring classes in Greece, whereupon he expressed much dissatisfaction at the large number of feast-days that peasants keep, and said that the country would always be poor, until the laborers would learn to work more steadily. Some of his people, particularly the older ones, would never work on any saint's day ; as the name of the saints is legion, there would be an average of nearly a day a week, beside the Sunday, when they would do nothing but dress in their best clothes, and dance and sing. I could not help thinking how much this sociable dancing and singing added to their charms as human beings, and wondering whether they would come home at night from their labors with such an elastic step, were it not for this waste of time, of which the landlords so bitterly complain.

A strange chanting song soon reached our ears, which came from the peasant women, and we hurried out to see them at their dance. Nearly all had joined hands, and were moving around in a circle, with a slow, measured step, at

the same time singing in a shrill, nasal tone. One of the older women took the part of soloist, and droned out a line of a curious air, to which the young girls, after a short pause, responded together. It had the effect of question and answer, but was really solo and chorus, as the same words were sung both times. When men are present they begin the song, and the women repeat it after them. The abrupt pause between the two parts adds much to the effect, especially as the men thunder out their part in deep, sonorous tones, while the women sing at a very high pitch, the oldest and most cracked voices in general predominating. The music is oriental, and the scale is written on a different plan of intervals from the European method, making a startling impression on the uninitiated ear; but after one is accustomed to it, there is something sympathetic, even soothing, in the weird, wailing sound, particularly as the singers put their whole soul into their performance. The words of the song have a separate origin from the music, and date from the time when Klepthic bands inhabited the mountain fastnesses of Greece, and waged incessant warfare on the Turkish land-holders. At this period the term Klepth, which simply means robber, acquired a new and peculiar signification, inasmuch as these warriors, although leading a life of blood and rapine, always held as their first object the extermination of the Mussulman and the maintenance of their liberty. They afterwards played a most important part in the Greek Revolution, several of them becoming leading generals in the regular army. A modern German author has said that when the populace learns to read and write it ceases to improvise, and that the birth of literature to a land is the death-knell to the songs of the people. This remark applies directly to the Klepthic poetry, which was composed, for the most part, near the end of the last and the beginning of the

present century. The latest date which we have found in a collection of songs is 1844. The robber bands are dispersed; the motives of their ballads exist no more; and this interesting poetry will soon be forgotten and lost, if the words of this generation of peasants are not carefully noted down and preserved. As we might expect, its predominating character is epic, and the extravagant praises of a Greek hero who holds a mountain pass against a thousand dastardly Turks recall the Homeric strains. The gloating over the destruction of the enemy, and the detailed description of his discomfiture and annihilation, are also similar to the delight of the ancient Greek, when he sees the dishonored body of the Trojan dragged in the dust, and submitted to every indignity.

Nature, in all her aspects, was another favorite theme of these simple narrators, and they expressed in the most exuberant and vivid language their joy in the return of spring, in the song of the bird, in the glowing blue sky, in the snow gleaming on the mountain top. Nothing was too insignificant or too familiar to awaken a response in their sensitive, child-like hearts, and they sang out their delight in a most happy, original manner. In the winter, when warfare was impossible, the Klepht came down from his mountain fastness to the lowlands, here to find a shelter among some of his people. Then in the ballads comes a brief lull in his hatred of the Turk, and his breast is stirred not less deeply by a more tender passion. He basks for a brief interval in the smile and sunny glance of some beautiful daughter of his race, who will do as much to help on the common cause by her ingenuity and artifices as a hundred armed heroes. She will send off the Turkish squads, who ride about seeking for information, on the wrong scent; she will lay the most destructive pitfalls for the foe, and do it all in a cool, determined spirit, regardless of the ter-

rible consequences to herself, should her schemes fall through. Her only fear is for her lover and her nation. She will also carry food and clothes to the soldiers, at the greatest risk to her own life and safety. Then, in the spring-time, when the Klephth returns to the mountains, we hear the most intense grief poured forth. Vows are exchanged, and the most sacred promises made of fidelity on both sides, while threats and curses are piled up for the unfaithful one.

In these ballads woman's beauty is often depicted by its effect on the world around her. A maiden walks across the meadow, and the whole region is lighted up as by magic; the flowers open, and the birds sing their sweetest song, as she passes. Another girl sits at her window, looking toward the sea, and singing a lament for her lover, who has been drowned. The beauty of her face and the melody of her voice act like a spell on nature. The wind forgets to blow, so that the sail-boats are motionless; the waves do not move, and the fisherman's oar drops from his hand. This is also Homer's way of describing the beauty of Helen, as she walks out on the wall of Troy to watch the battle-field. All are silent as she passes; and then the elders of Troy whisper together, and confess it not strange that this woman has caused such havoc among men. Songs are made on all subjects of every-day life, and some on gossip are quite amusing. One begins with a question: "Who saw us?" Then comes the answer: "A star that dropped into the sea, who told it to the waves; they repeated it to the oar, the oar to the fisherman, and he to his love, who told it to the whole village." We find also numberless sad, melancholy dirges on death, darkness, and the grave; these enemies of man, as the Greek always represents them. "Better a plowman in a field in this world than a king in Hades," said Achilles; and one dying

hero asks to have a window made in his grave, so that he can hear the birds sing and see the blessed light.

In the performance of the songs the metre often changes with the character of the piece, as it turns from joy to sorrow, or from narrative to conversation; the time being altered according to the subject. The steps can be varied, and a good leader performs many wild capers, makes high jumps, changes hands, and in fact does anything that comes into his head, if only it be in time. One of the dances most admired is the Tratto, which is to be seen at Megara every year, at the great feast of the Virgin. The music begins with a slow and dignified movement, which afterward changes to wild and fantastic bursts; the time becoming quicker, the voices louder, till the climax is passed, when the theme resolves itself again by degrees into its former calm and lofty character. As I saw the dance performed by four tall, lithe maidens, their swaying garments and serious, absorbed faces made an ineffaceable impression on my memory.

On Sunday, almost before daylight, the bells began to ring for morning service, and the peasants, who are early risers, were soon flocking into the little church. Not only the villagers came, but people from surrounding farms; and from my window I saw the priest, who had come from a distance, dismounting from his horse, and answering the salutations of his parishioners, who perhaps had the more regard for him because he did not live among them, but came only once a fortnight to conduct service. I had been told that there was to be a second Liturgia said at seven o'clock, for the master and family; so I waited for that hour, when we all walked down together. On entering the church we found there a goodly number of peasants, who had not been able to get to the early mass. As is the custom in the Greek church, the congregation remained standing during the en-

tire service, the men on the right, and the women on the left. They were very devout in manner, looking toward the picture of the Virgin near the altar ; and to her they addressed their prayers, in a low voice, their only motion being the frequent sign of the cross. Several mothers were there, holding babies in their arms, with small children clinging to their skirts. The little ones crossed themselves with their tiny fingers, in imitation of their elders. Sometimes a person coming in would step forward, put down a small coin, and light a little taper, which he would put into the candle-stick, saying a prayer for the soul of a dead friend, or would kiss the picture of the Virgin. The priest, who officiated at the altar, had exchanged his usual black robe for a gayly-colored one of some common stuff, and his hair, always concealed under his high cap, except in church, hung down in heavy black curls over his shoulders. He went through the prayers in a loud, nasal chant, and read the Gospel in the same tone, with great speed, assisted in his duties by a peasant lad, whom he had trained, and who was probably destined to be a priest. The worshipers made their responses with fervor, and after the doxology was said went up and kissed the priest's hand, and the Bible which he held. This was handsomely bound in silver and gold, set with colored stones, and was a family relic ; so also was the sacred picture, worn and effaced, as if it dated from Byzantine days. The Greeks often have these valuable religious pictures hanging on the wall, at the head of the bed, and a devout soul keeps a lighted taper burning day and night before them.

As we came out of church, the people all crowded about Mr. and Mrs. X., who shook hands with each one, and made inquiries after all their concerns. The peasants were dressed in their best clothes, and looked neat and thrifty ; and what especially struck me was the

entire ease and dignity of their bearing ; there was no apparent shyness, and their greeting to us, the strangers, was most cordial and hearty, each putting out his hand to shake ours.

At the house, we found a number of shepherds waiting, who had come to pay the yearly rent for the pasture of their sheep. They were a shaggy, swarthy company, and reminded one of the ideal David of Scripture. Their hair, long, and looking as if it had never felt the touch of a brush, was surmounted by a small black fez, worn upon one side ; their cotton fustanellas and coarse white leggins were threadbare and brown with long usage, as it is their custom not to change their garments until they are so old that they are ready to drop off. Each shepherd wears a leather belt about his waist, to which is attached, in front, an immense pouch, and in this is contained all that he constantly needs : his sharp knife, money, tobacco, and cigarette papers. His shoes are made of heavy red leather, turned up at the end like a boat's prow, and ornamented with a red silken tassel. In his hand he carries a shepherd's crook. From his shoulder hangs a bright-colored woolen bag for his food, and a wooden bottle for his wine or water ; and over all he wears his heavy dark capote, to keep out the sun of summer or the rain of winter, and to serve as a bed in all seasons. It is made of the undyed, brownish wool of the goat's hair, and is a graceful, even elegant garment on the erect figure of the shepherd. He has a hard life, wandering up and down, with his flocks, over the scanty pasturage which is to be found on the dry Greek hillsides, and with difficulty manages to pay his rent from the slender gains obtained from the sale of his butter, milk, and cheese, and his lambs at Easter. However, as cow's milk is the greatest rarity, — there being but one herd of cattle in the kingdom, and this belonging to the king, — society is very dependent upon

the shepherd, and his goats and sheep. Grass is an unknown article, and the Greeks express great admiration, when they first travel in other parts of Europe, at the rich green pasture seen everywhere.

Most of the rent was paid in *lepta*, the smallest Greek coin, and the form in which the shepherds realize their daily sales. They brought it tied up in bags, the contents of which the landlord, with infinite trouble, counted out, and divided into piles, to be exchanged afterward for notes at the bank. These people generally live in colonies, and their families move about with them, as the season requires, in the winter to the plains and the bases of the mountains, and in summer to the higher lands. The women are very industrious, as on them falls all the household labor, the men being exclusively occupied with the flocks. I have often met women carrying heavy barrels of water, which were strapped to the back, while they were busily engaged in spinning wool from the distaff. The dexterity with which they did this, the left hand smoothing and twisting the wool into a thread, while with the right they rolled it into a ball, led me to suppose that it was a simple process, which any one might learn immediately; but I soon found that it required long practice to do it quickly. They spin, weave, and make all their garments. Some of their materials are extremely thick and durable, which is the more important because their clothing is their principal protection against the weather; their houses being made of nothing but boughs of the pine-tree, twisted and joined together. The poor people suffer much in winter from rain and cold. An important member of their community is the don-

key, who carries the great copper kettle, the rugs, and a few other possessions, when they move about, sometimes being several days on the march from one pasture to another. One need not go far from Athens to meet shepherds, as they encamp in winter at the base of Mount Hymettus. Standing with their flocks on the treeless plain of the Ilyssus, their tall, grand figures in silhouette against the clear sky, they form a very interesting part of the landscape.

Although so poor, the various shepherds had each brought a present to the landlord: one a woolen bag, another some cheese, or, what is considered a great delicacy, some *yaouti*, — a kind of curdled milk, which looks delicious, white, and foamy, but has a sharp and acid taste. Through the entire week which we passed at Vertonda these offerings did not cease to be forthcoming: the fisherman offered his finest fish, and many brought a flask of *Reszinata*, or resinous wine, recommending it highly as they presented it. This we found very disagreeable at first, but after one acquires the habit of drinking it other wine seems insipid; and when tired from a long journey, we found it marvelously refreshing. One sees everywhere in Greece the marks on the pine-trees where they have been tapped for the resin: but this process, so productive of benefit to the peasant, is very soon most destructive to the tree, which turns brown, dries up, and is cut down for firewood.

Among these friendly people a week quickly slipped by. Each day there was some new excursion to take, something pleasant and curious to learn, and it was with much regret that we left them for a further journey to the northern part of Eubœa.

Eunice W. Felton.

[November,

RUBE JONES.

HE was a fine, large man, with wavy white hair and blue eyes. I thought I had never seen a better specimen of genuine white oak. It was a winter evening in January, 1864, and we were at widow Morgan's, in Chapel Street, Albany. Jones and I were the only boarders. We were sitting with Mrs. Morgan in the cosy front parlor, before an open-grate fire.

"Fact is," said Jones, continuing the conversation, "this is not my first visit to Albany. I was here when I was eighteen years old; I came then from my home in New Hampshire to find work. They were building the Capitol (which you now call the old Capitol, because you talk of having a new one), and I worked on the building. I do not mind telling you that some things happened to me that year in this city which I have never felt quite right about, and I came here three weeks ago to look at the old landmarks and review my youth, as you may say. Of course you two have wondered what I have been looking about Albany for, and perhaps it will be as well for me to tell you all about it."

"We do not urge it," said Mrs. Morgan.

"Well, have it that I am anxious to tell, if you want to," said the narrator sharply. "Fact is, it was my first experience away from home, when I came here, so long ago. Albany was just a neat, queer Dutch place then. The houses were for all the world like those sharp old wooden hen-coops we had in New Hampshire. When I got my first sight of the place, that comparison occurred to me. And all around, on the sandy hills and in the hollows, were pine-trees and wild-briars and evergreens. And this beautiful verdure was profusely bespangled with the wild rose."

"Please don't get flowery, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Morgan softly, with a slow, delicious utterance.

"I will try to avoid it, by special request," replied Mr. Jones; "but I wish both of you to understand how fine it was. All along the river were stately elms and lines of willows, and there was the greenest grass in the world. There were no railroads, or excavations, or dumping grounds, or decayed cabbages on the island, or dead cats in the river. Everything was just as neat and smooth and pretty as a picture on an old-fashioned piece of china ware.

"Well, the way all this comes in," continued Jones, "is this. It was a wonderfully good place for a young fellow to go wandering around with his girl. And days when I was off work I used to wander; and evenings too, for that matter. It is just impossible to tell you of the delightful hours I enjoyed with little Blandie, the girl I cared so much for, and the dear little creature who I am sure cared for me."

"Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Morgan, with a mischievous smile, "if you are going to be sentimental, I cannot give my time to it; really, I cannot." And Mrs. Morgan took her work from her lap and resumed her needle.

"Go on with your sewing, madam," said Mr. Jones tartly. "I will try not to disturb you. As I was saying, sir, when the lady interrupted," he went on, turning to me, "my enjoyment of that spring and summer was beyond what I can explain. I doubt not that at your age you will comprehend something of it" (with a deprecating glance toward Mrs. Morgan, as if she were too old to understand). "It was the golden summer, the culmination of my life. But there came a cloud. In those days it required about a week to travel from

New York to Albany. The man who had seen New York had something to boast of, and any New Yorker was a person of distinction, when he came to this city. In July, two men came here from New York. One of them won, or seemed to win, little Blandie away from me. It was not the older one, whose name was Dudley, but it was the young fellow, Harry. I was just a poor working-lad, but Harry was a gentleman from New York; what could I do? It may be that you, my dear young friend, have never passed through what I suffered, and I hope you never have and never will. It just hurt me deep down in my heart. One thing about it was, I could not blame Blandie much. She was always so good, and so kind, and so yielding! Very likely it was her mother, more than it was Blandie, who encouraged him. We had not been engaged, although I knew I would have died for her," said Jones huskily, with tears in his eyes and his handsome face flushed.

Mrs. Morgan stopped sewing, and looked at the narrator.

"Well," continued the story-teller, "the short of it was, I could do nothing. If I do say it, the honest heart of a poor country boy had been cruelly wounded. It was hard getting through the days, when I felt the life going out of me, as if the blood were oozing, drip, drip, drip, from the wound in my heart. I resolved to leave Albany. My old home among the Granite Hills had been broken up, and I had only the wide world before me. I determined to go to New York. Two days before I started, I sent a boy with a polite little letter to Blandie's house, saying I was going away, and bidding her good-by. She knew where I boarded, and I hoped she might send me a good-by, too, but she never did. I have always thought her mother kept my letter from Blandie. However it was, on a day in August I got on board a sloop leaving Albany, and started to work my passage to New

York, feeling more dreadfully sad and lonely than can be told."

"And did n't you hear from Blandie?" inquired Mrs. Morgan, with eager interest.

"Not a word, madam," replied Mr. Jones,—"not a single word. And the three or four days following my departure from this city were the most miserable I ever experienced. I tried to blame the dear girl, but could n't, not to amount to anything; and then I tried to blame myself. The wonders of the Hudson River and the great world into which I was going, and about which I felt dreadfully frightened whenever I thought of it, helped to lift her off my heart a little, as we sailed down the stream.

"Let me see," continued Mr. Jones, reflecting. "We started from Albany on Thursday, and it was on the Monday night following that we got the great scare. We were just about entering the Highlands, and it was near eleven o'clock at night. There was a little breeze directly down the river. Suddenly there came around the bend in the stream, just below us, something so terrible that we were all nearly scared to death, as you may say. You may have read, Mrs. Morgan, of the strange spectres in the form of ships, that sailors tell of, which haunt the seas. This was one of those spectre ships. It was, however, much more terrible and substantial than you can imagine. It came right on, against the wind, as no vessel could sail, and its glare was unearthly. I shall never forget how our captain looked in that strange light, as he stood, ghastly and trembling, facing it. We fell upon our knees in supplication, as it passed us; and with a terrible roaring sound it moved away up the river. It was, in fact, madam," said Mr. Jones, with great emphasis, turning toward the lady as he spoke,—"it was, in fact, Fulton's steamboat on that first trip up the river, 1807."

[November,

"Oh, Mr. Jones, why did n't you tell it that way first, and not try to make me nervous?" said Mrs. Morgan.

"I only told it just as it was," replied Jones curtly. "Fact is, we knew nothing about such a thing as a steam-boat; had n't even imagined there could be such a thing. I venture to say there were not ten people along the Hudson River who had ever even heard of a steam-engine. I know, when we got to New York, the commonest inquiry was how the vapor could possibly make the wheels go round. We had never known of anything of the sort, and thought the steam was turned on loose some way, like the water on a water-wheel."

"We don't care so much about the steamboat," interrupted Mrs. Morgan, "but tell us more about Blandie."

"Oh yes, certainly," responded Mr. Jones politely. "Fact is, I have always thought, to look at it from a critical point of view, that the big scare helped me about Blandie. It shook me up so that I could think of something besides the dear girl, and so it gave a chance for the hurt I had suffered to heal. The short of it was, I went to Bermuda soon after arriving in New York, and I remained on the island. It is a curious old place, as you know, where the people are more than half blacks, and the rest of them more dead than alive. But I stayed there, working hard, raising onions and potatoes. There was nothing to rouse me. It was just a quiet, dreamy climate. We do not have frost or snow there. The Gulf Stream keeps us warm all the year round. One day is just like another, and so it makes no difference whether you stay there a week or fifty years; it is one long dreamy blur, as you remember it. Now and then a shipwreck on the reefs or some political disturbance helps a little to mark off the time. But for the most part you have only the boom of the ocean, the buzz of the mosquito, the prospect of the potato

crop, and the smell of the onion. Fact is," said Jones putting his hands in his pockets and tilting back his chair, "I have got to be pretty well off."

"And did you not hear from Blandie?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"There is a circumstance about that which I have not related. I received a newspaper, saying that Blandie was married. It was an Albany paper, a very small, dingy sheet in those days, but quite large enough to settle my business. Somebody had marked the place in it for me to see. My little Blandie was married; and whom do you guess it was to?"

"Was it not to Harry?" I inquired.

"No," was the reply; "it was to the older man of the two New Yorkers,—Mr. Charles E. Dudley. It was not to Harry. Now you know who Blandie was. Of course I can't tell you Albany folks anything new about Mrs. Blandina Dudley. You know that she founded your Dudley Observatory, and that she did an amazing amount of good, before she died, with her large property. But the fact that Blandie married well did n't help me a great deal, in that long ago time when I got the newspaper from the post-office in Bermuda. My view of the world was simply to the effect that I was done for, flattened out and finished.

"However," resumed Mr. Jones, after a long pause, taking his hands to lift one leg over the other, "I gradually picked up, found I was still available for some minor purposes, and traveled on. That is, I stayed at Bermuda."

"And did you ever see Blandie again?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"Well, no," said Jones, "I did n't; but I studied her up, as you may say. Fact is, I got over my conniption, and was able to look at an Albany newspaper again, after a few years. As the potato crop came in good, I began to take the New York and Albany newspapers. That was a matter of a dozen years

or so after Blandie was married. You would be really pleased, Mrs. Morgan, I dare say, to see what a kind of museum I managed to work up out of the things I found in the newspapers about the husband, Mr. Dudley, and, after his death, about the Observatory and Blandie. When the Observatory was inaugurated, or dedicated, I had the proceedings in the papers. I saved Edward Everett's great speech, and what the others said. And I followed up the goings-on afterward, about getting the instruments and making the observations. That performance Professor Gould, the astronomer in charge, went through, in fighting your Albany trustees, who wanted to boss him, was better than any play. Then when Professor Peters, who was the astronomer under Gould, found a comet which was flirting around among the stars, it gave the Observatory a start, — set them up in business, as it were. Perhaps you were as much interested as I was in the fun they had trying to name that comet, just for all the world as if a child had been born. They talked at first of naming it after one of the trustees, a real good, solid man, who had been liberal in giving money to buy the instruments. But then the scientific fellows took fire, and wanted it named after one of them. They said that such a thing as naming a comet after a business man was never heard of, and that it would not do at all. Well, there was pulling and hauling and jealousy among the relatives, so to speak. If that comet had really been a child, I think the father and mother would have hitched on to it a string of names that would have made it necessary to keep a catalogue of them, or to get out a second volume to the directory. The parents would have had to do it, to keep the uncles from becoming enemies and killing each other or murdering the child.

"And now, there was just one point those selfish creatures never thought of. Why on earth did n't they do the right

thing, and name that comet Blandie? She had given more money to the Observatory than all the rest put together. Her husband was dead; she was a lone woman; she never had any children, and here was a chance for a kind of heavenly offspring, as it were, which she would have appreciated. I was so riled up on the subject at the time that I sent a letter to the editor of a newspaper here about it. But he did n't print it, and I don't know whether he got it or not. Blandie would be too timid to speak for herself; I knew that. She was always so good, and so kind, and so yielding!" And Mr. Jones's eyes filled with tears.

"Let me see, what *did* they call it?" said Mrs. Morgan. "I don't seem to remember."

"Did n't call it anything," said Jones testily. "Parcel of big fools! They just fought over it till they were ashamed of themselves, and then put it down as comet number so and so of that year. Think of it!" said he, with a sniff of contempt. "How would you like it, Mrs. Morgan, to have your children just named number so and so of that year?"

"I would n't have it," said Mrs. Morgan decidedly.

"Nobody would n't," said Mr. Jones. "Well, as you know, early in March last Mrs. Dudley died. I saw by the papers that there was going to be some contest over her will, and I said to myself, 'Now, Jones, you may just as well see this thing through. You are well off, and can afford it.' And so I came up here to Albany to review my youth, as I told you before, and to see the fun, if there was any," said Jones, a little hoarsely, "in fighting over the bones."

"In the course of these last three weeks I have wandered all around the city. I have been to the Observatory, and seen the boss telescope, and the calculating machine, and the picture of the Inauguration, and the clocks, and

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all the wonders. And I have seen that block of great houses in Hawk Street which Mrs. Dudley built, when she did n't know what to do with her money. I have worn out a good pair of taps stubbing along over these rough sidewalks. I have seen about all there is to see, and I am going home."

"You have taken a good deal of interest in the contest over the will," I remarked.

"Yes, I have. It has not been my way to hang around the surrogate's office when the fight was going on. A stranger among the mourners might excite remark. But I do not mind telling you that I took board at this house because I found out that you were an attorney in the case, and were stopping here. You see now why I have cultivated you so extensively. I really felt that I ought to tell you about myself before I went away. I have a good mind to show you my museum."

I expressed an ardent wish, in which Mrs. Morgan joined, that he would do so. He went to his room, and returned to the parlor with a huge scrap-book, and a box of photographs and stereoscopic views illustrating Albany, the Observatory, and the island of Bermuda. The scrap-book contained the newspaper extracts of which he had spoken relating to the Dudley Observatory and the Dudley family and estate, besides many little gems of poetry and pictures.

"Just thought I would bring them along in my trunk," said Jones. "Did n't know but I might find somebody in Albany that would like to see them."

We were beginning (Mrs. Morgan and I) to admire Jones's curious collection, when he hesitatingly took from the inside breast pocket of his coat a little case, and said, with a slight tremor in his voice, "I brought this down, too, thinking may be you would like to see Blandie, that is Mrs. Dudley, as she looked when she was a girl."

He opened the antique case, and

showed us one of those old-fashioned miniatures painted on ivory, which were in vogue before the daguerreotype and photograph were known. The face was that of a brunette, apparently about sixteen. Aside from a little piquancy of expression, and a few gay ribbons which the painting had preserved in their original vividness, I failed to see anything especially noticeable in the picture.

"That is just the way she looked," said Jones, his voice trembling, "so many, *many* years ago, when she was so good, and so kind, and so yielding."

It was quite still in the room for half a minute.

"Fact is," he added, clearing his throat, "I have been just on the edge of stepping off into matrimony three times since, down there in Bermuda; but it was kicked over every time, and I just knew each time that it was the hurt I got with Blandie that did it. I could never really care for any other girl as I ought to, after losing Blandie Becker."

I glanced at Mrs. Morgan, as we all stood grouped by the centre table, looking at the pictures. There was an odd, puzzled expression on her face. She had straightened up, and was gazing intently at Jones. It was evident that some recognition, or some remarkable thought or idea, had suddenly occurred to her. At length out it came from her lips, in a hard, quick, excited utterance: "Why! Be you Rube Jones?"

Mr. Jones was not looking towards her at the moment. He was startled by the exclamation and the tone of voice. He turned to the questioner with an air almost of alarm, and replied, "Well, yes, madam; that is what they call me at home."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Morgan, speaking very quickly and excitedly, "that is n't Mrs. Dudley's picture you have got there. She never looked like that."

"It's likely I might know," broke in Jones testily. "I had two of them

painted, and gave Blandie one and kept the other."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morgan, swallowing hard, and snapping her eyes in a way peculiar to herself; "but Mrs. Dudley was n't Blandie Becker."

"What's that,—what's that?" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "Mrs. Dudley was n't Blandie Becker?"

"No, she was n't," replied Mrs. Morgan.

"Well, I say she was!" roared Jones.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Morgan, and she paused, and looked hard at Jones, and frowned. "Well, may be she was."

"Of course she was," said Jones triumphantly.

It was clear to me that our hostess had changed her mind, and had decided not to tell what she knew; and I happened to know that Mrs. Dudley had been Miss Blandina Bleeker, and not Miss Blandina Becker. Was here some important mistake, or had they merely pronounced a name wrongly?

Jones talked on for a while, but it soon became evident that Mrs. Morgan's excitement and subsequent reticence had not escaped his attention.

"How did you know my name was Rube Jones?" he suddenly asked her.

"I did n't," she replied evasively.

"Well, why did you ask?" he persisted.

She did not explain this very fully, but merely said that she thought there was a young man in the city, long ago, of that name.

"Very likely it was I," said Jones.

Mrs. Morgan did not seem inclined to discuss this.

"What was your maiden name?" he asked.

"You might call it Smith, or some such name," said Mrs. Morgan, with an embarrassed laugh.

This was a rebuff, but Jones did not withdraw. He went to the verge of politeness in trying to get further information, but his efforts only resulted in

a little snubbing to himself. Mrs. Morgan declined to gratify Yankee curiosity, as she termed it.

The harmony which had prevailed was somehow gone. Mr. Jones had now little to say, and seemed to feel that he had been too free and talkative. Was Mrs. Morgan inclined to be disagreeable? Or was there some mystery casting its shadow upon that social intercourse which had been so delightful in the early part of the evening? The time dragged. Jones gathered up his museum, and went to his room.

"What an awfully obstinate man!" was Mrs. Morgan's comment the moment he had gone. "I was just on the point," she added, "of letting some facts out, but I am glad I did n't. Very likely he will find them out."

"Is he mistaken about something?" I asked persuasively.

"I should rather think he was," said my landlady, with a sly, secretive smile, seeming to imply a great deal more than the words expressed.

I waited silently.

"I will tell you some other time,—after he has gone home," she said.

I knew from previous experience of Mrs. Morgan's temper that urging would be useless, and, bidding her good-night, I withdrew.

During the next three days I saw Jones only at the table. That he and Mrs. Morgan were watching each other intently was clear to me. Another thing was unpleasantly apparent: Mr. Jones was suffering in some way to such a degree that his face, handsome, rosy, and well preserved as it was ordinarily, had become pale, and almost haggard. It could readily be seen that he took his meals only for form's sake, and without appetite. I could not help observing also, as time went on, that he was shunning me, and that his glances toward Mrs. Morgan were furtive, and indicated a shrinking feeling on his part. It was not easy for me to make advances, under

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the circumstances; but I tried to show him by my manner, and by little attentions at table, that I would like to be sociable, and that I desired to befriend him. Mrs. Morgan was very attentive, also, and was evidently sympathizing with him in his trouble, whatever it might be.

On the fourth day, in the morning, the landlady beckoned me mysteriously into the parlor. This was her customary way of intimating that something momentous was impending. She began the interview by crying a little, and then said she desired to counsel with me about Mr. Jones.

I expressed the warmest sympathy, and told her that I should be only too glad to do anything in his behalf.

"Well, the fact is," said Mrs. Morgan (it occurred to me that she had caught the phrase from Jones),—"the fact is, he has found it out; I am satisfied of it; and he is so awfully proud that he is afraid to own it."

"Perhaps we could find some way to make it easier for him," I suggested vaguely, well knowing that direct questions were not the best way to fathom Mrs. Morgan.

"That is just it," she declared, with enthusiasm. "If you could persuade him—gently, you know—into the parlor, this evening, by telling him that we know all about it, and urging him not to care for us, and not to feel so."

"Certainly," I replied. "And what had I better tell him?"

"Tell him it is not so very wonderful that he did n't know, and that we sympathize with him, and want to talk it over," she suggested.

I perceived that I would have to ask the direct question.

"He has found out that Blandie was not Mrs. Dudley, I suppose?" I queried.

"I am sure he has; but I don't know whether he has found out who I am or not. You see, when my sister Blandie and I knew Mr. Jones, he took a

great notion to Blandie, and it is her that he means; and now to come back here, and tell all that stuff about Mrs. Dudley, and make such an awful fool of himself!" said Mrs. Morgan, laughing through her recent tears.

"Oh, yes, I see," said I. "It was your sister, Blandie Becker, and *not* Blandie Bleecker, that is Mrs. Dudley, that Mr. Jones took a fancy to."

"That is just it," said Mrs. Morgan. And she added, with a laugh that had a touch of derision and merriment in it, "The *idea* that he should get Mrs. Dudley into his head, and get up that museum! *She* never even heard there was such a man as Rube Jones. She did n't get her money from Mr. Dudley. She was n't a poor girl; she was the youngest daughter of Rutger Bleecker, one of the richest men that ever lived in Albany."

I assured Mrs. Morgan that these matters interested me very much, and that I would do everything in my power to aid her in getting Mr. Jones safely through his difficult situation; and that I would, if the circumstances favored, try to induce him to come into the parlor that evening. Having made this arrangement, I went away to my office.

All that day, as I was at work at my desk, thoughts of Rube Jones were in my mind. I no longer wondered at his suffering and his changed appearance. A delicate and beautiful structure, built up by the noblest passion of his nature, and by years of dreaming and belief, had been shattered as if by a blow. The more I thought of it, the more wonderful the incident seemed, and the more sympathy I felt for the man. I became a good deal interested in the matter, and a little nervous in regard to the part I had in prospect in the affair, as I reflected upon it. But when evening came, the pleasant supper-table and the encouraging glances of Mrs. Morgan gave me back to myself, and I felt that success would be achieved.

After supper, as Mr. Jones went into the hall and took his hat to go out, I stepped to his side. There was no one near. I said quietly, "Mr. Jones, we really hope you will favor us with your company in the parlor some of the time. Mrs. Morgan and I have talked it over, and of course we know of those little things you got mixed about. I hope you will excuse me, but really we would like to chat with you if you are willing."

The color came in a quick flush to his face. I thought he would refuse me. I hastened to say, "I beg your pardon."

But Mr. Jones did not go out. He stood quiet, and I saw that his face quivered. With an effort he said, "Thank you." He seemed to hesitate; a moment more, and he laid aside his hat, and went with me into the parlor. We took chairs, and sat down near Mrs. Morgan, who was sewing by the table. She said, with some feeling, "I am very glad you have come in this evening."

There was an embarrassing silence. I was about to launch into a premeditated discourse, when Jones spoke.

"Well," he said, huskily, with a glance at our landlady, "so you are Polly Becker, Blandie's little sister, that I used to buy presents for."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Morgan, looking at him, at first surprisedly, and then very kindly; and she added, "I have got some of your presents yet, Rube Jones."

There seemed to be something pathetic about this, for I noticed that soon both of the old people were in a melting mood.

"And I suppose it is Blandie," said Jones, hitching nervously in his seat, and clearing his throat, "who is living just round the corner in Lodge Street."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morgan, feeling for her handkerchief, and beginning to sob.

"And she always taught school, and never was married," said Jones, breaking down, and the tears pouring over his handsome face.

"Oh, Rube Jones!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, in an outburst.

This was the climax. The air was cleared, and a very pleasant and emotional conversation about the affairs of long ago followed between the parties. There were explanations and statements of little matters, frivolous in themselves, but which these good people laughed and cried over as if they were more to them, as doubtless they were, than anything else in the world. Jones dwelt quite largely upon the evening walks and the doorstep conversations and the roses of the old times, and the pleasant little surprises, in the way of presents, which he prepared for Polly. Did she remember? Yes, she had not forgotten; and she remembered how Rube carried her on his shoulder, and the tricks she played, and how she pulled his ears and his hair. In laughing and crying over these reminiscences, Jones was as simple-hearted as a child.

Wishing to take some part in the conversation of the evening, I interposed a remark upon my premeditated topic. I spoke of the important part which the mistaken identity of persons has played in the courts. But I regretted my venture immediately, for I saw a look of pain cross the face of Mr. Jones. He said, "I have seen earthquakes and I have seen hurricanes, but I never knew what it was really to tear up things until the last few days."

Mrs. Morgan perceived my mistake, and skillfully turned the conversation into its former channel. I saw that the subject of Mrs. Dudley, and the error in regard to her, was not a matter to be profitably alluded to in the presence of Mr. Jones. It dawned upon me that my mission in the parlor that evening was ended. I excused myself, notwithstanding entreaties to remain, and left the friends to their own devices. They made a late evening of it, and, as I subsequently learned, arranged their plans for the morrow.

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By the arrangement, it fell to my lot, the next day, to show Mr. Jones the house where his old sweetheart resided. Mrs. Morgan had told her sister about matters, and she went that morning and gave her notice, so that Jones was expected. It was thought by Polly that it would be easier for Blandie to see Rube first without other company. So I piloted him to the little wooden house where Miss Blandie Becker had her home, and where she had a school-room, and had taught very young children for many years. She had, however, ceased to teach her infant-school, and was now living in the house with only a servant-girl.

As we walked toward the place, Rube told me that the discovery that Blandie was still living had overwhelmed him at first, and that he was still nervous. I encouraged him all I could, but it was easy to see that he was agitated. When we reached Blandie's house, I stepped to the lowly door-way and rapped, for there was no bell. A woman's voice said, "Come in;" and I entered, Mr. Jones following close behind.

Seated in the middle of the room was the old lady, dark, bent, and thin. She had a book in her lap.

I said, "Miss Becker, this is Mr. Jones," and presented him.

She glanced up timidly, and rose somewhat totteringly from her chair. She stopped to the other side of the room, to put her book away, before welcoming us, but she did not return. She stood with her face to the wall and her back toward us, and we knew that she was crying. She seemed like a poor frightened child. She told us afterward that she thought just then how poor an apology she was for that rich woman, Mrs. Dudley.

"Oh, it's little Blandie!" said Mr. Jones, softly crying in sympathy. "I know by the way she acts."

"I will be back in half an hour, Mr. Jones," I said; and I went out and closed

the door after me. At the expiration of the half hour, when I returned, I found that Mrs. Morgan had come, just as I knew she would. What woman would have stayed away? There was Jones happy as a Turk, with the two women, one on each side of him, evidently admiring him, and regarding him as the handsomest old boy in the world. But little more of the details of this affair came to my knowledge. I noticed, however, for the next six weeks, that every evening Jones and the two sisters were together, either in the parlor at Mrs. Morgan's, or at Blandie's house. Their talk was in regard to events remote in time, of which I understood but little. But I saw that the little presents Rube had given them long ago had been preserved by the two sisters. The duplicate of the picture Rube had cherished was still in Blandie's possession. This and all the little trifles were examined, and their preciousness dwelt upon as if they had some sacred quality, as indeed they had in the eyes of these people, who saw in them their own vanished youth. The season, as it went by, was evidently a lovely Indian summer to these friends, though the outward weather was, in fact, like the period in life at which they had arrived, of a wintry character. There seemed no end to their explanations and conjectures as to how it was and how it must have been, in that time so many years ago, when they were young, and when Rube and Blandie ought to have married. Each time they discussed the subject it yielded a fresh crop of recollections and surmises, all of which invariably led to the delightful conclusion that nobody was to blame except Providence and the post-office. As the trio became more and more familiar and happy in discussing these themes, the Dudley subject would sometimes be touched upon inadvertently. It was so intermingled with the affair that this could not be avoided. It was a long

time, however, before Rube ceased to wince when that matter was referred to, and it was as far as possible, in kindness to him, allowed to rest in silence.

There was a theory, which Jones advanced in the latter part of the winter, founded upon a discovery of his at the State Library, which made some stir among us, and helped him very much upon this subject. He brought to light, in a bound volume of old Albany newspapers, the very notice of the marriage of Mrs. Dudley which had misled him so many years before. The Bleecker was spelled with a single *e*. By erasing the *l* with a knife, the name could be made Becker, with only a slight misspelling, very common in newspaper print. Jones claimed that his rival, Harry Day, had played this trick upon him. Polly remembered, young as she was at the time, that there was some conspiracy on the part of her mother and Harry against poor Blandie and her rustic lover. Polly also thought she remembered hearing Harry laugh, some year or two afterward, on one occasion when he came up from New York, about some newspaper joke he had played upon somebody.

Whatever the facts may really have been, this theory of a newspaper trick helped Jones wonderfully. It restored his confidence, so that he became much less sensitive upon the subject of Mrs. Dudley. He said that any man might be the victim of a practical joke, or, if we would allow the expression, of practical villainy.

As Harry was "dead and gone," and as Polly said that, with all his fine airs and handsome clothes, he never amounted to anything, and as it was known that Blandie never favored his suit, Jones found it possible to forgive him. The trio, indeed, as they became more and more interested in recalling the past, forgave everybody, and spoke of "poor Harry" and all the others who were deceased with feelings of kindness

and admiration. The satisfaction with which their lives were reviewed by these friends was a very pleasant thing to contemplate. As the overflow of kindly sympathy was increased by their companionship from day to day, the discovery was somehow made that all must have been for the best, and that Providence, grim as it seemed to them, had really no hostile intentions.

As the winter drew to a close, Rube lingered, protracting his visit far beyond his original purpose. He confessed to me that he had never really known what home was before, since he had left his father's house, and said that he had not supposed he could ever be so contented and happy as he now found himself. The only time he recalled that he could compare with it was that golden summer which he had spent in Albany, in his early youth.

In April Mr. Jones announced that he must return to his home in Bermuda. His parting with his old sweetheart was witnessed by no vulgar eyes, but Mrs. Morgan confided to me the fact that Blandie, old as she was, put her arms around Rube's neck, and that he cried as if he had been one of those infants whom Blandie had been accustomed to instruct in her younger days. Rube promised that he would come back the next winter, and if possible arrange to live permanently in Albany; and doubtless he would have done so if Blandie had lived. He remarked to me, as I walked with him to the train to see him off, and give him the last hand-shake for the household, that he would certainly come again the next season. But he added, in a general way, and with that air of independence which single gentlemen seem to affect, that, as there was not much going on in business, he did n't know but he might as well be "fooling around among the women" as doing anything else. I did not mean to remember this against him, for, after all, it was probably only "his way." He

perhaps desired to impress me with the idea that he was an independent bachelor. I could not help seeing, however, from various indications, that he emerged from the scenes he had passed through unsubdued and elastic.

As already intimated, Blandie did not last long. She died the next summer, — just faded away, as yielding people so often do, with a submission that seems to divest the skeleton king of his terrors. Jones was duly informed of her decease by a communication directed to his home in Bermuda. He sent in return a letter of condolence to Mrs. Morgan. It was a model of its kind. I had not given him credit for so much good judgment as it evinced.

But Jones's real response came to me, in a private letter, which I was not to exhibit to Mrs. Morgan. He gave me an urgent invitation to visit him at his island home. He intimated that he should never visit Albany again. "The fact is, my dear boy," he wrote, "if I were to come to your city, now that Blandie is gone, just one thing would be inevitable: old as I am, I would certainly have to marry Polly, and that would never do. No woman shall ever come between me and the little girl I chose so many years ago, who is now waiting for me in the better country."

Jones informed me that, after getting back to his old home, he found that many of his old thoughts came back to him, and he could not get rid of the idea that the Blandie of whom he had dreamed so many years was in some way connected with the Observatory.

Subsequently, I received letters from him upon various subjects, and they gave me great pleasure. He was a good correspondent. The sound of the sea and the charm of Bermuda, the roses and the coral and the warmth of the Gulf Stream, seemed to be conveyed in his letters. I saw in them, also, memories of that early love which had haunted him so long, and the shifting dreams

which he still cherished. He referred often to the problem which his history presented. It was not easy to understand why an item in a newspaper should have been allowed by Providence to mislead him, and so change the color and fortunes of his whole life. Why was it, he asked me, that he and Blandie had lived apart, when they seemed so clearly to have been intended for each other? And why was it that when he had so unexpectedly and wonderfully found her again she so soon faded away? But my old friend never complained of these strange dealings of Providence with him; he only sought reverently to understand them. I cannot recall a word of murmuring, although to me he revealed unconsciously the loneliness of his life. Truth to tell, there was something pathetic in the figure of Rube Jones as I saw him in his letters, carrying about in his thoughts, as the long years went round, in the narrow bounds of his island home, the constant memory of his thwarted affection.

Mr. Jones confessed that he still made clippings from the newspapers, and continued to increase his museum. He claimed that the history of Mrs. Dudley was a part of the history of his own mind, and that it was well to follow it up for that reason, if for no other.

As the years passed, our correspondence ceased, and Rube Jones was forgotten. Mrs. Morgan had died, and it would have been natural to suppose that Mr. Jones had gone the way of all the earth, also. But a recent event recalled him. My clerk, a handsome, impulsive young fellow, bounded into my office one morning last March, bursting with the intelligence that his young friend Charlie Wells, who had recently entered the Dudley Observatory as an assistant, had immortalized his name by finding a comet. He said it was the second comet ever found at the Observatory.

Some ten days later, there appeared

in my morning's mail a letter with the Bermuda postmark. It contained about a dozen words of congratulation from Jones on the fact that "Blandie's Observatory" had found another comet. I answered the letter wonderingly. Could it be that my old acquaintance was still living? My curiosity was excited. I remembered a correspondent who had business which took him often to Ber-

muda. I was at some pains to find out through him about my old acquaintance. The report was a eulogistic one in regard to Jones. His excellent constitution and careful living had carried him into the nineties, and he was still able to get about. I learned, however, of his death shortly afterward. The new comet (the Wells comet of 1882) was his last enthusiasm.

P. Deming.

RECENT MEMOIRS OF CICERO.

THERE are vast differences in the world's feeling about the various names which it cannot readily let die. There are conventional immortallities, which are treasured like the antiques in a gallery,—matters of pomp and pride and æsthetic qualification merely; and there are homelier and more human immortallities, in which—or rather, in whom—our interest is always vivid and personal; natural and fallible shades, with all their mundane foibles and fascinations still clinging about them, their loves and hates and desires and disdains forever surging within, as Virgil found them in Hades, and showed them to his great disciple there; faces whose expressions remain after their features have passed away. Dead men of this description, no matter how many ages ago they passed away, will have partisans and foes; dead women, lovers and traducers, until the remnant of the living shall have been finally joined to the majority of the departed. Their biographies will be rewritten a dozen times in a century, and fresh hubbub of emphatic and dissentient voices will arise after each new telling of their tale. Of all conspicuous human careers there is

not one more certain of its immortality in impassioned human dispute than that of the great Roman orator and statesman, Marcus Tullius Cicero.

We have before us three of the latest versions of his story:¹ the polished essays of M. Gaston Boissier, of the French Academy, collected under the title of *Ciceron et ses Amis*; *The Life of Cicero*, by Mr. Anthony Trollope; and that very considerable portion of Mr. Froude's study of Cæsar wherein, systematically and of fell artistic purpose, he blackens the figure of the civic hero, in order that he may enhance the unnatural radiance with which he has chosen to invest that of the military usurper.

Although Mr. Froude professes to treat the career of Cicero only incidentally, and in so far as it was involved in that of a greater man, it is impossible not to give a certain anxious heed to the judgment passed by the eulogist of Henry VIII. on the men and things of the momentous last century of republican Rome. It may be well enough, therefore, to bestow a word at the outset on Mr. Froude's method, and on the "impressionist" manner of writing history in general. To read Mr. Froude upon

¹ *Ciceron et ses Amis*. Étude sur la Société Romaine du Temps de César. Par GASTON BOISSIER, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Hachette & Cie

The Life of Cicero. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. London: Chapman and Hall.

Cæsar. A Sketch. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

any subject whatever is to enjoy one of the most exhilarating forms of literary diversion, not to say dissipation. He is animated; he is intensely graphic; he is colloquial sometimes, and sometimes he is stately, but he is both after a peculiar and piquant fashion of his own. He knows a great deal, and among other things he knows the art of so distributing and lightening his literary luggage that the reader, at least, is never oppressed by the weight of it. But the true secret of the hold he has of his generation, of the "large and intelligent audience" which his advertisement, so to speak, is certain to draw, is the fact that, whatever names he may bestow upon the characters in his piece, he will talk to that audience of themselves. His story of the past is always a parable of the present. He takes the properties of a by-gone period, and dresses up a stage on which to manoeuvre the most pressing questions of the hour. He writes out his narrative upon a deeply colored transparency, and bears it aloft in a party procession, with a strong light burning behind. No wonder he is easy reading. The agrarian laws of Rome seem but a dry subject. They come home to every English reader when the Irish question is seen glowing between the lines. The application whether of unlimited sarcasm or of unqualified eulogy to men who have been dust for nineteen hundred years may appear a futile exercise of wit; but dub these men conservative and liberal, and the performance immediately acquires a point. There is no particular harm in this kind of historic pamphleteering, if its motive is once clearly understood. The late Canon Kingsley was a master of the same art, and the most powerful of his romances, *Hypatia*, which he frankly calls *New Foes with an Old Face*, has probably never greatly misled any one as to the state of religious parties in Alexandria under the episcopate of Cyril. The method is, perhaps, more

appropriate to historical romance than to studies — even short studies — in *bona fide* history; yet we venture to say that with many, it may be a majority, of those who read Mr. Froude with greatest zest there is little or no question of accepting him as a historical guide.

Concerning this modern fashion of putting forth tracts and pamphlets under the guise of history, M. Boissier writes, in his introductory essay on the letters of Cicero, with the refined good sense which belongs to him as a Frenchman, and constitutes one of his greatest charms as a writer, "Before commencing the ensuing study, there is one firm resolution which it befits us to take, — that of not too far importing into it the preoccupations of our own time. It is rather common, nowadays, to seek in the history of the past weapons for the conflicts of the present. Success consists in pointed allusions and ingenious parallels. Perhaps the very reason why Roman antiquity is so fashionable just now is that it affords to political parties a convenient and comparatively safe battle-field, where the passions of the day may contend in antique costumes. If the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Cato, and Brutus are aptly cited, those eminent men must not be too proud of the honor. The curiosity which they excite is not quite disinterested, and, when they are mentioned, it is almost invariably for the sake of sharpening an epigram or seasoning a compliment. Against this irregularity I would guard. The illustrious dead whom I have named seem to me to deserve something better at our hands than being made to subserve the quarrels which distract ourselves, and I respect their memory and their repose too much to drag them into the arena of our daily discussions. It ought never to be forgotten that it is an outrage upon history to subordinate it to the fluctuations of partisan interest, and that it should be, in the fine words

of Thucydides, a work done for eternity."

M. Boissier keeps his engagement most honorably, and leaves us impressed by his disinterestedness no less than by his discrimination. As a Frenchman, he is bound, of course, to try the letters of Cicero by the standard of Madame de Sévigné's and of the Memoirs of St. Simon; and he finds many things, and so do we, in the picturesque, profuse, unguarded, and inestimably precious correspondence of the most modern and human of Romans which recall those delightful chroniclers of the *grand siècle*. It seems to us, however, that it is pushing the parallel a little too far when he attempts to read the sad riddle of Tullia's character by the selfish and unsympathetic one of Madame de Grignan. We know almost nothing about Tullia, save what we are led to divine by the passion of her father's love and grief. That she was very like himself, in her pride and sensitiveness, her irregular fervor, her quick irritability, and her formidable wit, seems highly probable; and also that, having been the intimate friend and companion of her brilliant father, she should have found it hard to adapt herself to any one of her three husbands: so that, in the matter of her matrimonial infelicities, there may very well have been, as the Pharisees are so fond of saying, "fault on both sides." But that she was at once a spoiled beauty and an unmerciful pedant, cold, critical, conceited, and worldly, like the blindly worshiped offspring of Madame de Sévigné, we find it very hard to believe. If only it were possible to know! If only that tomb which was opened some dozen years ago, upon the Appian Way, in land which had belonged to the Tullys, had proved to contain her ashes, we fancy that even those might have told us something. But alas! the swiftly dissolving image proved to be that of a young maiden, still robed in the melancholy pomp of her first season; not that

of the woman prematurely aged by sorrow and disappointment, who died in child-bed at thirty-two. What Tullia really was must still remain a matter of fanciful conjecture and purely personal prepossession. But no one, we repeat, could be more modest in even mentioning his prepossessions than M. Boissier, — more strictly conscientious in refusing to follow their lead. And therefore it is that we feel so safe to follow his.

Mr. Trollope, on the other hand, tells us candidly, in his preface, that he has been moved to write Cicero's life by his warm indignation at the injustice regularly done him by the devotees of Caesar, including Mommsen, and concluding, for the present, with Mr. Froude. He owns that Cicero is one of his heroes, and affirms his belief that "there is matter in the earnestness, the pleasantness, the patriotism, and the tragedy of his life to move a reader still, if the story could only be written of him as it is felt." That the story, in Mr. Trollope's case, has been not only felt, but long and laboriously studied, and that it was first studied for its intrinsic interest, and not with any ulterior or controversial purpose, is plain to any unprejudiced reader. Mr. Trollope's preface, in which he thus foretells the drift of his work, is a very admirable piece of writing. It is forcible as an argument, sifting and arranging the evidence as to Cicero's general uprightness, both of ancient and modern writers, with something of legal science and precision. It is also finer, from a merely literary point of view, than anything else in the book, excepting some bits of translation from the orations, to which we shall refer again. For our own part we have always thought Mr. Trollope a more accomplished *littérateur* than he pretends to be. He affects homeliness of style, as a gentleman — and it may be a very proud one — sometimes affects rusticity of manner. He is so unwilling to be thought preoccupied with his dignity

that he rather impresses himself to be undignified. The easy *slouch* of his literary gait may have become a second nature by this, but once upon a time it was conscious and cultivated. It has served him admirably in his multifarious novels, enabling him to produce a greater number of readable, sensible, often laughable, and sometimes memorable pages than any other living writer. It is, at any rate, always sound and grammatical English that he writes, and marvelously free from the vices of vagueness and pretension. Sticklers for the dignity of history may think that he overdoes the free and easy a little when he says concerning the loud lamentation made by Cicero in his exile, "Roman fortitude was but a suit of armor, to be worn on state occasions. If we come across a warrior with his crested helmet and his sword and his spear, we see, no doubt, an impressive object. If we could find him in his night-shirt, the same man would be there, but those who do not look deeply into things would be apt to despise him because the grand trappings were absent. Chance has given us Cicero in his night-shirt. The linen is of such fine texture that we are delighted with it, but we despise the man because he wore a garment such as we wear ourselves, indeed, though when we wear it nobody is then brought in to look at us." But Mr. Trollope's plain manner becomes exceedingly effective in a passage like the following, where he is describing the complimentary session of the senate, held before Pompey in the suburbs of Rome, after his return from his Eastern victories, but before his formal triumph, during which interval etiquette forbade the great man to appear within the walls. There had been some debate on the shameful affair of Clodius, and Crassus had spoken first, then Cicero. Mr. Trollope observes that the latter, to judge by his own letter to Atticus on the subject, had done his best to "show off" before Pompey, who was

"sitting next to him, listening, and by no means admiring his admirer as that admirer expected to be admired. Cicero had probably said to himself that they two together, Pompey and Cicero, might suffice to preserve the republic. Pompey, not thinking much of the republic, was probably telling himself that he wanted no brother near the throne. When, of two men, the first thinks himself equal to the second, the second will generally feel himself to be superior to the first. Pompey would have liked Cicero better if his periods had not been so round, nor his voice so powerful." He, however, who would understand of what Mr. Trollope is capable in the way of elevated English should turn to Appendix D, at the end of his first volume, where he has given us a parallel translation out of what he calls Cicero's first great political harangue,—the speech he had made in favor of investing Pompey with the supreme command against Mithridates, commonly called the Oration for the Manilian Law. It would be difficult to imagine anything more perfect in the way of Latin prose than this extract beginning, "Utinam Quirites, virorum fortium atque innocentium copiam tantam haberetis," etc. But Mr. Trollope has given us a rendering of it so close to the original, and at the same time so beautiful as English, that it may be said to fall below its model only in that matter of verbal melody and rhythm, in which the English language, from its very nature, must always remain inferior to the Latin.

Mr. Froude also gives us some excellent translations out of the letters and orations of Cicero, using strong idiomatic English phrases, and occasionally imitating the Latin brevity more successfully than Mr. Trollope. But even here the watchful Caesarite contrives ingeniously to introduce the flavor of his prejudice, by marking large omissions in the text, and observing in foot-notes that the gaps are to be supposed filled

with empty declamation, or wearisome laudation of the orator's self. It does not, indeed, require much acumen to perceive that Cicero was a vain man, fond of the praise of others, and over-apt to praise himself. The very school-boy, who owes the great lawyer a grudge for the trouble he gives him in construing, can see that he had that weakness, and feels some natural gratification in the discovery. Neither Mr. Trollope, who lustily claims for himself the position of Cicero's "best lover," nor M. Boissier, who merely obeys the delicate and merciful code of the modern French school of sympathetic criticism, would dream for a moment of gainsaying it. But here, as elsewhere, the two are essentially in accord, and curiously support and supplement one another in their effort to show that it was, after all, more outward exigency than inward conceit which kept Cicero so incessantly busy at the unsatisfying work of self-examination and self-explanation. His lot had fallen upon an evil time, and one that was particularly evil for a political idealist, who also possessed strong social instincts and a keen love of approbation. It was a revolutionary time. Change, destruction, dissolution, were everywhere. There was no question even of patching up matters so as to last the life-time of the actual generation. The deluge was *then*. The conservative and sentimental, no less than the most reckless innovators, had to be in perpetual motion. Each new position which they took up, and desperately attempted to strengthen, was in its turn undermined by the progress of the flood. Groups gathered for a moment, only to separate with a *sauve qui peut*. So it came to pass that the man, of all others, most averse, constitutionally, to change had to be constantly shifting his ground; the man most dependent upon sympathy and companionship was always finding himself isolated. Yet he was conscious of fixed principles and loyal affections. He

must needs try to make it clear to himself and others how the seeming inconsistency had come about.

Fortunately, through the foresight, in the first instance, of the cool and sagacious friend to whom the larger half of Cicero's correspondence was addressed, we have preserved to us the very words in which, from day to day for a period of twenty-one years, he embodied his long *Apologia*. Cornelius Nepos, a contemporary, said that the whole history of the time was in those letters, and all Cicero's innumerable biographers, from whatever point they have viewed his character, have acknowledged in them their chief source of information. The light they shed is often indirect, and Mr. Trollope and M. Boissier have shown with equal force, each after his own fashion, how misleading these lively chronicles and hot disquisitions would prove to any one who should treat them as premeditated history. The letters to Atticus were the outpourings to a perfectly safe confidant, living at a remote distance, of the contradictory impressions, baffled conclusions, transient "miffs," and enormous ups and downs in feeling of a thin-skinned and mercurial man of genius, with a matchless power of expression, at a time of portent and cataclysm such as has been described. To say, as Mr. Froude says somewhere of the letters in general, that Cicero never wrote a line without an eye to posterity is to deny them the very quality which gives them at once their unique value and their principal charm.

But it was not to Atticus only, the discreet, wealthy, worldly gentleman, with his long head, his easy conscience, and his fine taste in art and literature, who knew so well what he was about in preferring Athens to Rome as a residence just then,—it was not to him alone that Cicero was in the habit of dashing off careless and garrulous letters. There are many more, equally imprudent, and therefore equally pleasant read-

ing, addressed to his young friend and favorite Cælius, the type of the *jeunesse dorée* of Rome at that bad period; others to his protégé Trebatius, whom he placed with Cæsar in Gaul; a considerable number to his always unsatisfactory brother Quintus. Yet another side of Cicero's nature is revealed by the letters to his wife Terentia, and his beloved slave, and subsequently freedman, Tiro, between whom and himself the relation was so rarely honorable and beautiful. Then there are missives of a more pompous, premeditated, and politic character; feelers advanced, negotiations essayed, situations discussed; fencing-matches in words with almost every one of the prominent actors in the wild drama of the day,—with Lepidus and Trebonius, Brutus, Cassius, and Cato, Pompey, and Cæsar himself. "Cicero," says M. Boissier, "is not the only person with whom this correspondence acquaints us. It is full of curious details concerning all those toward whom he stood in friendly or business relations. They were the most illustrious personages of that time,—those who played the first parts in the revolution which put an end to the Roman republic. No men have ever merited study more than they. It should be observed that there is a defect of Cicero's which has been of great service to posterity. If the case were Cato's, for example, how many correspondents we should miss! The virtuous alone would find a place among the writers; and God knows that at that period their number was not large. Happily, Cicero was less difficult to please, and did not import into the choice of his intimacies the rigid scruples of a Cato. A sort of native benevolence rendered him accessible to people of all shades of opinion; his vanity led him to seek for homage everywhere. He had a foot-hold in all the parties,—a great fault in a politician, and one with which the maliciously disposed of his own time did not fail to

reproach him bitterly; but it is a fault by which we profit, for hence it comes that all parties are represented in his correspondence."

M. Boissier subsequently devotes a special essay to each of Cicero's principal intimates, but first he has two extremely interesting chapters on his public and private life. In the former he amply illustrates the manner in which Cicero's political character was, in the first instance, determined, and his entire destiny shaped, by the very circumstances of his birth. Born in the country and in the middle class, of well-to-do, old-fashioned, plainly living, and highly thinking people, among whom the loftiest traditions of the old Roman state lingered unimpaired far longer than in Rome; born, nevertheless, with all the instincts, and receiving the education, or more than the education, of an aristocrat, it was inevitable that he should, on entering public life, attach himself to the patrician party, and equally inevitable that he should always be, to some extent, solitary among them. He embraced their cause, for he religiously believed it to be that of national honor and continuity; but he found it impossible, when he came to hold office, to imitate their unscrupulousness. Alike as quæstor in Western Sicily, in the very beginning of his career, and as governor in Cilicia, twenty-five years later, he felt constrained to treat the natives fairly, and even mercifully, and to refrain from enriching himself. Even Mr. Froude has to confess so much. But here was an implied censure of patrician practice, not likely to be well taken from a *parvenu*. Cicero lived in Rome as the aristocrats lived. No other style of living was, in fact, possible to the man; and so, while frankly proclaiming himself a *novus homo*, he came in for his full share of the odium of the unwashed. Yet most of the prevalent aristocratic vices were intolerably distasteful to him, and no reader of the orations need be told how

he could lash them when he chose. No wonder, therefore, that the *optimates*, too, eyed him somewhat askance. They were proud of his talents, and anxious to retain his services, but they reserved to themselves the right of telling him, if he angered them, that they knew nothing of his name. From Cicero's native town of Arpinum, and probably from the self-same social class, there had come, a generation before his day, the radical demagogue Marius. The party to which Cicero gave his life-long, if sometimes qualified and self-questioning, adhesion; for which, though no warrior, he was ready, when the time came, resolutely to die, had fixed itself in temporary security through the ruthless proscriptions, the more than Parisian *terror*, which had marked the final victory over the mob of the patrician Sylla. And yet Cicero made his *début* as a great pleader by an impassioned and successful defense of one of the sufferers under those proscriptions,—Sextus Roscius. The next great shock and peril of the conservative or optimate party was that of the Catilinian conspiracy, headed by a renegade of their own order, who had understood how to gather to himself the offscouring of all parties. It was, as all the world knows, the genius, the promptitude, and the intrepidity of Cicero as consul which had crushed and baffled that conspiracy. But his reward at the hands of the society which he had saved, for the time, was that decree of banishment which he took so lamentably, almost laughably hard, and which was proposed by one patrician, Clodius; abetted, in secret, beyond a doubt, by another and far greater, by Cæsar himself; and blandly acquiesced in by the great and good Pompey, to whom Cicero did homage all his life as his political suzerain, and who was none the less, as Mr. Trollope says, his perpetual “bugbear, stumbling-block, and mistake.” Is it possible to imagine a more anomalous and distracting political position?

No doubt Cicero went beyond the letter of the law when he ordered the execution of the Catilinian conspirators in the Mamertine prison. (He set an example to all coming ages, by the way, when he compressed the report of that execution into the one polite word, *vixerunt*. Would that the mouth-pieces of public opinion in our own day could emulate the dignified heathen on the morrow of a judicial homicide!) The moment was one which demanded an ultra measure. It seems wonderful to us yet that it should have been Cicero, the doubter, the theorizer, the self-conscious, the cautious, if not timid, who had the firmness to issue that order and strike that decisive blow. It has often been observed that men of theory and reflection, when forced to act, are apt to be more reckless than those who are habitually men of action, for the very reason, perhaps, that they lack experience in practical consequences. But when Mr. Froude represents Cæsar as shaking his head mournfully over the fate of Cethegus and Lentulus, murmuring, “Violence,—always violence! When is this to end?” and so girding himself up to all that he proposed to do, we are irresistibly reminded of Admiral Seymour, thoughtfully bombarding Alexandria, for the sake of preserving peace.

“It may be conceded,” says M. Boissier, “without lowering Cicero too far, that public life did not suit him. The reasons which made him an incomparable writer did not permit him to be an admirable statesman. Those vivacious impressions, those delicate and irritable sensibilities, which were a chief source of his literary talent, forbade him the complete mastery of himself. *Things* had too great a hold upon him. He must be capable of self-detachment who would control them. His mobile and fertile imagination, causing him to expand on every side at once, rendered him hardly capable of connected plans.

He could never entirely delude himself about men, or stultify himself concerning their enterprises, and he was therefore subject to sudden revulsions of feeling. He often boasted of having foreseen and foretold the future. It was not, we may be sure, in his quality of augur, but by virtue of a sort of fatal perspicacity which showed him the consequences of events, and their evil consequences rather than their good. On the nones of December, when he put an end to Catiline's accomplices, he understood perfectly the vengeance to which he exposed himself, and he foresaw his exile. He had, therefore, on that day, despite the hesitations with which he has been reproached, more courage than another might have had, who, in a moment of exaltation, would have perceived no danger. . . . Did Cicero belie himself when, after having defended the victims of the aristocracy under Sylla, he defended, after a lapse of thirty years, the victims of the democracy under Cæsar? Was he not, on the contrary, more consistent than those who, after having bitterly complained of exile themselves, exiled their enemies the moment they came into power?

Thoughtful and subtle analysis like this is not much in Mr. Trollope's line. He admits, after his own homely and slightly humorous fashion, that Cicero's training as a lawyer had assisted his native capacity for seeing both sides; and he does not fail to remind his readers that the practice of a successful lawyer, even in our own day, implies a certain facility in defending both. But he is wholly in earnest, and it seems to us very impressive in passages like the following, where he urges the essential consistency of his hero's political course:—

"I think it is made clear, by a study of Cicero's life and works up to the period of his exile, that an adhesion to the old forms of the Roman government was his guiding principle. I am sure

that they who follow me to the close of his career will acknowledge that, after his exile, he lived for this principle, and that he died for it. '*Respublica*' — the republic — was the one word which, to his ear, contained a political charm. It was the shibboleth by which men were to be conjured into well-being. The word Constitution is nearly as potent with us. But it is essential that the reader of Roman history and Roman biography should understand that the appellation had in it, for all Roman ears, a thoroughly conservative meaning. Among those who, at Cicero's period, dealt with politics in Rome, all of whom, no doubt, spoke of the republic as the vessel of state, which was to be defended by all persons, there were four classes. There were those who simply desired the plunder of the state, — the Catilines, the Syllas of the day, and the Anthonys, — men such as Verres had been, and Fonteius, and Autronius. The other three can best be typified each by one man. There was Cæsar, who knew that the republic was gone, past all hope. There was Cato, — "the dogmatic fool Cato," as Mommsen calls him, perhaps with some lack of the historian's dignity, — who was true to the republic, but who could not bend an inch, and was thus as detrimental to any hope of reconstruction as a Catiline or a Cæsar. Cicero was of the fourth class, believing in the republic, intent on saving it, imbued, amid all his doubts, with a conviction that if the optimates or *boni* — the leading men of the party — would be true to themselves, consuls, censors, and senate would still suffice to rule the world; but prepared to give and take with those who were opposed to him. It was his idea that political integrity should keep its own hands clean, but should wink at much dirt in the world at large. Nothing, he saw, could be done by Catonic rigor. We can see now that Ciceronic compromises were,

and must have been, equally ineffective. The patient was past cure. But in seeking the truth as to Cicero, we have to perceive that, amid all his troubles, frequently in despondency, sometimes overwhelmed by the misery and hopelessness of his condition, he did hold fast by this idea to the end. The frequent expressions made to Atticus in opposition to this belief are to be taken as the murmurs of his mind at the moment, as you shall hear a man swear that all is gone, and see him tear his hair, and shall yet know that there is a deep fund of hope within his bosom. It was the ingratitude of his political friends, his 'boni' and his optimates,—of Pompey, at their head,—which tried him the sorest; but he was always forgiving them, forgiving Pompey as the head of them, because he knew that were he to be severed from them, then the political world must be closed to him altogether.

Both Mr. Trollope, in the earlier part of his narrative, and M. Boissier in his chapter on Cicero's private life, give anxious heed to the long-vexed question of the source of Cicero's ample income. Nothing could show more plainly how truly this man has been like a living contemporary to each succeeding generation of his biographers than their perennial interest in this never-to-be-closed inquiry. Mr. Forsyth, we remember, felt forced to conclude that Cicero must have taken pay, or at least presents, for his legal services, though this was forbidden by law. M. Boissier inclines to the opinion that all through the period of his public life his resources were fed by bequests; that there was a kind of fashion among the rich Romans of his day (how very convenient a one for him!) for remembering him handsomely in their wills. Mr. Trollope infers, and rather plausibly, from the very expensive education given both to Marcus and his brother Quintus Cicero, that their *bourgeois*

father must have been a much richer man than has been ordinarily supposed, and that the brothers began the world with large inherited wealth. Cicero's most determined adversaries, in his own and later times, have been slow to accuse him of having enriched himself dishonorably. The evidence is too overwhelming upon the other side. He was too notoriously a man of what must have seemed, in his day, quite fantastic scruples in money matters. There were speculations, sanctioned by the highest Roman respectability, in which he scornfully refused to engage. He would absolutely not soil his hands with the plunder of a province, or even with the regular perquisites of an ex-governor. "My coming to Asia," he writes to Atticus, with pardonable pride, "has not been of the slightest expense to any person" (*Adventus noster nemini ne minimo quide fuit sumptui*); or, as Mr. Trollope translates it, "has cost no man a shilling." Cicero was sometimes in debt, but easily and cheerfully in debt, as one who knows he can pay, and who always does pay. There was no question with him of deliberate and wholesale bankruptcy, like Caesar's. Such being the case, we cannot resist the notion that there is the same sort of impertinence in prying into the sources of Cicero's wealth that there would be in the case of a contemporary of expensive habits, all whose obligations are met, and whose financial integrity is above suspicion. We know that it was his irritable fastidiousness in money matters which led to the divorce of his wife Terentia, with whom he had lived comfortably for nineteen years, and to whom he was writing freely and affectionately up to the very eve of the catastrophe. He discovered that, during his lugubrious year of exile, she had not only been speculating freely,—as many Roman ladies did in those days,—but that she had been in league with a former slave of theirs, Philotomous, to cheat

him of large sums. His wrath was naturally high, and his remedy was at hand. In a society where divorce was now of daily, almost hourly occurrence, there is no wonder that the remedy should have been applied promptly. Cicero's standards were probably lax enough in some respects, compared with those of the nineteenth century, but the taint of pecuniary meanness and indirection was one which he could not and would not tolerate. We know how the discovery of it dismayed and disgusted him in the case of another person, whom he was well inclined to love and admire. When, during the course of Cicero's governorship in Cilicia, it came out that Junius Brutus, — "our old friend Brutus, whom," as Mr. Trollope says, "all English readers have so much admired, because he dared to tell his brother-in-law, Cassius, that he was 'much condemned to have an itching palm,'" — that he, the professional patriot, the "blameless prig," had been lending money in Salamis, and exacting, through the medium of a vulgar agent named Scaptius, an interest of forty-eight per cent., when twelve per cent. was the extreme limit fixed by law, Cicero wrote to Atticus, in very sickness of soul, that he had looked into the affair, and had ordered the payment of the legal interest only. "I shall be sorry to have offended him" (Brutus), he writes, "but much more so that he should have proved to be other than the man I took him for."

That the disagreeable impression produced on Cicero's mind by the results of the Salaminian investigation passed away, and that the time came afterwards when he saw, or thought he saw, in Brutus the only possible saviour of the perishing state, is also known. The multiplied misfortunes of their country under the twofold scourge of foreign and civil war, the ever-broadening sweep of Cæsar's encroachments, drew the two men closely to one another in the end.

After the battle of Pharsalia and the death of Pompey, they both made their submission to the conqueror, and in the four years that passed between Pharsalia and Cæsar's death they were much together. There was a difference of twenty years in their ages, but Cicero had always a special liking for the society of younger men. It came, no doubt, of his own unconquerable vivacity of spirits. He was never too old, as Mr. Trollope says, to laugh with the Curios and the Cæliuses behind the back of the great men. With the grave, austere, and somewhat pragmatical Brutus there was indeed no question of the sort of joviality to which Cicero referred, when he wrote to Pætus concerning Hirtius and Dolabella, "They are my pupils in speaking, and my masters in dining." (*Dicendi discipulos habeo, cœnandi magistros.*) But Brutus quickened in Cicero the speculative intellect, and stimulated him to literary production. They studied Greek philosophy together. "Both of them," says M. Boissier, "had loved and cultivated it from their youth up; both appeared to love and cultivate it with increased ardor, when the one-man power had expelled them from public affairs. . . . The characteristics of the different passions, the true nature of virtue, the hierarchy of man's duties; all those problems which an honest man is sure to propose to himself at some period of his life, and that one in particular before which he so often recoils, but which recurs with terrific obstinacy, and troubles at times the spirit of the most earthy and material, the future after death, — all these were investigated with no display of dialectic, without prejudice of school or engagement of party, with less care for the invention of new ideas than for the finding everywhere some grains of good sense and practical principle. Such is the character of Roman philosophy, at which we had best not sneer; for its rôle has been great in the world, and by it the wisdom of the

Greeks, rendered at once more solid and more transparent, has been transmitted to the peoples of the Occident. This philosophy, like the empire, dates from Pharsalia, and it owes much to the triumph of Cæsar, who, by suppressing political life, compelled active minds to seek fresh food for their activity."

Out of studies like these grew the Tusculan Disputations, in the first of which Cicero essays to prove that death is not an evil. "What a commonplace it seems," continues M. Boissier, "and how hard it is, not to regard these fine disquisitions as mere school exercises, or displays of oratory! Nothing could be farther from the truth, however, and the generation for which they were written found something very different in them. That generation read them to refresh its courage in the teeth of proscription, and arose from the reading firmer, more composed, better prepared to endure the great misfortunes which it foresaw. Atticus himself, Atticus the egotist, so little disposed to risk his life for any one, found in them an undreamed-of energy. 'You tell me,' writes Cicero, 'that my first Tusculana has put you in heart. I am very glad of it. There is no better or readier refuge [from what is coming] than that [which I indicate].' The refuge, of course, was death, and what numbers availed themselves of it! Never has been seen such an incredible contempt of life; never was death less dreaded. After Cato, suicide became a contagion, a frenzy. The conquered, like Juba, Petreius, and Scipio, knew no other method of escaping the conqueror. Laterensis kills himself for grief that his friend Lepidus should have betrayed the republic. When Scapula can hold out no longer in Cordona, he orders a pyre, and burns himself alive. When Decimus Brutus, a fugitive, hesitates to adopt the heroic remedy, his friend Blasius kills himself before his eyes, for an example. At Philippi it was a veritable delirium.

Even those who might have escaped cared not to survive their defeat. Quintilius Varus dons his robes of state, and has himself slain by a slave. Labienus digs his own grave, and kills himself upon the margin. Cato the younger, for fear of being spared, flings off his helmet, and cries out his own name. Cassius, in his impatience, kills himself prematurely. Brutus closes the list by a suicide amazing for its dignity and calm. What a strange and terrible commentary on the *Tusculanæ*, and how does a general truth, exemplified in the practice of so many brave men, cease to be a commonplace!"

All the literary works, the letters and orations apart, which have won for Cicero most renown, the moral and philosophical treatises, the *Tusculanæ*, and the essays on Friendship and Old Age, were produced during the year preceding Cæsar's assassination,—the year of Cicero's grand climacteric, the last but one of his life. Mr. Trollope may be partly right in regarding these productions rather as an effort at distracting his own mind from the miseries and uncertainties of the present, as a series of souvenirs of his student life in Greece, than a formal profession of his own philosophical creed. But what shall be said of the mental vitality, versatility, and fecundity of a man, already old, to whom such authorship was mere recreation; the pastime of a season of enforced inactivity; a heroic effort to divert his own attention from the consciousness of devastating sorrows, past and present, and the just apprehension of yet more fatal calamities immediately impending?

Brutus, meanwhile, was passing under the influence of Cassius, and becoming the centre and soul of the conspiracy which was consummated on the ides of March. Cicero was not privy to that conspiracy, but the perpetrators of the fatal deed appealed first to him for applause when it was done, and they did not appeal in vain. For a brief period

he seems to have been deluded by the belief that the idea of his life was vindicated, the republic regenerate, and her wrongs avenged. Then the populace veered; the conspirators were paralyzed; the elements of the second triumvirate made their sinister apparition; Brutus and Cassius, with their handful of aristocratic adherents, withdrew to Greece, to meet their fate at Philippi. Cicero, who had been considering the question of accompanying them, and who joined them for a single night at Velia, turned back, at the earnest instigation of Brutus himself, to make one more attempt at reviving the dying republican cause at Rome. Even Mr. Froude cannot refuse his admiration to the heroism of that supreme effort. Whether or no, in by-gone times, Cicero had ever played a craven part, there was no question of his daring now. He attacked Anthony in the terrible Philippi. He strove to see in "young Octavius," or Octavian, as he was beginning to call himself, the rising star of the old Roman party. He tried to win and mould into the sorely needed patriot leader Caesar's comely and promising nephew, the "lad," as he called him, to the deep despite of the coming man and emperor. We know now that it was all in vain; that Anthony defied and Octavian betrayed him. He himself suspected that it would be so, in the rare moments when the brave old statesman allowed himself to despond. "We have killed the king," he would then say bitterly, "but the kingdom is with us still. We have taken away the tyrant; the tyranny survives." "Looking back," says Mr. Trollope, "we wonder that he should have dared to hope. But it is to the presence within gallant bosoms of hope still springing, though almost forlorn, — of hope which has, in its existence, been marvelous, — that the world has been indebted for the most beneficial enterprises. It was not given to Cicero to stem the tide, and prevent the evil com-

ing of the Cæsars; but still, the nature of the life he had led, the dreams of a pure republic, those aspirations have not altogether perished."

There was but one thing now left for Cicero to do. All had perished which had made his life rich and dear: home and family, friends and honors, cause and country. He had only to meet his own end, and he did it with quiet courage. M. Boissier has touched with so fine and reverent a hand that closing scene that we must give it in his own words. Referring to the remark of Livy, — Cicero's detractor always, and, when he wrote, the courtier of Augustus, — that of all Cicero's misfortunes death was the only one which he bore like a man, M. Boissier adds, "It must be confessed that this is something. . . . His death seems to me to atone for all the weaknesses of his life. It is much for a man like him, who piqued himself on *not* being a Cato, to have been so firm at that terrible moment. The more timid he was by nature, the more I am touched to find him so steadfast in his death. And so, whenever, in the course of his history, I am tempted to reproach him with his fluctuations and his failures, I think of that last scene, which Plutarch has painted so well. I see him 'with hair and beard disordered, and weary countenance, taking his chin in his left hand, with the old familiar gesture, and looking fixedly at his murderers,' and I dare not be severe. With all his faults, he was an honorable man, 'who loved his country,' as Augustus himself said, in a moment of frankness and remorse."

How far Cicero was supported in his latest moments by the hope of that personal immortality for which he had argued so eloquently, — how far any one is so supported in his latest moments, — it is useless to inquire. It seems to Mr. Trollope that Cicero received a deep and lasting impression of divine things at the time of his initiation into the

Eleusinian mysteries, when he was a student at Athens, and that he was always in some sort a religious man. It has seemed to many, in all the Christian ages, that Cicero was one of those high and isolated minds which received, while the world yet lay in darkness, a certain suffusion from the coming light of Christianity.

When young Octavius had become the Emperor Augustus, he developed virtues and magnanimities of which he had shown no symptoms in his ruthless youth. He was one of those of whom prosperity seems to make ever better and better men; and as his prosperity was unparalleled, so his amelioration was immense. The story that he openly lamented, in his imperial days, having consented to the murder of such a man as Cicero rests upon somewhat doubtful authority. But there is no questioning the evidence of the great inscription of Ancyra, sometimes called the political testament of Augustus, where we have, in his own words, an abstract of his career. We know from Suetonius that he prepared such a statement, and that it was engraved on plates of brass and set in the front of his tomb. We know, from the discovery, at intervals, of fragments in various places, that it must have been widely copied, and that at Angora, in 1863, the entire document was brought to light from among the ruins of a Turkish edifice,

which had once been a Greek temple,—and an enormous treasure-trove it was; and from the studiously deciphered inscription on those marble slabs, we know at last, and must do the royal apologist grace for the grain of conscience that it implies, that he mentions the season of vengeance with which his reign began with a reluctance, brevity, and constraint strikingly in contrast with the tone of confident and stately self-gratulation which characterizes the rest of the document.

To read M. Boissier and Mr. Trollope in connection is like listening to the thorough and amicable discussion of a congenial theme by two men equally accomplished in their subject, but shedding upon it such varying lights as are due to the contrasted character of their individual minds. If M. Boissier preserves an air of greater dispassionateness, and shows himself more subtle and penetrating, as well as more composed and elegant in his phraseology, there is a warmth and heartiness in Mr. Trollope, a sort of careless abundance of information, and a force in his pungent good sense, which renders him a no less delightful annalist than the Academician.

Their united voices are very powerful, and will go farther toward carrying conviction to the unbiased mind than the most brilliant sallies of a perverse and petulant partisanship.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

IT must be counted in favor of the serial publication of a novel that the author is enabled to secure a certain momentum of interest on the part of his readers, correspondent to the momentum of his story; and if his power lies in a strong conception of character, which he

must discover by a multitude of minute touches, then he is more than ever favored by the slow process of monthly publication. Time is given for the steady sinking of the story into the minds of readers, until the conclusion, which has been the author's from the beginning,

[November,

becomes at last, and only at last, inevitable to them. On the other hand, the author, having the advantage of this leisurely development, is tempted to elaborate his details unduly, and to trust less to the power of selected and typical situations than to the familiarity with his characters which he has permitted. If *A Modern Instance*¹ had been published only in book form, it is possible that its readers, becoming early interested in the fortunes of its chief characters, would have leaped quickly to the conclusion, and have been somewhat dissatisfied with the absence of many dramatic situations. In that event, they might have carried away the impression that the author was unnecessarily at pains in portraying the features of people whom one does not care to number among his intimate associates. It is not impossible that Mr. Howells himself, had he written the novel for publication in book form only, would have moved more swiftly to the end, and given a bolder, freer sketch of the lives which detained him; yet this supposes a somewhat radical change in his art, and, although *A Modern Instance* does give sign of dramatic vigor, its charm and its merit lie in other qualities.

Looking at the book as it now stands, we are even more aware than when reading it by parts how much good writing has gone to the presentation of phases of life which would have been perfectly intelligible to the reader if they had been treated more concisely. It is a dull imagination which needs all the details which Mr. Howells has given of cheap boarding-houses and restaurants, and of the internal economy of a newspaper establishment. The details are clever, and there are touches which make it unnecessary for writers on such matters hereafter to do anything but quote from this book; yet one becomes

impatient of an art which employs so fine a pencil upon that which is ignoble and that which has inherent dignity. If life be the sum of little things,—and there were no great outward events in this chronicle,—it is yet the business of art, when portraying life, to choose that which is significant, not merely that which is characteristic. The amusing scene, for instance, at the logging camp enjoys a fullness of treatment out of proportion to its importance in the novel.

Nevertheless,—and we repeat that the serial publication was hereby an advantage both to author and reader,—the intimate acquaintance permitted with types of character from which we turn away with irritation was necessary to a full appreciation of the final issue; for that issue, with its lines running back to the first words of the novel, is the most serious of any which this writer has set before him in his work. The book is his greatest achievement, not in an artistic, but in an ethical apprehension. It is the equilibrium of ethical and artistic powers which gives the greatest momentum to literature, and the movement of Mr. Howells has been toward the larger and profounder art. *A Foregone Conclusion* was a finer product, but its ethical interest was slighter. *The Undiscovered Country* dealt with the counterfeit of a noble belief, and was ineffective because there was no positive result. The art which chooses an inferior material in which to cast its forms must not complain if the forms do not last and are not valued. *A Modern Instance* shows a distinct advance in the author's conception of the life which lies behind the novel, and the foundations are laid deeper in the heart of things.

Taken as a picture of life within certain lines, the book is no less clever than its predecessors. Its realism is as firm and its naturalism as easy. The sketches of country town life in *Equity*; the portraits of the old squire and his faded wife, of the humorous philosopher in the

¹ *A Modern Instance*. A Novel. By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

logging camp, of Mr. Witherby the journalist, whose conscience is kept in the counting-room; the touches which reveal the veneering of culture bestowed by a small college on a mean man; the rapid outlines of a lank Western village,—these, and many more which recur as one thinks of the story, remind one that the hand has not lost its cunning. The familiar glimpses of a woman's mind, also, when that mind is like the upper drawer in her bureau, reappear in the case of Clara, and the passages between her and her husband are new readings from the old story, which Mr. Howells tells so well.

But these things seem to be of less importance to author and reader. It is of greater consequence that, in the presentation of Marcia's character, he has called back into fiction a powerful element, which has of late fallen into disuse. It is long since jealousy has played so important a part in a novel, and it would seem as if Mr. Howells had invested one of his women with it for the sake of reinstating an old and permanent force. Certainly, the effect is to enlist the reader's interest in Marcia without attracting his love. The heroine has a fascination for Ben Halleck, the moral hero of the story, but so little does she engage the affection of the reader that he is occasionally obliged to remind himself of facts which account for Halleck's infatuation; he does not himself come under her spell, and he wonders that Halleck should. The drop too much of jealousy in Marcia's veins, which repels the reader, explains her life and action. The touch which her father applies with consummate skill, when he would persuade her to proceed against her husband, is a test of her nature, and her faithfulness to her ideal proves less powerful than her blind rage of jealousy.

What does Mr. Howells mean by introducing this animalistic quality into the composition of Marcia's character?

Taken by itself, the quality is a savage one. Othello, with all his nobility of undeveloped nature, succumbed to the savage within him, and the savage was called forth by the disease of civilization; for Iago, with his subtle cruelty, is the type of an over-refined and conscienceless civilization. This jealousy of Marcia stamps her as more than half wild, and the contact with Bartley Hubbard inflames the passion, because he, like Iago, represents the cruel force of an education which is the base counterfeit of a pure civilization. Each of these characters is in a measure typical of phases of life. By themselves they would simply be unpleasant individuals; it is because we know them to express the movements of a crude and partly brutal civilization that they force themselves upon our notice. We do not think that Mr. Howells was merely endeavoring, in his creation of Marcia, to reinforce his familiar conception of fickle woman by the introduction of a powerful passion. He instinctively saw the woman created, not by himself, but by the life out of which she grew; and the reader is just as aware as Olive Halleck is that Marcia is out of place in the society where she is found, not because she is provincial, but because she has not yet emerged from the elemental condition of womanhood.

What such a woman would have been had she married Ben Halleck is an interesting problem, but it is not that presented in *A Modern Instance*. She is to be developed, not by the gracious influence of a noble nature enfolding and exalting hers, but by the harsh storm which shipwrecks her, and leaves her on the cold island of a solitary life, out of which has gone the mockery of love. It is not the design of the novel to publish her after-life, but the reader may wisely conceive it as fashioned by her child rather than by a second husband. Meanwhile, this woman, with all her capacity for love and all her rude

elemental grace, is joined to a man who is not capable of being redeemed by her, and therefore, though he does not and cannot ruin her soul, drags her happiness down the steep into which he plunges.

If Marcia is more than an individual, eccentric woman ; if she is the product of a life where religion has run to seed, and men and women are living by traditions which have faded into a copy-book morality, Bartley Hubbard represents a larger and more positive constituency. It is not altogether displeasing to us to see our friend, the smart, self-made man, reach the end for which he appears to have made himself. There is a singular consistency in the development of this character ; its good points are not omitted, and Mr. Howells allows himself even a kindly tone, now and then toward his infirmities. When Bartley takes out his pocket-book to reassure Mrs. Nash, and the author says, in passing, "He had a boyish satisfaction in letting her see it was well filled," we note the delicate turn in the word "boyish" by which Mr. Howells relents for a moment in his merciless work of unclothing the man's soul. So, too, the humorous twinkle in the brute from time to time saves him from being utterly loathsome ; and the lapses into affection for his wife, when her passion draws him for a few moments out of his den of selfishness, are not only redeeming touches, but they are truthful, and make one believe all the more surely in the pit into which the wretch finally falls. Easy is the descent to Avernus, but it is not every novelist who has the art to show those occasional futile steps which arrest the descent.

It would be unjust to regard *A Modern Instance* as a tract against the divorce laws. We pointed out in our review of Dr. Breen's Practice that Mr. Howell's is a novelist, and not an advocate or opponent of medical education for women. It is the merit of this book

that the characters are typical characters, and the drama of their life must take place under modern conditions. But those conditions had in themselves partly created the characters moving among them. Bartley Hubbard begins to allow himself to dream of an escape from a bondage which fetters him when his whole being is moving toward a lawless freedom, and his dream is not only the ugly, unconscious action of a corrupt mind, it is the suggestion of a rotten social condition. The book is not even incidentally a plea for stricter divorce laws ; it is a demonstration of a state of society of which divorce laws are the index.

We have said that it is difficult to familiarize one's self with the infatuation which Ben Halleck has for Marcia ; and yet the deeper one gets into the spirit of the book, the more clearly he sees that the key-stone of the whole structure is in the relation of these two characters to each other. Marcia is a pagan, but she has seen in Halleck the light of Christianity, and she turns to it as to the one steady, unfailing guide. It is Halleck's misery and salvation at once. His own life, bereft of its complement of being, expresses the conflict eternally going on in the soul which loves light rather than darkness. It was a fine thought of the author that led him to make the last appearance of Halleck, in the reader's sight, to be that of a Calvinist clergyman. In no other way could he so signally have emphasized the transitional agony of this man's life. For we do not see the close with him, any more than we do with Marcia. With each the lesson of life still goes on, but the substantial victory remains with Halleck. We know with the most sorrowful certainty that if he were to fall there would be no light left for her ; and his life and hers can have no issue in any cheap happiness.

Have we been drawn into too serious a mood in thus treating *A Modern In-*

stance? We answer that it is a parable, as all great works of art are parables; and in so regarding it one must go through it to the life on which it rests, or else he can have nothing more to say than that here is a collection of disagreeable people whom he would gladly forget. He would find small enjoyment in the novel who asked of it a gratifica-

tion of his hedonism; he might take malicious satisfaction in seeing virtue limp through the story with the help of a stick. But until Mr. Howells gives us what we may fairly expect, a novel as profound as this, but with the joyousness of hope, we may well be content with a book which is the weightiest novel of the day.

DANIEL MACMILLAN.

IT is worth something to have definite testimony to personal worth, when the influence of the person has been recognized by those who never even heard his name. For nearly a generation students and lovers of good books have taken a strong interest in the publishing house of Macmillan & Co., because they have perceived that it had something more than business energy behind its enterprises. It is only now, by the publication of Mr. Hughes's life¹ of the founder of the house, that the public is admitted to a more intimate acquaintance with the personal power which determined largely the character of the publishing firm.

Mr. Macmillan was of Scotch parentage and training, and was bound out as apprentice to a bookseller and bookbinder when eleven years old; was a bookseller's clerk successively in Glasgow, Cambridge, and London; and returned to Cambridge to open a shop of his own in 1843, where he remained until his death in 1857, having expanded his business of selling books into a prosperous one of publishing. He was only forty-four years old at the time of his death, and the round of business had scarcely permitted any extraordinary adventure or fortune; nor were his con-

nnections with the literature of the day such as to furnish his biographer with any considerable material from which to make a gossipy contribution to literary history.

The worth of the book is first in its plain account of a courageous man, who struggled all his life against an insidious disease which finally destroyed him; then in the side light which it throws on that strong movement in English political, social, and theological thought, which found exponents in Arnold, the Hares, Maurice, and Kingsley; and finally in its illustration of the power which a high conscience has of transforming a trade into a profession.

Mr. Macmillan was a shrewd, prudent man of business, and even when dealing with authors whom he almost revered displayed a cautious, watchful temper; he did not mean that either he or they should suffer pecuniarily by the engagements entered upon. He built up his business by patient industry, aided somewhat by the opportune loans of men who had confidence in his integrity, but struggling against difficulties which were more serious, probably, in England than they are in America. It was not this success, however, which made his life worth telling: it was the fidelity to a high ideal; the deliberate resolution to treat books not simply as objects of

¹ *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan.* By THOMAS HUGHES. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

merchandise, but as persons having souls of their own, capable of doing infinite good or infinite hurt. This made him a bookseller who read his books, and could advise his customers. It enabled him, when planted in a university town, to affect the lives of the students, who came to know that in the Trinity Street bookstore there was a man who could talk about his books as if they were his friends, not his wares; it enabled him afterwards to become the medium of communication to the world of the minds of men who regarded their own

books as something more than sources of income or bases of reputation.

The man made the business, and transfused his own strong personality into the work which he directed. In the more highly organized conditions of publishing to which business seems tending, this individual personal power may disappear from actual view, but it never can disappear from life, and the illustration which this book gives can be repeated again and again. The record made by Mr. Hughes will do something to make the repetition possible.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

LAST autumn I made the discovery that, in addition to the Indian summer, we were favored with a gossamer summer. During this season, which includes all October and the pleasant early days of November, miles on miles of this hazy filament (if it could be measured linearly) are floating about in the soft, indolent air. Especially, late in the afternoon, with a level and glowing sun, do these mysterious threads flash out along the ground, horizontally between shrubs, slantwise from grass to tree, or else cut adrift, and sailing as the wind wills. Numberless fancies, as subtle and airy-light, are suggested. What now? As the sunbeam plays along this shining length of web, and the gentle breeze gives it motion, but does not break it, might it not be taken for a sudden shaft from the golden bow of the far darter himself; or for a string of the golden lyre, just now touched into toneless melody; a fairy telegraph line, flashing with its electric message; a zig-zag of harmless heat lightning? Here a glistening clew has been dipped in the color fount of Iris,—may even be a stray raveling from the fringes of some

castaway rainbow. It shows the same prismatic changes that are seen in the wing tissue of the locust or the dragonfly. Now the lazy wind wafts this way the tangled cordage and tackle of an airship, whose sails, deck, and hull are invisible,—said to be a pleasure yacht carrying a company of sylphs and sylphids, the *beau monde* of the air.

It takes nothing from the poetry that lies in the weft of the gossamer when it is known to be the work of an unconsidered spider, and that it serves some practical purpose (not yet satisfactorily explained) of the producer. By some it is claimed that this floating web is not spread with predacious intent, but rather as a means of aerial navigation; indeed, these vague and indeterminate threads would hardly disturb a gnats' cotillon, if blown in their path. Hitherto we may have regarded the spider as a humble, plodding creature of the earth, an uninspiring, stay-at-home citizen, but this new aeronautic hypothesis hints that the poor insect is a very transcendentalist, an ideal voyager. Its journey may not be as sublime as the flight of the skylark, but it is not a whit less witching and

elusive. It seems scarcely credible that this sailing spider should be able, as some have supposed, to direct the course of its filmy parachute, having neither rudder, ballast, nor canvas. Doubtless, the wind often carries up both web and weaver, the latter in the predicament of a balloonist clinging to the ropes of his runaway car. Some naturalists assert that the gossamer spider instinctively takes advantage of the levity of the atmosphere, thrusting out its threads until they reach a current of warmer and rarer air, which draws them upward, the spider going along with the uncompleted web. Whether it is capable of cutting short its journey and casting anchor at pleasure is indeed questionable.

However, it would seem that there are acrobatic or leaping spiders, that use their webs as buoys in traversing short distances by air; else, how come those fine gluey flosses morning and evening, stretched straight as a surveyor's line between neighboring trees? It is not likely that the spider, after fastening its clew in one tree, descended and reached the other terminus by a tedious detour along the ground. It must have bridged the intervening space by some rapid and dexterous method, to which the exploits of a Sam Patch or a Blondin were absolutely tame and ventureless. If it could be proven that this sagacious insect is really possessed of navigating instinct and habits, why not suppose it extends its journeys, traveling from one latitude to another? Those phantom navies of the gossamer summer sky were perhaps going the same way as the autumn birds of passage. Are Spiders Migratory in their Habits? may, at some future time, be the subject of serious inquiry and discussion. I was never in luck to find the gossamer weaver at home from its voyages, but more than once have "spoken" its craft on the high sea, and received serviceable weather hints. Even in midwinter I have seen occasional shimmering fila-

ments among the dry twigs and grasses, but could never decide whether they were the fresh work of some enterprising spider, tempted out by a brief "spell o' sunshine," or merely the remnants of last autumn's spinning, unaccountably spared by the besom of the wind.

It has been suggested that the thick webs which are spread over the fields on a summer morning are there produced for the purpose of collecting the moisture that falls during the night. This theory is sustained by the known fact that the spider is an extremely thirsty creature. Is the spider, then, a disciple of hydropathy as well as an experimenter in aeronautics?

The poets have not, usually, condescended to take much notice of the spider, though mythology (which is a kind of anonymous poetry received from the ancients) relates how a young lady of Lydia impiously invited Pallas to try a spinning race with her; and how, on being vanquished by the immortal spinner of Olympus, the poor foolish girl was about to hang herself in a rope of her own twisting, when lo! she was changed into a spider, in which humble and despised shape she remains to this day. Gavin Douglas, the "Scottish Chaucer," in his description of a May morning, does not forget to mention that —

"In corners and clear fenestres of glass,
Full busily *Arachne* weavand was
To knit her nettes and her webbes slie,
Therewith to catch the little midge or fly."

The poetic and nimble-tongued Mercutio tells us that the wagon-spokes of fairy Mab's chariot are

"made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the very smallest spider's web," etc.
Nor must we forget the obliging Cavaliere Cobweb, one of the elfin gentlemen whom Titania posted to wait on the wants of her long-eared lover: "Monsieur Cobweb, good Monsieur Cobweb, get your weapons in your hand, and kill

me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good Monsieur Cobweb, bring me the honey bag."

— Every great reform is the result of organized effort, but in general it is preceded by spasmodic individual attempts. In fact, it is often possible to find the precursors of a reform a century before the reform was finally accomplished. It is only in this century that societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have been generally organized, yet over two hundred years ago a Frenchman found his heart moved with compassion for the brute, and adopted an ingenious means of protecting it, or at least of punishing its maltreater. Tallemant des Réaux was in the habit of taking notes, and he left sketches of all the chief people of the time, besides a mass of anecdotes about less well-known persons. Some of these were grouped together under general heads. In the ninth volume of his *Historiettes*, as edited by Monmerqué, is a bundle of anecdotes about people whom Tallemant classes together as "extravagants, visionnaires, fantasques, bizarres," etc. And one of these visionary persons was worthy to be a member of the S. P. C. A. His name was M. de Montsire, and "he had such a liking for horses and such an aversion for lackeys that nearly every day he went towards some watering-trough or other; and when he saw a lackey galloping a horse he pretended to know the man's master, and gave him a note for him, in which there was written, 'Sir, I have seen your lackey galloping your horse; discharge him,' etc. He always had these notes ready in his pocket."

— How differently nature affects different people, according to temperament and taste!

"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live,"

said Coleridge, and it is true in more senses than the one he intended. There are people who are concerned with na-

ture merely as she ministers to their comfort or discomfort; who find a certain animal satisfaction in sunshine and fresh air; who think trees were made to give shade, streams to turn mill-wheels, and rivers to carry steamboats and freight barges. These undeveloped souls are even more to be pitied than the undeveloped minds to which books are a sealed treasure. It is said that the love of nature is a characteristic of the modern world, and that the ancients were wholly indifferent to her except as serving material uses. It certainly is otherwise nowadays with the majority of civilized and educated persons: they realize the truth that the earth was made for man's delight as much as for his needs, and have eyes to see at least its outward beauty. Even so much is gain, although their initiation goes no further than this first step. Many persons take a genuine pleasure in the sight of a lovely flower or a gorgeous sunset, though they feel no special sentiment in connection with either. There are others with whom the love of nature is a passion, and companionship with her the compensation for a hundred deprivations. Nature satisfies the imagination in a way the highest art can never do. In the most glorious cathedral, the loveliest picture or poem, there is a sense of completeness which is at the same time a sense of limitation; and minds to which the idea of the infinite appeals peculiarly must therefore always find in nature a delight transcending any that art can give. It is for the same reason that the love of nature is so strong in minds where religion, in the broadest and deepest meaning of the word, has taken hold.

I think we receive from nature what we give to her in another and slightly different sense from that of Coleridge's lines, where he is noting simply how our view of her is colored by our own moods. Not only the character of our moods, but the quality of our whole moral and intellectual being, affects our

contemplation of her, and influences us in our enjoyment of one aspect or variety of landscape above another. The kind and the amount of a man's special culture, moreover, have something to do with his habitual preferences in the matter. In reading some sketches of travel, the other day, by a very delightful writer, I was amused to see how difficult it was for him to speak in praise of Swiss scenery, because it was not Italian. Apparently, the spell of Italy was so strong upon him that he was blinded to all beauty unlike hers. No, not blinded, for he could note with a cold appreciation the characteristic beauties of a Swiss landscape; but they had no power to move him, and make his pages glow with spontaneous eloquence of descriptive phrase. I will quote a few lines of his, which are probably expressive of the sentiments of other tourists besides himself: "I fancy that it is a more equal intercourse between man and man than between man and mountain. I have found myself grumbling at moments because the large-hewn snow-peaks of the Oberland are not the marble pinnacles of a cathedral, and the liquid sapphire and emerald of Leman and Lucerne are not firm palace floors of lapis and verd-antique. . . . There is a limit to the satisfaction with which you can sit staring at a mountain, even the most beautiful, which you have not ascended nor are likely to ascend." And further on he complains of the "inhuman want of condescension" of the Wetterhorn or the Eiger. It is precisely the want of condescension of these majestic presences which to some persons makes their society so attractive, and to sit staring at them for an indefinite length of hours or days seems to such, on the whole, the most precious privilege of a European tourist. It all depends upon the point of view, and whether one's imagination and moral sensibility are of the kind that is most impressed by images suggestive of one

class of ideas or of another. For my own part, I find it hard to understand why one should disparage Switzerland because one prefers England or Italy. The preference may be natural enough, but it seems to betoken something of over-civilization, and of a culture that has added to its refinement a touch of artificial fastidiousness, when a writer finds nature guilty, even for a moment, of theoretic effect, and objects on that ground, be it ever so mildly, to the view of the mountains about Lucerne. It is not the fault of nature if she seems vulgarized to us by the presence of the vulgar, although we may be allowed to wish that by some sudden charm the crowd of restless tourists on the Lucerne streets could be hushed into that silence which is the outer manifestation of moods of true and deep enjoyment. To the lover of Alpine scenery there is an almost sacred mystery of beauty about the great mountain-peaks, which makes the presence of indifferent spectators a vexation of spirit. I remember how plagued I was with the talk of fellow lodgers at the Riffelberg inn, above Zermatt. It is a headquarters of the Alpine Club men, and others who would fain emulate their exploits, and of course much of the conversation was interesting; it was even a pleasant excitement to the unadventurous tourist to sit and listen to the tale of some bold climber returned from an attack upon the Breithorn, and to hear of the exact number of steps which he and his guide had been able to cut for themselves in the ice before their numbed fingers refused further work, and the attempt was given over till a fresh start could be made. If only, with all this, there could have been a season of quiet, in which one had been allowed to think of Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn, the Dent Blanche and the Weisshorn, and all the others of that kingly company, as something more than so many insensate masses of ice and snow, created for the sole purpose of be-

ing conquered by these hardy climbers! It is possible they were not so insensible as they seemed; nevertheless, their presence there was for the most part a pure annoyance, and the ceaseless chatter one could not escape from an impertinent intrusion upon the silence of that strange upper sphere.

— A handful of paraphrases of Anacreon for the Club.

SPRING. ODE XXXVII.

LOOK, on the spring attending,
The Graces come scattering roses!
Look, how the rough foaming wave-crest
Lapses in ripples and laughter!
Ducks are sailing and diving,
Cranes taking wing for the Northland;
And over all, broadly shining,
Titan, the giant of heaven,
Cloud shadows flitting beneath him.
The works of men, too, are shining;
The ground is bursting with seedlings;
Fountains are bubbling with vintage;
Olive-trees heavy with fruitage;
Under each leaf an olive,—
The whole tree bowed with its burden.

TO A SWALLOW. ODE XXXIII.

THOU, O friendly swallow,
Dost ever come and go,
As summer bids thee follow.
Each spring, my roof below,
A new nest thou art weaving;
Each autumn, thou art leaving
For Memphis and the Nile.
With Love 't is otherwise:
He seeks no warmer skies,

Content to build, the while,
With secret toil and art,
A love-cote in my heart.
Behold the brood Love raises,
All ages and all phases!
Here, one flies very well,
One still is in the shell,
And one the shell is breaking;
And each and all are making
A shrill and piteous plea.
I hoped, indeed, the younger,
Ere now, had died of hunger.
But what is this I see?
The eldest of the brood
Provide the young with food;
And these, as soon as grown,
Have nestlings of their own!
Then, tell me, friendly swallow,
What plan were best to follow,
This clamorous flock to start.
I fear I cannot fright them,
I have no power to fight them,
Safe lodged within my heart!

ON HIS LYRE. ODE I.

Lo! I will sing of Cadmus,
And the great sons of Atreus;
Of princes and of founders,
Of battle-fields and trophies!
I touch my lyre, in prelude,
But hark! — it warbles fondly
Of Love and lovers only.
I change the strings completely,
And now begin, with spirit,
To sing Alcides' labors;
But Love, again, — the mischief! —
Drowns out the epic measure:
Oh, then, farewell, ye heroes,
Whose praise I may not compass!
This foolish lyre respondeth
To Love and lovers only!

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel and Geography. Six Months in Persia, by Edward Stack, of the Bengal Civil Service (Putnams), is a two-volume narrative of life and travel, accompanied by clear maps and with the customary mark of English barbarism, the absence of a topical index. The journey was made in 1881, and the traveler was well equipped for his work, both by native freshness of mind and by a long Indian experience, which gave him the basis of interesting comparisons. The book will be welcomed as the evidence of an intelligent man about a little known country, but one likely to play an important part in the approaching conflict between Russia and England in the East.—The Report of the New York State Survey for the

year 1880, under James T. Gardiner (Weed, Parsons & Co., Albany), includes tables and fine maps of Eastern New York, Central New York, and the Hudson River.

Fiction. Mr. Bret Harte's complete works are followed at once by a little volume containing two stories in his well-known manner: *Flip, and Found at Blazing Star.* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—In the Round Robin series (Osgood), the latest issue is Doctor Ben, an episode in the life of a fortunate unfortunate, in which certain phases of insanity are treated in a healthy manner, and the author, who is good-natured and hearty, does not spoil a good story for the sake of pushing a theory.—Captain Mansana, and Other Stories is the latest in

the series of Björnson's novels. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The long story is now first given to English readers. The Railroad and the Churchyard is one of Björnson's telling short stories, and has been printed before. Dust, the third in the book, is very recent, having just appeared in Norway, and revives our hopes that Björnson has not been lost to pure literature. We would rather spoil the politician, if necessary, to keep the artist.—The latest numbers which have reached us of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are The Knights of the Horseshoe, a traditional tale of the cocked-hat gentry in the Old Dominion, by Dr. W. A. Caruthers; A Strange Journey, or Pictures from Egypt and the Soudan; and Heaps of Money, by W. E. Norris, which is in the old form of Harper's Library of Fiction, but at a cheap price.

Philosophy. Geometry and Faith, a Supplement to the Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, by Thomas Hill (Lee & Shepard), is declared to have passed to the "third edition, greatly enlarged," but the book lacks any preface which explains in what respect the issue differs from the second edition, published in 1874. The book was originally suggested by Babbage's treatise, and is an eloquent plea in modern terms for the truth that God geometrizes.—Arák el Enür is the title of a quarterly, of which the first number has appeared, devoted, as the cover says, "to the expression of clear, investigative thought." The contents are two in number: Man and his Surroundings, a philosophic and scientific treatise, founded on qualitative bases, by J. C. Lane, and a portion of Wilkins' translation of the Bhagvat-Gita. (Quarterly Publishing Co., New York.) The flounderer after truth may here splash *ad infinitum*.—In Social Equality, a Short Study in a Missing Science (Putnams), Mr. W. H. Mallock appears to be making an effort to regain his position amongst respectable writers. He busies himself with the aspects of modern democracy, and makes acute observations which have the air of being real discoveries.—The Peak in Darien is the fanciful title of a volume of essays by Miss Frances Power Cobbe (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston), in which she takes her position between the two oceans which bound humanity, and makes observations upon the great problems of life and immortality. The titles of the essays are: Magnanimous Atheism, Hygeiology, Pessimism and One of its Professors, Zoiphily, Sacrificial Medicine, The Fitness of Women for the Ministry of Religion, The House on the Shore of Eternity, and the Riddle of Death. Miss Cobbe is an earnest theist, with more logic, but no less emotion, than belongs to most women.

Art. Mr. J. W. Bouton of New York sends us the twenty-ninth volume of *L'Art*, which gains in cumulative interest by its presentation in this form. Among the contributors to the volume are Champfleury, Decamps, Lenormant, Véron, Yriarte, Gehuzac, Leroy, and our countrywoman Mary Agnes Tincker. There are papers on G. F. Watts, Delacroix, Hamilton Palace, which has been so much in the eye of connoisseurs of late, Courbet, Japanese Art, the Influence of France on Art in Austria, together with notes on the Salmon. The etchings are by Billy, Bocourt, Gauchet-

rel, Gaujeau, Gautier, Grenoux, Jacomin, Leenhoff, Massé, Mongin, Paglano, and Ramus, while the list of artists whose works have been reproduced in etching, wood, or photogravure is a long and illustrious one. Among the papers is one by Miss Tincker on the interesting Madonna of Santa Chiara, owned by the banker Hooker at Rome.

History and Biography. In the American Men of Letters series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Mr. O. B. Frothingham's George Ripley has the advantage that it leads the way in a biographic sketch, no life of Mr. Ripley having before been published. The relation which this critic held to American literature for a generation renders it every way fitting that he should be treated in the series, and Mr. Frothingham has given the reader excellent material from which to form a judgment of the man.—In the American Actor series (Osgood) Miss Kate Field records the life of Fechter. The book is dedicated to the memory of Dickens, who did so much to introduce Fechter to Americans. Miss Field deplores Fechter's ill-temper as the ruin of his life, and writes in a lively fashion of his career in Europe and America, filling out her somewhat rambling sketch with notes of his several parts and a collection of newspaper criticisms.—The Life and Achievements of James Addams Beaver, by Frank A. Burr (Ferguson Bros., Philadelphia), is a warm, enthusiastic life of the gentleman who is a candidate, at this writing, for the governorship of Pennsylvania.

Poetry and the Drama. Mr. Sidney Colvin's Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor (Macmillan), coming so soon after his admirable sketch in the Men of Letters series, will continue the good work of acclimatizing Landor. There is no question that good wine does need a bush, when every other shop is given over to cheap mixtures; and while we would not go so far as to insist that a taste for Landor offers a criterion of culture, we know of no English author who so completely takes the place of a Greek classic read in the Greek language.—W. J. Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida (Harpers) is excepted by the editor from his collection of Shakespeare for schools, and since it cannot be pruned is given without change, for the use of older readers. Mr. Rolfe continues his plan of supplying the reader with a variety of critical judgments from accepted sources, rather than giving much comment of his own.—A new edition is published of T. Buchanan Read's Poetical Works, with a dozen engravings from drawings on wood and a portrait. (Lippincott.) A kindly biographical notice precedes the poetry, and a few pages of notes complete the volume. Of the wine and water poets Read is not the weakest; there is now and then a distinct bouquet perceptible.—Sheaves, a Collection of Poems, by Harriet Converse (Putnams), is a neat volume of verse.—Erosianatos and Sonnets is the title of a volume by Leonard Wheeler, issued by the Melancholy Club of New York, and for sale by James Miller. One lingers a moment to enjoy the pathetic significance of a melancholy club as the publisher of a new volume of poems. The poetry itself is serious in intention, but lacks the form which justifies so

prolonged an expression of grief. The writer should have measured his book by Tennyson's In Memoriam, before he ventured to publish it.

Humor. Vice Versâ, or A Lesson to Fathers, by F. Anstey (Appletons), is an amusing picture of the boulevard attendant upon a father and school-boy son changing places. The jest has a remote practical intention, but most readers will be too much entertained by the fun of the book to search very hard for the moral. — Ting-a-Ling, by Frank R. Stockton (Scribners), is a new edition of what passes for a juvenile, and perhaps must be given up to children, though the dryness of the fun and the suddenness of some of the turns assail the older reader most. The very clever designs by E. B. Benson add to the interest of the book. It is only a pity that the pictures should be treated so coldly in printing. — Billy Blewaway's Alphabetical, Orthographical, and Philological Picture Book for Learners (Osgood) is a book of silhouettes in white and blue, harmless for older people, and unsuitable for young people. The fun is not very original nor likely to produce much hilarity. — Under the Sun is the comprehensive title used by Mr. Phil. Robinson to cover various smaller books previously published in England, and all partaking of the same general character of playful and lively sketches of life out-of-doors, chiefly in India. The humor is agreeable, and the book may be taken as a pleasant side dish.

Education. An interesting pamphlet has been published by the Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women in New York, containing the Proceedings of the first public meeting, held April 22, 1882, at which the Rev. Dr. Storrs, Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. J. H. Choate, Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter, and Dr. W. H. Draper spoke, and where letters were read from English scholars who had taken part in the movement at Oxford and Cambridge. — Miss Josephine Hodgdon, who prepared the leaflets from the writings of Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier, has prepared a similar selection from the writings of W. H. Prescott. They are intended for convenience of use in schools. (Lippincott.) — A Practical Arithmetic, by G. A. Wentworth and Thomas Hill (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is intended, not for beginners, but for those who have already mastered the first principles of numbers. The authors make their aim distinctly to teach arithmetic as an art, not as a science; decimal fractions precede common fractions, and the book is very largely one of examples. — Mr. Wentworth also sends out through the same publishers Elements of Algebra, which comprises what the author conceives to be a year's work for a beginner. He has aimed at a steady gradation in the book, and has accumulated a great number of examples for practice, excluding complicated problems. — A somewhat novel experiment is made by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson in The Preparatory Greek Course in English (Phillips and Hunt, New York), a book intended for those who have been prevented from taking a college course, yet wish to acquire some knowledge of the classics through their own tongue. The design

may have been prompted by the series of Ancient Classics for English Readers, but this book is more comprehensive than any single volume of that series, and includes a good deal of historical and geographical information. The writer has apparently had in mind such an audience as he might find at Chautauqua, and writes with liveliness and with a manifest determination that the reader shall find the Greek writers as human and as interesting as English or American ones. The aim of the book at length appears to be to set the reader at work learning Greek, and we think that the author has erred here in tacking a very slight bit of Greek work to his book. — French Syntax on the Basis of Edward Mätzner, by J. A. Harrison (John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia), is primarily a syntax, and not a grammar, but it has so much grammatical apparatus as is needed to perfect the plan. Its object, in the author's words, is "to enable home students, teachers, senior classes in colleges and universities, and other inquirers into the niceties of the most polished of European languages to find without trouble what is allowed and what is not in that language." — C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, has issued a series of Dime Question Books on United States History and Civil Government, Physiology, Literature, Theory and Practice of Teaching, and other Subjects. The compass of the books is too slight to give them any special value. — Under the title of School Room Classics, the same publisher sends Milton's Tractate of Education and The New Education, a brief exposition of Froebel's views, by Professor Meiklejohn, of S. Andrew's, Scotland. — The Delsarte System of Oratory, from the French of Delmasne, by Frances A. Shaw (Edgar S. Werner, Albany, N. Y.), is an explosive introduction to oratory, with physical bases of emotion. Thus there is a diagram of legs, by which one can learn to express terror, hesitation, hesitation, vehemence, intoxication, and other qualities and acts, all below the knees. The book would not be a bad one for social purposes. The old play in which one is required to identify a friend by the eyes only, the rest of the person being concealed by a sheet, could be varied by a series of leg problems.

Books for Young People. Mr. George Cary Eggleston's The Wreck of the Red Bird (Putnam's) belongs to the time-honored class of salt-water excursion and shipwreck books, and has this advantage, that the scenes are laid on the Carolina coast. One has not read far before he discovers how fresh a field the author has secured and how recklessly he uses it. — The Cryptogram, by Jules Verne, translated by W. J. Gordon (Scribners), may properly be placed among books for young people; it describes life on the Lower Amazon, and is as astonishing as one can possibly desire. — Saltillo Boys, by W. O. Stoddard (Scribners), gives in a realistic manner the life of boys and girls in a country village thirty years ago. There is a roughness about the book which seems intended to be an excuse for manliness, but we do not know that there is much to quarrel over in it.

